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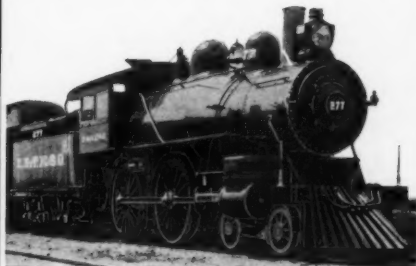
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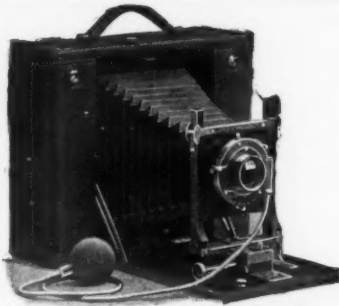
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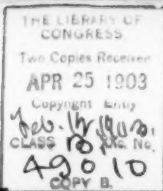
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# THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI.

MAY, 1903.

No. 5.

## SALUTATORY



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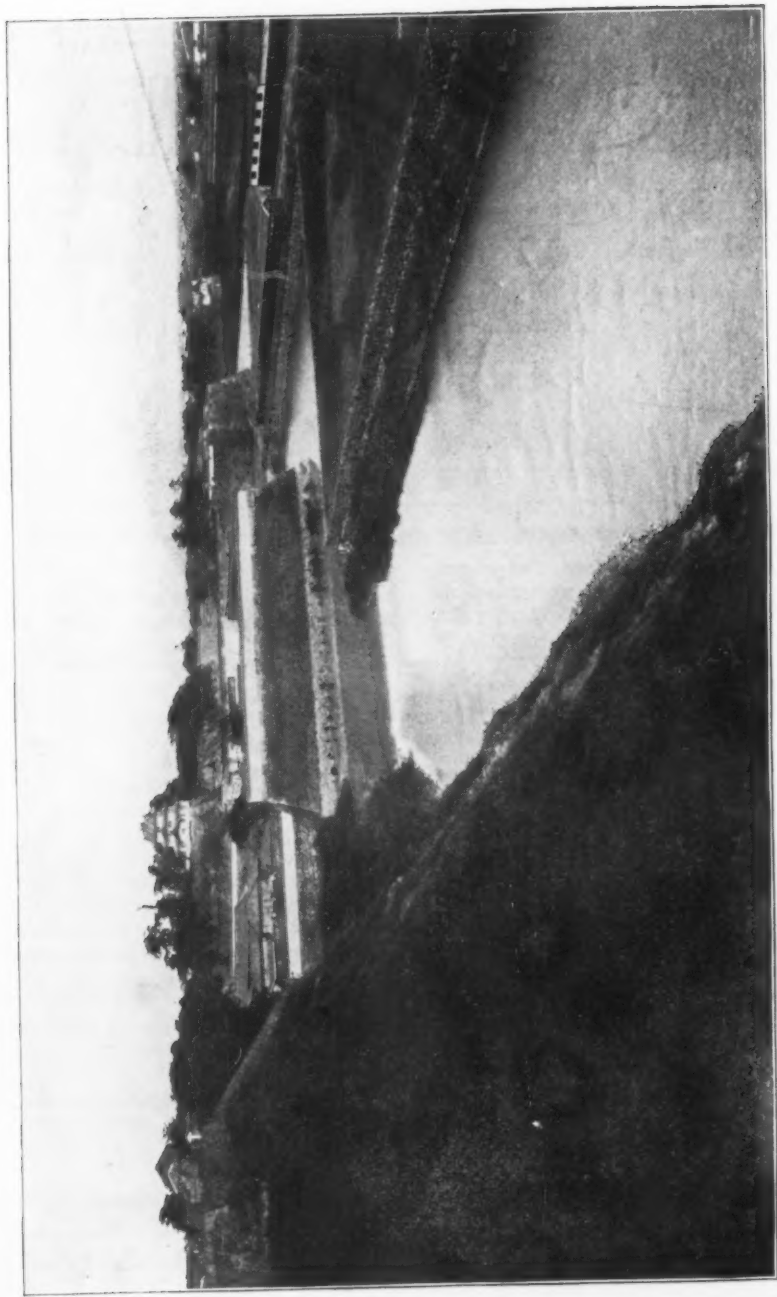
With the change of form, however, will occur no change in the policy of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, which has characterized it as one of the most original, interesting and unique publications in existence. Its field will still be devoted to the Great West, and, as in the past, its pages will reflect life on the prairies, on the mountains and in the mines—depicting in word and picture the most interesting features that have caused the eyes of the East to gaze longingly at the broad Western domains. THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE will continue to be a distinctively Western magazine. It will epitomize Western life, Western sentiment, Western enterprise and Western progress generally as reflected by its special contributions. Its beautiful illustrations and practical portrayal of Western needs have

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## THROUGH EASTERN LANDS

By R. van BERGEN

### III. Through the Celestial Empire

The steamer drops anchor off Woosung, a little village on the Huang-pu river, near the mouth of the Yang tsz, or Son of the Ocean. There is a bar across the Huang-pu with only nineteen feet of water at high tide, hence the big ocean liners are compelled to discharge their freight and passengers here. A tender comes from Shanghai, twelve miles up the river, to receive the mails, the passengers, and the baggage, and while we are bobbing up and down, for the Yellow Sea can be very rough and nasty, the low flat land has anything but a cheerful appearance.

Up the river we go, and in an hour and a half, or two hours, according to the tide, we land at the Bund or Quay, a fine street with grand stone houses owned and occupied by merchant princes. A short jinrikisha ride brings us to the principal hotel with the familiar name of Astor House. It was founded by a Pennsylvanian named Jansen, and it is but a short time since his widow sold it to the corporation now running it, and small wonder. People in the United States say that prices have gone up, but wages have risen accordingly. In the open ports of China expenses have increased enormously, and silver has gone

down. So here people are hit on both sides. It is only a few years since I paid \$100, Mexican, per month for myself and son; now they charge \$9, Mexican, per day and up, for one.

Shanghai has been called, and deserved the name of, Model Settlement of the Far East, but that time is past. It is impregnated and perforated with filthy Chinese, intermingling everywhere with foreigners. The latest census (1900) gives about 6,000 foreigners, men, women, and children, to 330,000 Chinese, and that in a settlement where, according to its charter, the Land Regulations, no Chinaman is permitted to reside. But the Chinese crowd together like herring and therefore can afford to and do pay a very high rent for very scanty accommodations, and the landowners, many of whom live in Europe from their rents, don't care a continental for the public health. The climate is naturally salubrious; yet epidemic follows epidemic. At the time I was there, white children died in numbers from scarlet fever and diphtheria, while smallpox had made its appearance. When I left, cholera began to demand its victims; and this is the model colony, a model monument of British en-



Russian Tea Caravan at Peking



Kaung-Hsu - Emperor of China

terprise, as our English friends describe it.

I am thoroughly convinced that foreigners in Shanghai live in a fool's paradise. I believe that not many months will pass before we shall see another rising, compared to which the Boxer troubles will appear as child's play. And if those hundreds of thousands of Chinese suddenly fall upon the defenseless women and children and overwhelm the handful of foreigners by mere force of numbers, it will be a strong rebuke for unlawful greed of money.

China is a puzzle and so is every Chinaman, and personally I have desisted long ago from trying to comprehend him. The following is a rare instance of how good sound logic misleads us when it is applied to Chinese conditions:

When, at the close of the Japan-China war, foreigners were permitted to manufacture in the open ports, several corporations were formed to build and operate cotton mills, and there was a lively scramble for shares. Investors said to themselves: "Here is an inexhaustible supply of cheap and highly intelligent labor; a very ample supply of raw material, all the fuel in the world that we can want, and, last but not least, a market of four hundred million people right at our door." Why, we shall have the world by the tail. All the several data were correct; magnificent buildings were erected, the best and latest machinery that money could buy was imported and installed. A cry went up from the industrial world in America and Europe, and the Yellow Phantom of competition appeared.

Who could have foreseen that the enterprise would prove a total failure? Yet, so it was. Why? Because a few little peculiarities of John Chinaman were omitted in the calculations. First, as to cheap labor.

The Chinaman is intelligent, deft, and industrious, but, he has an innate abhorrence for cleanliness, and he would not keep his part of the machinery in order. The consequence was that the account for repairs grew to an abnormal size and John's cheap labor proved so expensive that operatives had to be imported at imported wages. This little fault of John does not prevent him from being a born trader, and as soon as raw cotton came in demand, up went the price in obedience to the law of supply and demand, until it grew so high that the raw material had to be imported. The same thing happened with regard to coal. It is now three or four times what it was when the mills were constructed. And finally—the four hundred million customers declined to buy. John prefers to let his wife spin and weave the garments which he and his family need, and looms were kept going by the wives of the operatives, and in the shadow of the new mills. Those mills are now for sale at a heavy discount, but they are a drug on the market. And so it has always proven wherever we try to connect an Occidental cause with an Oriental effect. There is no straight line between them; it is not even curved. It is a broken one, sir!

And that is why I say that all talk about a partition of China is all bosh. We have to count, not with a corrupt government



Joss Procession

which itself is alien to the soil and the people, but with those four hundred million of human ants who will go their own way anyhow, regardless of who is placed over them, and whose sturdy stolidity renders them unconquerable. China has been subdued several times; the Mongol and the Tartar have ruled over him; but nevertheless in every instance he has ended by absorbing the conqueror, and by subduing him in the end. That has been China's history for countless ages, and it is not going to change just because we think it is. Why! Look at Ah Sin, the laundryman in the next street. He has seen every phase of our lives; our human joys and sorrows; did they ever even appear to influence him? John remains John, and he dies John, so long as he is sure that his bones will rest somewhere near his ancestral grave.

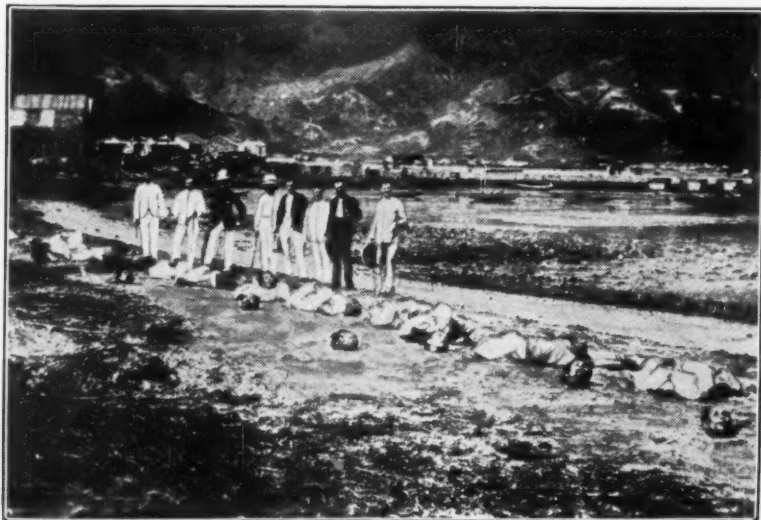
While I was at Shanghai several petitions were sent to the throne signed by all the southern viceroys and governors, and they were directed against the increase of foreign influence. That action is a danger signal. So long as the provincial governments remained isolated and proud of their autonomy, there was little to fear for us. The Provincial Government does what it deems best, without regard to any orders from the Throne; but when these governments combine in their policy against foreigners, affairs assume a very threatening outlook, and that is just what has happened.

It must be remembered that China's masses are densely ignorant, especially on the subject of foreigners. Of geographical differences they know absolutely nothing; every white man, American or European, is a Fan Kwei, a Foreign Devil. Nor has

our popularity increased by the additional burden placed upon the people to pay the indemnity. They feel it, and have a very faint idea of the cause.

But the immediate danger of a rising comes from a power which is really friendly to China, although not without selfish views. Great Britain sees the only way of salvation for China in the opening up of its immensely wealthy mineral resources. There is coal enough in north China to provide the world at its present rate of output for 3,000 years to come, and most of it is excellent anthracite. Iron, copper, and the precious minerals are found in abundance, and England eagerly asks for a share in bringing them to market. But this requires railroads and improved methods of transportation and the Mandarins, who constitute the ruling class, have a very clear perception that these innovations would bring about their own doom. They, therefore, oppose every measure of progress with all the means in their power, and are strongly supported by the masses, whose superstitious feelings are aroused.

But Great Britain, in every endeavor, meets with the silent but no less active opposition of Russia. If the Czar's Government cannot annex China, that is, if it is prevented by other great powers, it will see to it that China remains in its present state of weakness. Russia is not at all safe in its Asiatic frontier line, and if China should take a notion and imitate the example set by Japan, not many years would pass before she could compel Russia to submit to her demands. Everything, therefore, that may be instrumental in arousing China from her coma, is strongly



Execution Ground in China



Chinese at Dinner

discountenanced by Russia, and her policy is uniformly supported by France, for no other reason than that it is hostile to Great Britain.

The actions of the Administration at Washington have convinced the great powers that the United States is honestly and consistently opposed to any further acquisition of Asiatic territory, and that it would much prefer to see the integrity of China maintained; but it is also understood that the United States does not intend to go to war, for the sole purpose of thwarting the ambitious designs of other powers.

At the present time there is a truce, so far as the actions of the aggressive powers toward China are concerned, owing to the offensive-defensive alliance between Great Britain and Japan. The last-named country, in an ill-guarded moment during the war with China, announced its future policy of "Asia for the Asiatics!" and she goes to work scientifically and methodically to carry it into effect. They have, at their own expense, established schools in the principal cities of China, and, since every educated Japanese is thoroughly familiar with the Chinese written character, as well as with the writings of the Chinese sages, they hope gradually to wean their pupils from the past and turn their attention to the present. If China can be awakened from its torpor without such a shedding of blood as would appall the world, it is the Japanese who will be the instruments, and they do it in such a way that no power, Russia not excepted, can object. Prior to the treaty mentioned above, Japan on several occasions warned

Russia not to overstep the frontier line of Corea, stating simply but explicitly that the first step in that direction would be considered as a declaration of war,—and Russia desisted. Backed by England, as she is now, Japan will submit to no aggression whatever.

But Russia should be, and is, well satisfied to consolidate and strengthen the new territory taken from China, especially Manchuria. Notwithstanding all her protests and declarations, it is well known that she has annexed the Manchu territory, and will hold it by every means in her power. She would have declared it long ago, if she were sure of what action would be taken by the United States. The advent of the Great Republic upon the international stage of the Far East has, especially since she is in possession of the Philippine Islands, rendered her to a great extent the arbiter of the immediate future. Many of the powers secretly doubt our pacific intentions, because they are so utterly at variance with their own principles and precedents.

With all this acting toward preservation of the peace, we are nevertheless resting on volcanic soil; there may be an eruption at any time. China may start another international disturbance at any moment, and it would once more involve the whole of the civilized world. History is manufactured at a rapid rate in the Far East. Even where, to all appearances, everything is quiet and lovely, the elements of war and strife are constantly coming to the surface, and may cause an explosion at any time.



# THE QUESTION OF MOUNTAIN ROADS

By JAMES W. ABBOTT

## III. Advancement in the United States

Illustrations courtesy U. S. Department of Agriculture

In March, 1871, ground was broken for the first scenic transmountain railroad of the West, running from Denver over the divide between the Platte and the Arkansas. Ten months later it was opened for traffic to Colorado Springs, a distance of seventy-six miles. The following year it was opened to Pueblo, 120 miles from Denver, with a stub of about forty-five miles to the coal fields of the Arkansas. The little iron rails, weighing but thirty pounds to the yard, were brought from Europe. Previous to the opening of passenger service the triweekly stage, which ran between Denver and Colorado Springs, carried an average of five passengers a trip. But little was then known regarding the principles and practice of narrow-gauge railroading in the mountains. The single train each way daily, with a speed averaging less than fifteen miles an hour, was composed of one small engine, a composite baggage and smoking car, and one short passenger coach, with a row of very narrow double seats on one side and equally narrow single ones on the other.

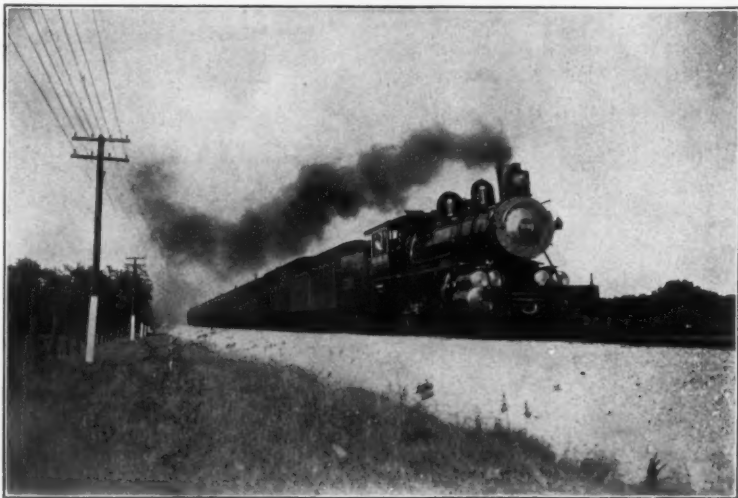
Now, six lines run through to the coast; extra branches and divisions occupy every

important pass, gulch, and canyon, and six additional lines bring passengers and freight from the East to Denver.

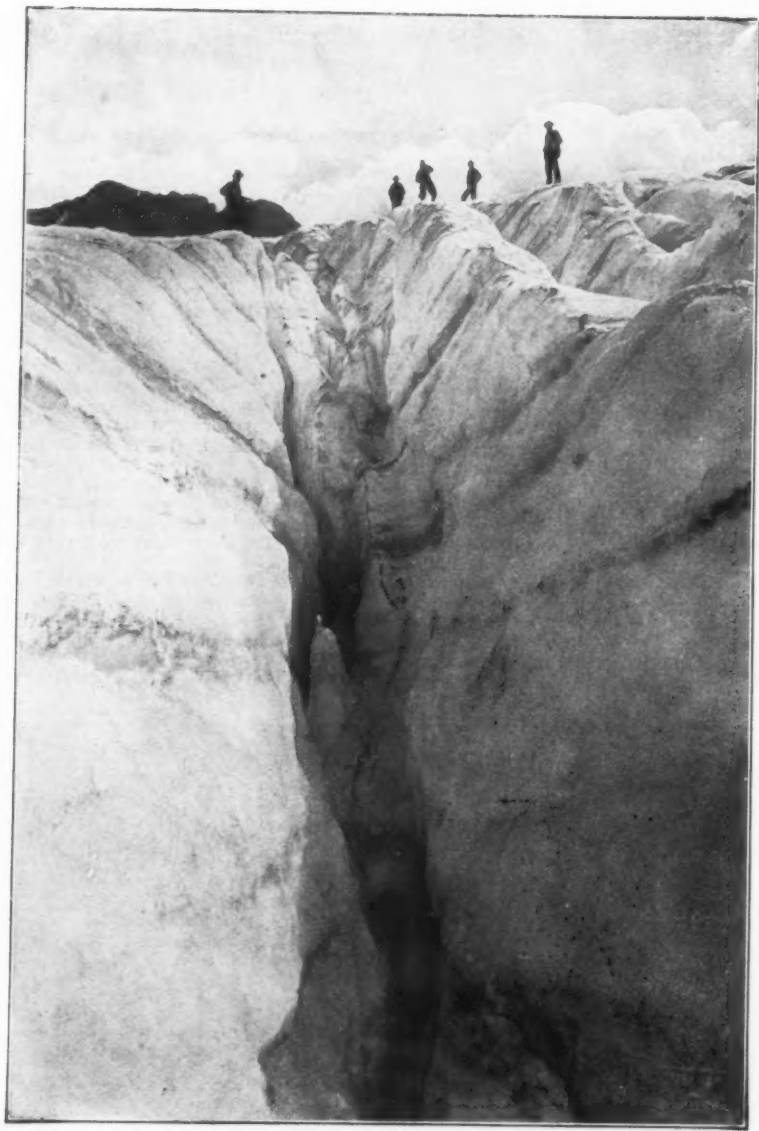
Thirty years ago one train a day, with a single sleeper, carried every passenger who traveled by rail to the Pacific. Now more trains, fully outfitted and equipped with every known comfort and luxury of railway travel, leave Chicago daily for the Pacific than leave any Eastern city in every direction. In fact, the provision for the comfort of the ordinary passenger (who does not patronize the standard hotel car) from the Missouri River to the Pacific is very far in advance of what it is on any Eastern railroad. Every day in the year round-trip tickets are on regular sale between Chicago and the Pacific Coast at a less rate per mile than they can be purchased between New York and Boston, while at special times excursion tickets reduce these rates by a very large percentage.

The last question with which this paper deals is, What can be done to make the scenic regions most available, and what sort of expenditure in this line is most promising of results?

The answer clearly is, Get ready to enter-



The Burlington Limited Train Taking its Own Photograph at Sixty Miles an Hour



A Glacier Near Lake McDonald, Montana

tain the people who are coming, for if we do they will surely visit us. The railroads are fully prepared to bring them to the doors of the regions, and it must be made easy and pleasant for visitors to reach those scenic attractions. They should have more good roads to drive over; good trails to ride and walk over. These should lead to every mountain peak and to or past each point of scenic interest. As the landscape gardener uses every art to bring out and embellish the beauties and attractions of his grounds, so the roads and trails should be studied to make them not only good in themselves, but also to provide them with features which shall compel attention and cause visitors to remember and talk about them.

It is generally true of an important scenic road that some particular feature impresses itself with especial vividness upon the attention and recollection of all who have occasion to travel over it. This may be an unusual landmark, a spot with a legend or a history, an unexpected view, a natural object of suggestively realistic form, or some artistic handiwork of man. This landmark becomes so well known through the ready narratives of drivers and guides, local publications, scenic bulletins, newspaper articles, etc., that every traveler looks for it, and long after he has gone remembers and talks about it; and thus the road where it occurs gets to be better known because of it.

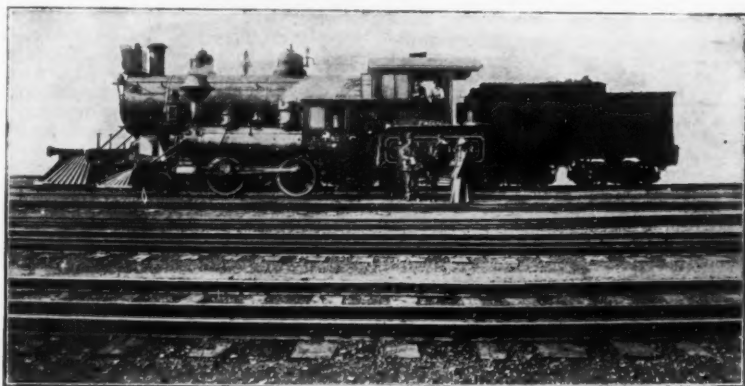
Near the lower entrance to the Golden Gate, on that superb road system of Yellowstone National Park, stands a vertical prong of rock, a sort of rough monolith, with slightly elliptical cross section, perhaps seven or eight feet thick, in larger diameter at the base and tapering gently to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. This came to be a familiar landmark, and when a year or two ago Captain Chittenden planned to reconstruct this portion of the road, preparatory to building a beautiful

concrete viaduct and revising the grade, the higher location at this point threatened a sacrifice of the old stone. But so many and earnest were the protests that he decided to preserve it. Having first erected for it a substantial base built up to the level of the upper grade, he carefully elevated the huge rock to its new position. Thus rescued and preserved, its former interest has been augmented a hundredfold. Every traveler who passes it hears the story and goes home to tell it, and with it he tells much about the roads of the park that perhaps otherwise might never have found lodgment in the memory.

But these accidents of nature never impress so permanently as does some work of great artistic merit. Along this line may be given what Stoddard says of the St. Gothard: "It is in truth the king of Alpine roads, resembling a mighty chain which man, the victor, has imposed upon the vanquished Alps—one end sunk deep in the Italian lakes, the other guarded by the lion of Lucerne." The allusion is to that masterpiece of Thorwaldsen, a gigantic lion thirty feet in length.

This is one of the most impressive monuments in Europe, and was cut by the artist in the solid wall of the cliff to commemorate the heroic defense of the Tuileries by the Swiss guards, August 10, 1792. The French Revolution had begun; their sovereign, Louis XVI, had fled, and they sacrificed their lives in vain; but their valiant deed, thus immortalized, will outlive the centuries. The short quotation from Stoddard shows how a suitable masterpiece of art, immortalizing a noble action, distinguishes the road near which it may be. The conviction that we should not ignore the suggestion and inspiration thus afforded impels the writer to submit an imaginary example to illustrate and emphasize the principle.

In the early seventies, immediately after



Locomotives Illustrating One Generation's Progress



Ouray, the Great Ute Chief

the Uncompahgre Utes had ceded to the United States what is known as "The San Juan region." Otto Mears, with an optimistic confidence, which seems little short of inspiration, began to build that wonderful system of mountain roads that gave him the title by which he will always be known in Colorado history, "The Pathfinder of San Juan."

The Uncompahgres still retained the larger part of their old reservation. This must be crossed before the Mears road could enter the main range, where prospectors had just begun to make important discoveries. The only output had been thrilling tales of hardship and adventure, with a few alluring statements of rich finds and an occasional specimen of silver-bearing rock that found its way to Denver. That city by the nearest existing route was then over 400 miles away, and that nearly half the distance by the crudest of Indian trails. But he built the road from Saguache across the reservation, past the door of the rude adobe home of Chief Ouray; through the canyons and over the highest passes, and opened to the world a section of great and enduring value. For many years this road system was the sole avenue of communication with the outside world, and this was sometimes blocked for months by impassable drifts of snow.

On that old Mears road, in the wildest part of the Uncompahgre Canyon, so high above the boiling torrent that it looked like a small green and silver ribbon shimmering in the awful depths below, men, let down by ropes, carved in the almost vertical wall of the frowning precipice a shelf, and from it made the road. It raises no invidious comparison to say that it is the most remarkable piece of mountain road ever constructed in the United States. Hundreds of people every year take that long trip (they can go on the railroad now) just to ride over the Mears road. The writer has yet to learn of the first one who did not hold his breath and exclaim: "I did not know that there was anything in America like it. This is indeed sublime."

Would it not be a fitting memorial for such a place if some American Thorwaldsen, beside this road in the canyon that bears the name of the tribe over which Ouray ruled, should chisel upon that wall of everlasting rock the form and features of the illustrious chief, and inscribe above it the legend, "To the fidelity and virtue of Ouray?"

There must be suitable hotels, inns, boarding houses, bath houses, tennis courts, golf links, polo grounds, and boats for the lakes; the streams must be kept

supplied with fish; courteous and efficient guides must be at hand when desired. Many places are already provided in these respects, while others are woefully lacking.

The methods and practices of other regions and countries where the tourist is made a source of revenue should be carefully studied. Hotels and inns need not all be either elaborate or expensive. It is not the large caravansary which excites the thrill of anticipation in the breast of a tired and hungry traveler; it is the pretty, artistic, tasteful, rustic place of shelter which suggests a cozy room, appetizing home cooking, and restful comfort. Pomp and flourish, waiters in garb and demeanor better fitting a funeral than a feast, are more suggestive of a big bill than value received. A successful host or hostess is, like a poet, "born, not made."

In a plain, rustic hotel in eastern Oregon presides a dear old lady. Sun rays

always seem to be in her beautiful white hair; her welcome is like the greeting of the dawn; her good-by is a benediction. An embodied spirit of benevolence and good cheer, she captures the heart of every guest who crosses her threshold. The food upon her table reminds one of childhood's days and its choicest memories. Such are the tourist's friends, and

A study of the conditions which make for success in scenic regions promises great pecuniary returns. The records of the railway passenger departments show that the Western tourist business is largely increasing year by year. When the skies in other States become like furnace walls of molten brass, the cool, revivifying atmosphere of these mountains makes them seem a haven of refuge, and the more inviting they are made the more income will be derived from this feature of Nature's bounty.

## PLANTING A TREE

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants a friend of sun and sky;  
He plants the flag of breezes free;  
The shaft of beauty towering high;  
He plants a home to heaven anigh  
For song and mother-croon of bird—  
In hushed and happy twilight heard—  
The treble of heaven's harmony—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

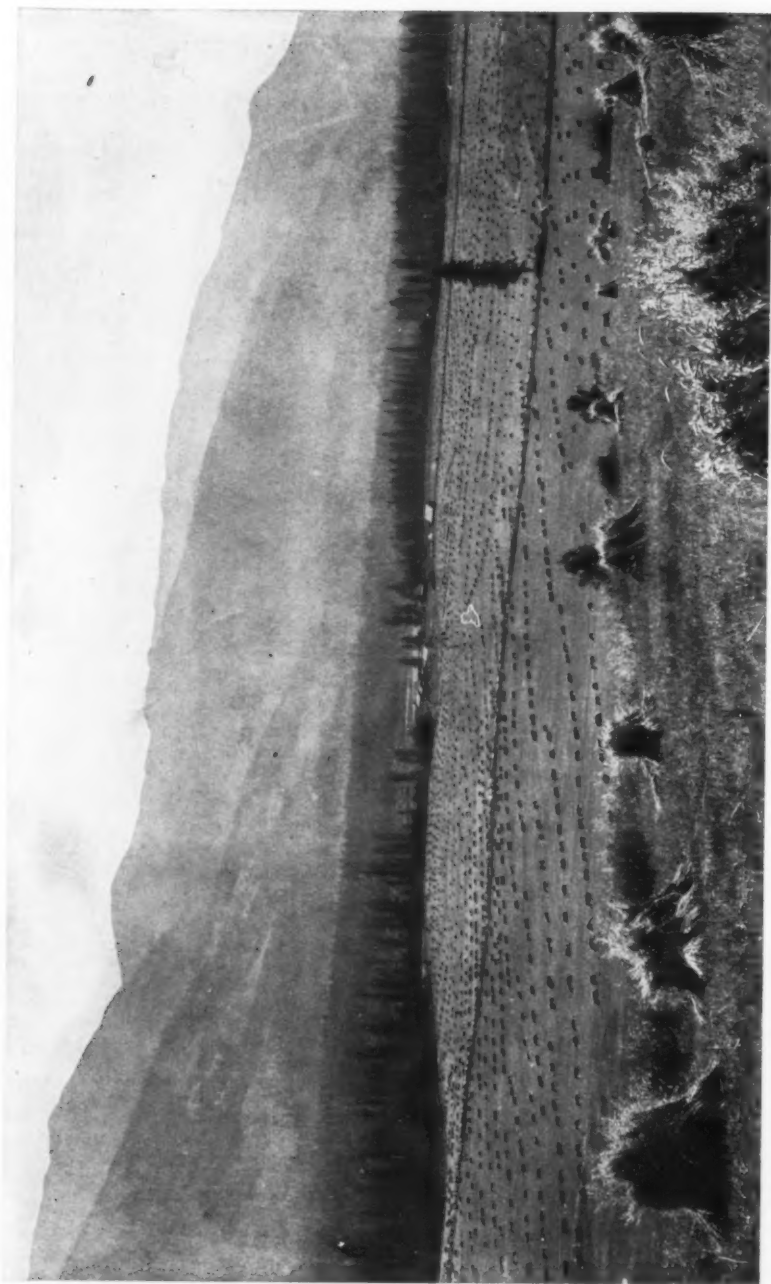
What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
And seed and bud of days to be,  
And years that fade and flush again;  
He plants the glory of the plain;  
He plants the forest's heritage;  
The harvest of the coming age;  
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants, in sap and leaves and wood,  
In love of home and loyalty,  
And far-cast thought of civil good—  
His blessing on the neighborhood,  
Who in the hollow of his hand  
Holds all the growth of all our land—  
A nation's growth from sea to sea  
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

—R. W. Gilder.



Washington—The Evergreen State—A Typical Wheat Field



# WASHINGTON—THE EVERGREEN STATE

By MICHAEL MONIHAN

## In Eight Parts. Part I. Wheat Production

Nature does not often display her generosity so lavishly as is evidenced in the gift she has made from her bounteous store to the State of Washington. A great State in a great Nation. Her resources are manifold, her scenery a charm and her climate an Elysian dream.

A State but a decade, yet, in that short lapse of time, she has forged to the forefront in the grand sisterhood of States, and stands at present as the greatest commonwealth of the Pacific Coast. It may be said that from a standpoint of wealth, intelligence and progress in every line of human endeavor, there are no people who compare with those who make up this Great Republic. If this is true in general, it applies to the State of Washington in particular, for nowhere, even in the older States, are to be found people of greater perspicacity and acumen than are to be found in various urban and suburban sections of Washington.

When the assertion is made that the United State stands at the head of the nations of the world, it may seem that the assertion is a bold one, but it is borne out by facts, and consequently the truth. There are but two nations which exceed the United States in either population or territory; these are China and Russia, and the former with her 400,000,000 inhabitants, exceeds that of the United States many times, but her inhabitants lack in those essentials which go to make up the greatness of nations. Russia with over 130,000,000 inhabitants is also in excess of our population, but the area of her territory ex-

ceeds that of ours nearly three to one. No other nations, however, compare with the United States, either in territory or population.

Forty-five States comprise the United States, aside from which there is enough territory to make a dozen other States. These States and territories cover an area of over 3,600,000 square miles and over 80,000,000 of people live in peace and plenty within this grand domain.

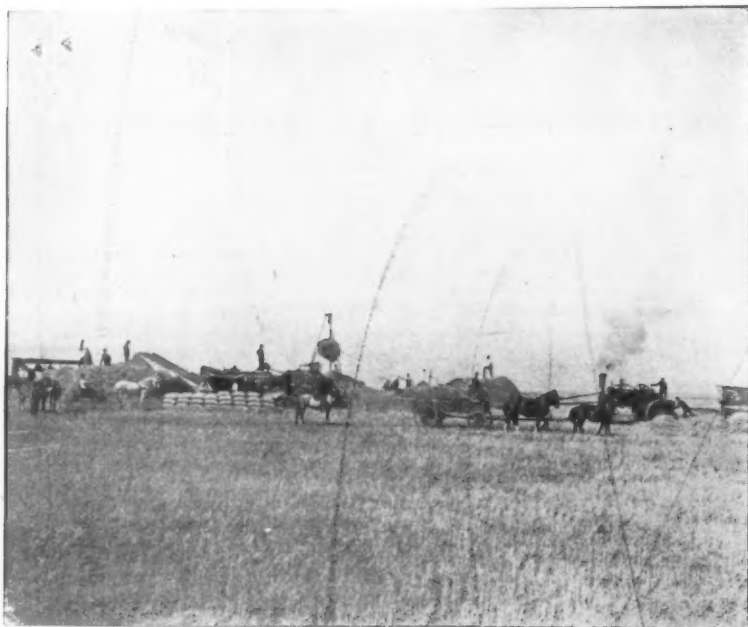
When over one hundred and twenty years ago our forefathers overthrew the tyranny of the British rule, thirteen States united to form this United States. That is not such a long period of time, but those years have seen marvelous wonders—one might say miracles—performed. From those original thirteen States, which bordered largely upon the Atlantic Ocean, grew the Nation, which to-day stands the peer of all the nations of the world. In that day the territory embraced by the State of Washington was unknown region. Her magnificent possibilities were yet to be discovered and developed.

Among the youngest States of the Union—having been admitted to statehood scarcely a decade ago, the commonwealth of Washington, though young in years, is by no means the least in importance.

70,000 square miles are comprised within her borders, more than that of the whole of New England, which contains six members of Uncle Sam's family, her population to-day does not exceed 700,000 souls of people, but that is greater than that of the State of Maine, which has been



A Wheat Blockade in Eastern Washington



Threshing in a Washington Wheat Field

a State since 1820, and greater than the combined population of Rhode Island and New Hampshire, veritably an empire in itself.

Cut in twain from north to south by a mountain range, bounded on the west by the mightiest ocean of the earth and practically shut off on the east by the great Rockies themselves, Washington presents a topography entirely different from that of other States. Essentially a State of varied resources—and these resources comparatively undeveloped, her magnificent possibilities offer a field to the investor and homeseeker second to none in the world. It would take columns to portray every individual feature of the magnificent resources of this truly wonderful State, and it is the purpose of this article to give in a casual way an idea of the agricultural possibilities and the prolific, abundant yield which her acres give to those who labor earnestly for their reward. Agriculturally the State is divided into two sections; one section lying contiguous to the Coast and the other which lies east of the Cascade range—better known as the "Inland Empire."

Much has been written of what Washington produces, many articles have appeared and been sent out for the careful perusal of the uninitiated. Speculators have been rife in the land, highly colored pictures of the wealth that was to accrue at once to those who invested in Washington

lands; beautiful pamphlets that have been artistically arranged and designed have been sent out to the unwary, but withal Washington has withstood the era of unscrupulous speculation and the star of her empire shines brightly in the galaxy of States.

The series of articles upon Washington beginning with this number will be a word picture of her immense resources. So diversified are these resources that it would be impossible to make a successful review of them all in one short article. It is the purpose, therefore, to picture as accurately as possible the various industries of the State, beginning with the agricultural possibilities, and in this article especially the wheat production of the State.

Within the past few years the State of Washington has become one of the leading wheat producing States in the Union. It now stands fourth in the list of States in the production of spring wheat, being exceeded only by Minnesota and the Dakotas. It produces more wheat annually than California, which for years was the great wheat producing State of the Pacific Coast, and nearly twice as much as does Oregon.

With the rise of the State in the production of wheat, Puget Sound has been as a wheat and flour exporting port, now holding fourth place among the ports of the United States in the amount of wheat

exported, and sixth place in the amount of flour exported.

Last year Portland led Puget Sound in the amount of her wheat exports, as did also San Francisco, but so rapid has been the growth of the industry in Washington that this year this port leads both her rival ports on this coast.

Ten years ago the flour exports from Puget Sound amounted to 174,119 barrels annually, those of Portland 388,776 barrels and those of San Francisco 1,084,561 barrels. In the decade which has passed since then Puget Sound has not only passed both of her competitors, but now exports almost as much flour as both of them together. The figures for the eleven months of 1902, ending with November, were: Puget Sound, 1,433,262 barrels; San Francisco, 949,282 barrels, and Portland, 580,769 barrels. In the decade Portland has made a slight advance and San Francisco has actually fallen off, while Puget Sound has made an advance in the flour export trade of more than 900 per cent.

The wheat crop of 1901 in Washington was the largest in her history, and it is altogether possible that it will never be exceeded. Conservative estimates place it at practically 33,000,000, and the export statistics for the fiscal year ending with June, 1902, more than bear out that figure. During that year the wheat exports from Puget Sound amounted to 13,854,145 bushels, and the wheat exports from Portland, at least two-thirds of which consisted of wheat produced in this State, amounted to 12,554,151. Adding two-thirds of the Portland exports to the Puget Sound exports gives 22,221,579 bushels of Washington wheat exported in the form of the grain. During the same year the flour exports of Puget Sound amounted to 1,295,019 barrels,

and the flour exports from Portland, one-half of which was made from Washington wheat, to 630,131 barrels. Adding the half of the Portland exports to the Puget Sound exports gives the exports of flour made from Washington wheat as 1,610,084 barrels, or the equivalent in wheat of 7,245,378, which, with the exports of Washington wheat, gives a grand total of wheat exported in both grain and flour equivalent to 29,466,957 bushels. Allowing for seed for the ensuing year, for home consumption and for the amount of wheat and flour shipped East by rail, and it will be seen that the estimate of 33,000,000 bushels is safely within the limits of conservatism.

The wheat crop of 1902 was approximately twenty-five per cent lighter than that of 1901. Twenty-five million bushels is the estimate of State Grain Inspector Arrasmith, and this estimate is more than borne out by the export statistics. In fact, the export figures for the months since the new crop began to arrive at the Coast are as large as those for the corresponding months of last year. But these figures require to be discounted somewhat on account of the fact that the crop is being moved much more rapidly this year than last.

For the first five months of the fiscal year 1903, ending with November, 1902, the wheat exports of Puget Sound amounted to 4,656,907 bushels, as compared with 4,562,327 bushels for the corresponding period of last year, the season immediately following the harvesting of the banner crop, and the flour exports were 759,714 barrels, as compared with 547,644 barrels for the corresponding period last year. For the same period the wheat exports from Portland amounted to 3,570,811 bushels, as compared with 4,988,912 bushels for



The Way the Crop is Harvested

the corresponding period last year, while the flour exports were 296,705 barrels, as compared with 272,655 in 1901.

Were it not for the recognized more rapid movement of the crop these figures would bear indications of a crop equally large as that of last year. This more rapid movement this year is due to many influences, but most largely to the new conditions in the world's markets, which have caused the wheat of the Pacific Coast to be much more sought after and to demand a higher price than it had for years prior to this season.

The new element in the market is the failure of the Australian wheat crop for the past two or three consecutive years, making it necessary for South Africa and other countries in that part of the world, even including Australia, to look to this coast of America for their wheat and flour supplies.

This new element in the market has stimulated the price of both wheat and flour very materially, and the farmers who have been looking upon similar high prices as merely speculative, took advantage of the first high prices to dispose of their holdings. This caused the crop to move more rapidly than usual, and as a result the holdings of wheat in the interior, which are usually large at this season of the year, are now practically exhausted.

As a grain producing State Washington is noted not for its wheat crop alone. Barley and oats grow prolifically in many portions of the State, and reliable estimates place the amount of these two varieties of grain produced in the State during 1902 at 8,000,000 bushels. Both of these grains find a ready market, for local consumption and for shipment to Alaska and California

and to the Philippines, where the United States army consumes large quantities of American hay and oats as forage for the horses and mules. During the eleven months ending with November, 1902, the exports of oats from Puget Sound amounted to 925,299 bushels and the exports of barley to 228,021 bushels.

The grain farmers of Eastern Washington have enjoyed during the year 1902 a very gratifying measure of prosperity. Their crops have been above the average, and the high prices which they have received are making them both rich and happy. A notable occurrence of the year was the announcement by the wheat-hauling railroads of a reduction of ten per cent in the rates charged for hauling wheat from the interior to tide-water terminals, a reduction amounting to an increase of 1 cent a bushel or more in the market price of all of the grain raised in the State.

Good crops and high prices have placed the farmers of the State in a position to extend their operations, to cultivate additional land, and to apply to that already under cultivation more scientific and thorough methods, insuring another increase in the grain acreage for the coming year, with probably a corresponding increase in the amount produced. On the other hand, the large influx of immigrants from the Middle and Eastern States, attracted by the low homeseekers' rates offered by the railroads, is filling up the country with settlers, which circumstance contributes to the tendency towards diversified farming, with less grain culture and more attention to other crops. This tendency at the present time is very strong, and on it is based the probability that the bumper crop of 1901 may never be exceeded and possibly never again equaled.



Loading Wheat at the Largest Wheat Warehouse in the World—Tacoma

## JIM HENDERSON'S SCOOP

By WILLIAM P. ELMER

Illustrations from drawing by George P. Detwiler

James B. Henderson started in life as a reporter for the Minneapolis Herald. Although he did not secure an editorship, he was considered one of the best men on the staff. He was trusted with many difficult assignments and could be relied upon implicitly for facts and details. After five years of newspaper work, he organized a Texas oil company and was made treasurer of it. The venture was very successful from the beginning.

One morning two years later, "Jim's" friends and business associates were shocked by reading in the Herald that he was an embezzler to the amount of \$20,000 and had fled, a fugitive from justice, to parts unknown. Speculation with other people's money had led to his downfall.

He wandered about over the United States, always eluding the police. Ever fearful of capture, however, his nerves became shattered and he was never able to settle down to steady occupation. He did some reporting on a San Francisco paper, but a suspicious remark made one day by a detective when Jim was "doing" the police court, caused the reporter to hastily resign his place and resume his wanderings. In Tacoma he found employment as checker around the dock warehouses.

Undue exposure brought on a wasting disease which incapacitated him for work, reduced him in flesh and drained his purse until ultimately he was reduced to extreme poverty. He sank to the level of a common tramp, though his pride forbade him to beg. In this condition he drifted into Fargo.

Larsonville is on the line of the Pacific Northern railway, eight miles northwest of Minneapolis. The town is composed of four modest dwellings, a general store and saloon, an elevator and a dirty little railway station.

One memorable evening late in January the station appeared cosy and inviting. Outside, a blizzard was raging that promised to develop into the worst storm in years. Immense drifts of snow were thrown across the right-of-way like breastworks, while each succeeding blast of wind piled the snow higher against the lee side of the building. Inside, the telegraph instruments were clicking safety to hundreds of travelers. A kerosene lamp, oily and dirty, shed its dim rays through its badly smoked chimney upon the usual paraphernalia of a village way-station. In the mid-

dle of the room was a huge cast-iron stove, red hot at the base and emitting an occasional puff of soft coal smoke, as a bit of the blizzard, howling for admission to the warm interior of the place, essayed to slip down through the chimney.

The overland limited, known as No. 16, thundered by, westbound, without stopping. By a previous arrangement, it was scheduled to meet a special at Newell, six miles west of Larsonville. The train had hardly cleared the station platform, however, when over the wire came the order: "Hold 16 Larsonville to meet special." The message was written mechanically by the station master before he realized the inevitable consequences contained in those six delayed words. He was filled with terror when he comprehended the situation and realized his helplessness to prevent the two trains from colliding somewhere between Larsonville and Newell. He reached for the telegraph key, with a faint hope that the special had not arrived at Newell. The instrument did not respond! Neither could he get Minneapolis! Experience told him that the wires were down and that he had received the last message over them that night. Dazed and trembling, he darted out into the storm and ran along the track after the fast disappearing train to learn the outcome of someone's probably fatal blunder.

In the meantime the special was speeding from the west over the rails toward Minneapolis as fast as slippery tracks, snow-banks and a head wind would allow. In a handsomely appointed private car, attached to the train, six men of distinguished bearing were freely discussing an affair of greatest importance to the railroad world and to the nation.

As the air clouded with cigar smoke, a porter opened the rear door a trifle for ventilation. He did not observe the dark object in one corner of the platform. A man was crouching there. He was unshaven and unkempt; his clothes were faded and ragged; his face was seamed with wrinkles and the stubby beard which partly hid it was quite grey. Yet this man had not reached his thirtieth year. Around this creature's shoulders was wrapped the remnant of a shawl which imparted very little warmth, but served in part to keep off the sharp icy wind. This man had not tasted food for several days; he was emaciated and colorless; a hacking cough,



which he could not restrain, threatened to disclose his hiding place. He was running the risk of being thrown bodily from the car should he be discovered. From time to time he slipped from beneath the shawl a flask of liquor and drank sparingly of the spirits.

This was the physical wreck of Jim Henderson going home to Minneapolis. He had longed to see the old familiar faces in "newspaper row" once more. He cared not what became of him after that. The penitentiary would be welcome relief from what he was enduring; only he and God knew how he had suffered. Jim knew that he was fast wasting away and might not live to realize his desire. He must not delay; he decided to go at once. He had found renewed strength with this deter-

bered reading recently that a party of railroad magnates were on a tour of several of the great western systems; perhaps this was the party! He had read also rumors of a big railroad deal. So far there had been nothing definite; all had been mere guess work on the part of the dailies. He could scarcely believe his ears! He was learning the most carefully guarded secrets of the whole plan! This information would be worth hundreds of dollars to the Herald.

Henderson remembered the towns through which the train passed from time to time. When Newell had been left behind, he knew there was but one more between him and his destination. He was still listening intently and taking mental notes of all he heard, when he felt the sud-



"But a Tangled Mass of Splintered Wood and Broken, Twisted Steel"

denation and had boarded the first train that left Fargo eastbound that evening. As he climbed over the gate of the rear platform of the last coach, he noted with satisfaction it was a private car, which would undoubtedly go through to Minneapolis. He was confident he would not be molested, as none of the trainmen would think of looking there for a "hobo," especially on such a night.

When the door was open, Henderson could hear quite plainly all that was said inside, but the window shade was drawn and he could not see the speakers. He always had tried to keep posted on the latest news and had managed to secure a newspaper nearly every day. He remem-

den jerk of the applied air brakes. He was conscious of a fearful crash, then all was blank.

When he recovered his senses, he found himself some distance from the track nearly covered by snow, but not seriously hurt. He struggled to his feet and made his way out of the snow bank into which he had been thrown. The night was lighted by burning wreckage; what had been traveling palaces was but a tangled mass of splintered wood and twisted and broken steel. The cries of the injured were mingled with the roar of the flames that were blown to fury by the wind. No. 16 and the special had met!

Jim satisfied himself that he could be of



little service. Trainmen and passengers who had escaped injury were caring for their less fortunate fellows. Then the reportorial instinct asserted itself and he unconsciously reached for his note book; his hand encountered his flask of liquor. Raising it to his lips, he drained the last drop and thus revived, started to work.

Little heed was paid to his questions. He was able, however, to pick up all the details available and to secure the names and addresses of the victims. He learned also that his surmise had been correct; the men whom he had overheard in conversation before the accident were those comprising the party of railroad officials; two of them had been severely injured.

When he had the facts, he started off through the blinding snow down the track eastward. He discovered that someone had broken the way, probably a brakeman. Within a short distance he met the station master, who was madly hurrying to the scene of the disaster. From him Henderson learned that all wires were down and that no help from the city could be expected for several hours; that the brakeman had concluded to push on toward Minneapolis on foot, as there were no horses to be had within two miles of Larsonville.

Jim arrived at the station and half decided not to stop, but he was perishing of cold and the cosy looking interior of the waiting-room appealed to his sensibilities: he could write his reports of the accident and the railroad merger plans while he warmed his chilled body. The station was deserted and the telegraph instruments were silent, but on the operator's table he found the train order that had arrived too late—dumb testimony to the cause of the accident, the only lacking detail for his story.

He knew his report of the collision would be of little value if it did not reach Minneapolis before daybreak, because by that time reporters would be swarming to the scene with the relief train. His story would be safe until then, for no information would be forthcoming from the railroad offices. He found plenty of copy paper and was soon rapidly writing, with his old-time fluency of expression. In addition to his two stories, he wrote a recital of his wanderings since leaving Minneapolis and of his longing to return; he described briefly his adventures of the last few hours and told of his intended tramp to the city from Larsonville. He took this precaution for fear he would not reach his goal.

By midnight he had turned the last page of "copy" and was thoroughly warmed. He found an overcoat and a pair of warm mittens in the station and quickly appropriated them. Then he started on his journey. He followed the track as nearly as he could, though occasionally he found

himself far to one side or the other, only realizing his mistake when he encountered a fence or telegraph wires which lay in the snow, sometimes broken, oftener remaining securely fastened to the poles that had toppled over, broken off short by the wind and weight of sleet and snow.

He staggered on, sometimes up to his arm-pits through drifts, again over ground bared by the wind. At times he feared he must give up, but renewed determination urged him forward. Suddenly he stumbled and fell headlong. He had tripped over the prostrate body of the trainman who had preceded him. The poor fellow evidently had been badly hurt in the collision and, in his weakened and exhausted condition, had been overcome by the cold. He was quite dead. His lantern had gone out and it lay in the snow nearby. This sudden and unexpected encounter with death sent a shudder through Henderson's body. After he had recovered his composure somewhat, he mustered all his remaining strength and dragged the lifeless body some distance from the track; he lighted the lantern and placed it so that its light would be seen from the first passing train. Then he hurried away. He must not stop longer or a like fate might overtake him.

He knew of a short-cut to town and soon turned abruptly from the rails to a wagon road that led to streets and houses. As he did so, a whistle sounded, a bell clanged, and with a rush and roar, a rotary snow-plow backed by two engines and a car whirled by in the darkness. The non-arrival of the special at Minneapolis had caused the officials there to believe that it was snow bound. As all communication was cut off, after sufficient time elapsed for safety's sake, a snow-plow had been sent out to open up the right-of-way. There was only one man in Minneapolis that night who feared an accident had occurred—the train dispatcher who had received no "repeat" on his train order to Larsonville and who had been too cowardly to confess it.

At last Henderson discerned the lights of the city and was soon hastening through the deserted streets. If only he could meet a policeman, he could telephone from a patrol box to the railroad offices and the Herald, but he saw none. Once he hailed a passing cab, but the driver was drunk or asleep and his call was unheeded.

He reached the business part of the city, and with what thankfulness! He was so weak and numb with cold that every step was an exertion. He could stand the strain and fatigue but little longer. He recognized the office of the Herald by the electric sign suspended above the great white marble entrance; the old building had disappeared in the years he had been away. Then a pang pierced his heart: would any of the old staff be there still? He heard the rumble of the presses

in the basement as he passed into the lobby. He was in time! The last edition was not off!

Instinct guided him to the night editor's office. Yes—that must be the man. It was—Frank Marvel, once his chum and brother reporter.

The editor looked up in surprise and started nervously when he beheld the spectre standing before him. There was no sign of recognition on Marvel's face.

Henderson was overcome by emotion. He tried to speak but the words stuck in his throat. A flood of tears seemed to be drowning his heart. He dropped his bundle of papers on the desk and as he did so tottered, gasped and sank to the floor. He had handed in his last "copy."

An early morning Minneapolis Herald

extra was on the streets while certain members of the staffs of contemporaries in "newspaper row" were enjoying their first deep sleep, unconscious of the danger their official heads were in, and oblivious to the intense excitement three Herald "scoops" were creating, until they were called from their beds and ordered to report immediately at the respective offices to hear what their superiors had to say on a very delicate subject, and to make the most of a bad piece of business.

As they hurried to their editorial rooms, they read with bitterness full details in the Herald extra of the most disastrous railroad wreck of the year, an exposure of the plans for a stupendous railroad deal, and an account of the dramatic return and death of the long-hunted embezzler, James B. Henderson.

## THE OLD GRAY MULE

By KID McCULL

The Frenchman besings his automobile,  
The Sultan his automobool,  
S. Dumont besings his flying machine,  
And I my old Gray Mule.

No need of loadin' him with benzine;  
No fire to make him scud;  
No need of a team to pull us out  
When he gets stuck in the mud.

How old? Nigh onto twenty-five, I guess,  
Worn out an' ready to die;  
I got him from dad on my weddin' day,  
A two-yearlin' trim an' spry.

He's weak in his knees an' he hangs his  
head;  
No wonder, he's borne his share!  
He's been my bread an' butter to me  
When I had nuthin' to spare.

He's been a good friend in time of need,  
Drawed a buggy as well as a load;  
He brought me my flour from out o' the  
mill,  
He's harvested an' he's sowed.

He took us to church in the two-wheeled  
gig,  
When Annie an' I was wed;  
He drawed the wagon when Annie was  
laid  
To rest in her narrow bed.

Then here's to old Bill in his coat of gray,  
Who helped me in life's hard school,  
When it comes down to use, there's no  
ridin' machine  
That compares with my old Gray Mule.

## NORTH DAKOTA—AN EMPIRE

By M. M.

### In Eight Parts. Part I. Historical and Descriptive

A young, but vigorous commonwealth is North Dakota, and truly deserving of the title of the Great Empire of the Northwest. Embracing unsurpassed facilities for grain and stock raising, in fact every branch of diversified farming; fully equipped with admirable public institutions, her future is assured.

Historically, the Territory of Dakota was organized by act of Congress, March 2, 1861, permanent white settlements having begun in 1859, the first territorial legislature meeting at Yankton, March 17, and the first delegate to congress being elected in September, 1862. Although a census taken in 1862 showed the population to be only 1,786, there were, by authority of the Secretary of War, in the winter of '61-'62, two companies of cavalry aggregating 184 enlisted men mustered into the federal service. Following the outbreak of the Sioux in Minnesota, in 1862, in response to a call of the territorial governor, 400 loyal citizens entered military service in August of that year. Although continued Indian troubles and the progress of the Civil War very greatly retarded settlement for several years, the census of 1870 showed a white population of 12,887. The discovery of gold in the Black Hills in 1875 inaugurated the original South Dakota boom. Successive large crops in the older settlements along the Missouri River, together with favorable reports of army officers and the observations of tourists going to the Black Hills, directed attention to the agricultural resources of the Territory. From this time, settlement and development of the southern portion of the Territory pro-

ceeded rapidly. Meanwhile, military expeditions had traversed the northern plains and early navigators of the Red River of the North had explored the rich valley of more or less definite boundaries extending from thirty to fifty miles in width on either side of that stream. Indeed, as early as 1800, coincident with the establishment of the fur trade of the Hudson Bay and Northwest companies, officers and employes of those companies had explored the Red River country and temporarily sojourned near the present site of the village of Pembina, in the county of that name, at the extreme northeast point of the State, where the Red River crosses the international boundary line in its course to Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay. Early Scotch settlers located in the same vicinity, but finding themselves two or three miles south of the boundary, readily gave up their homes and improvements and loyally sought new locations on British soil. The establishment of permanent headquarters of the fur trading companies at Winnipeg left the vast domain comprising the Red River Valley in the undisputed possession of the untutored savage except as the half breed descendants of early traders roamed the prairies hunting the buffalo, subsisting principally upon buffalo meat, clad and housed with buffalo skins and selling their furs to the agents of the companies. In 1871, while engaged in traffic with these Indians and half breeds, Commodore N. W. Kittson and James J. Hill became interested in the navigation of the Red River. A convenient steamboat landing was soon established at the forks of the Red Lake and Red Rivers, the present site of the city



Where Content and Plenty Hold Sway

of Grand Forks, which rapidly became an important trading point. A large saw mill and flouring mill were soon erected, mercantile industries multiplied, settlers were attracted to the rich contiguous valley lands of which Grand Forks was at once the natural commercial center, and growing as the country grew, a few years later, with the advent of the lines of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railway, which President Hill was vigorously pushing into an empire of inviting territory, became the leading railroad center and commercial metropolis of the Red River Valley. In 1872 the Northern Pacific railway was built across the State, bridging the Red River at Fargo and the Missouri River at Bismarck. Along the lines of these great commercial arteries, immigrants poured in from the older States, eager to occupy the richest lands on earth, generously open to bona fide home seekers under the liberal laws of the federal government.

Phenomenal agricultural resources and bountiful crops in both the northern and the southern portions of the Territory induced unprecedented immigration to both sections. It is apparent that from the earliest immigration, the settlers of the two sections of the Territory had nothing in common. Coming from widely separated localities, each section proceeded upon distinct migratory lines and formed the beginnings of two essentially independent commonwealths. Railroads in both sections were rapidly extended westward, followed closely by settlements forming in zones parallel with the roads, but the absence of any lines extending north and south left a vast territory in the interior unoccupied and affording no communication between the north and south. It was felt from the earliest beginning of the territorial government that the bonds of union were artificial and unnatural, merely serving a temporary convenience, and for the time being affording a sparse population, included in an immense area, the facilities of a territorial organization, until such time as the influx of immigration in each section should warrant a division of the Territory and the erection of two gov-

ernments. That point was reached in November, 1887, when a vote of the people of the Territory gave a large majority for division. Such action had long been contemplated and the division of the Territory found both sections provided with all needed public institutions, which, from rivalry between the sections, immense intervening distances, lack of railroad connection and an eye to political destiny, the territorial legislature had duplicated, establishing two universities, two penitentiaries, two asylums for the insane, etc. Political complications delayed the admission of the divided Territory into the Union, the enabling act passing congress in February, 1889, and receiving the president's approval on the 22nd day of that month. The constitution for the new State of North Dakota was adopted by popular vote, October 1, 1889, and admission to the Union finally consummated by proclamation of President Harrison, issued November 2, 1889, upon which date South Dakota was also admitted, the proclamations declaring the two Dakotas sovereign States of the American Union, receiving the president's signature at precisely the same moment.

Admission to statehood found the people of North Dakota fully equipped for sustaining the responsibilities of self-government. Coming from neighboring northwestern States they brought the institutions of those States with them, or, rather at once established the same institutions in their new homes. At the time of admission North Dakota was even better equipped for statehood than some of the older States. Specially liberal provision has been made for education. The public schools are equal to the best in the Eastern States. Comfortable and commodious school buildings, superior instruction and the best text books are found everywhere. The very best is none too good for young Dakotans. At the head of the system of public instruction stands the State University, located at Grand Forks, an institution of which an older State might justly be proud. Equal commendation is due the State Agricultural College at Fargo. State Normal Schools are in successful operation at Mayville and Valley City. A State Acad-



A North Dakota Farmstead

emy of Sciences has also been located at Wahpeton. In church work all of the leading denominations are well represented in city and country. The churches have also established excellent denominational institutions for the higher education. The Methodist University at Wahpeton, Fargo College at Fargo, under the supervision of the Congregational church, and a Presbyterian College at Jamestown, and others are all equipped with fine buildings and count upon their faculties of instruction professors of high scholarship and distinguished ability. Flourishing Catholic schools are also conducted at Grand Forks, Fargo and Bismarck. In the way of charitable and beneficiary institutions the State maintains a Hospital for the Insane at Jamestown, a School for the Deaf at Devil's Lake, with other institutions outlined and arranged for so soon as needed. Penal institutions being found necessary, a

country, the Missouri Slope and the West Missouri or West North Dakota country.

As already noted it was the marvelous fertility of the Red River Valley lands that first attracted settlers to North Dakota. The "Valley" is a broad level plain from fifty to sixty miles wide, extending the entire length of the State from north to south and including the six counties of Pembina, Walsh, Grand Forks, Traill, Cass and Richland. It must not be understood that the valley is terminated on the west by abrupt bluffs of high elevation. On the contrary, the ascent from the valley is so slight and uniform that the traveller would find it difficult to know just where he passed from the valley to the upland prairie except that the prairie gradually assumes an undulatory surface, and the soil, if examined closely, appears slightly lighter both in quality and color. The valley is just high enough above the channel of the



Where Sleek Cattle Lazily Drowse

State Penitentiary has been established at Bismarck and a Reform School located at Mandan. In response to the liberal loyalty of our people, the legislature has generously appropriated funds for a Soldiers' Home at Lisbon.

Topographically, the State presents interesting features. While the surface bears the general characteristics of the vast central plain of which it forms a part, there are nevertheless certain well defined geographical divisions each with characteristics peculiar to itself, each affording conditions not found elsewhere and which conditions afford special advantages and resources that largely determine the industries of the people. For convenience in referring to the varied resources of the State, the different geographical divisions are designated as the Red River Valley, the James River Valley, the Devil's Lake and Turtle Mountain regions, the Mouse River

river to prevent overflow and afford drainage. Its soil is best described as "bottom land" to those acquainted with the valley of the Missouri and other rivers where the term is used. It is a heavy black alluvial deposit from two to four feet in depth, the richest soil in the world, a veritable farmers' paradise, unequaled on the continent for the production of small grains. It is not extravagant to characterize this soil as of inexhaustible fertility, for instances are numerous where successive crops of the finest wheat have been grown without intermission or rotation from the earliest settlement until the present season without any indication of lessening the yield or deteriorating the grade. Facilities for cultivating, harvesting and marketing have thus far induced farmers to direct their attention chiefly to raising wheat with secondary crops of oats, rye, barley, flax, millet, etc. Stock raising is a growing

and profitable industry, attended with the minimum of risk, the healthful climate preventing disease and the productiveness of the soil and ease of cultivation affording an abundance of cheap feed for the winter months. Tame grasses are grown with good results though not extensively as yet, as farmers are very reluctant to reduce their wheat acreage.

In crossing the divide and on entering the James River Valley topographical conditions are reversed, the waters of the James River flowing almost due south and commingling with the Missouri. Bluffs of various elevations bound the comparatively narrow valley or bottom lands. Above these fertile undulating prairies, imperceptibly sloping upward to the divides east and west, comprise the great James River Valley, a tract of great fertility, occupied with productive farms and ranches of cattle, sheep and horses. The country is more sparsely settled, there is a smaller per cent. of cultivated lands, stock ranges are larger and more frequent, in short there are found the conditions favorable for diversified farming, rich and nutritive native grasses, pure water and the same healthful ozone that invigorates animal life throughout the State. Herds of fine thoroughbred cattle graze on the grassy slopes. All small grains are successfully grown. This valley is one of the most noted artesian well basins in the world. During the hunting season this region offers a great variety of wild game, while the lakes and rivers afford fine fishing.

The Devil's Lake country possesses the charm of romantic scenery in addition to unsurpassed fertility of soil and abundance of native grasses. The lake of unfortunate appellation is a magnificent body of water, a veritable inland sea, affording a delightful and popular summer resort to the pleasure seeker. Excursion steamers ply its waters, connecting points of interest along its wooded shores. Here is located the ideal camp ground of the militia, for whose benefit a bill is now pending in congress to grant to the State for permanent encampment purposes that portion of the reservation known as Rock Island, a high and heavily wooded headland jutting into the lake. Agriculturally, the counties in the vicinity of Devil's Lake were blessed with bountiful crops the past season, the average of wheat yields not being exceeded elsewhere in the State. The country is admirably adapted to stock raising, which has already grown to be an extensive industry. Ample railway facilities are afforded by the main line of the Great Northern, and by branches of the Great Northern and of the Northern Pacific. North from Devil's Lake, beyond an intervening stretch of fine prairie lands, lie the Turtle Mountains, a hilly region some twenty by forty miles in extent, two-thirds of which is in North Dakota and the remainder in Manitoba. The highest crests,

Butte St. Paul and Bear Butte rise but a few hundred feet above the surrounding low rolling hills and prairies. This hill country is covered with a growth of timber of varying density and includes several valuable varieties of native wood. A movement is on foot to secure the reservation of a portion of the hills as a national park. The soil is, however, excellently adapted to agriculture and many settlers have been attracted hither on account of the proximity of timber.

The Mouse River country is widely famed for its large stock interests, many of the heaviest sheep and cattle companies having ranches in this section. The river enters the State from the north, takes a long sweep in the shape of an ox-bow and returns again to Manitoba. The valley is very heavily timbered and depressed 200 or 300 feet below the general level, affording abundance of shelter and winter pasturage. As elsewhere in the State, the native grasses cure on the ground with little loss of nutritious qualities.

The Missouri Slope comprises that portion of North Dakota lying west of the divide between the James and the Missouri Rivers. Here are natural meadows, magnificent rolling prairie, lake lands, healthful climate and a productive soil. Early maturing varieties of corn and hardy small fruits are successfully grown. Stock interests are rapidly multiplying, which, together with the growing of cereals, assure the agriculturist profitable and sure returns. Passing the great river, with its wide bottom lands, densely wooded, and ascending the wall of bluffs whose beauty delights the tourist, the surface becomes more undulating, being a succession of widely separated hills and broad valleys, with conical flat-topped and rounded buttes present in every landscape. There is little snow west of the divide formed by the Coteau range, and the season opens a week or two earlier than in the same latitude on the James and Red Rivers. Crops of all kinds are raised with uniform success, though only a comparatively small area has yet been opened to cultivation. Stock interests are extensive. Valuable mineral deposits abound. Native lignite coal, in inexhaustible quantities, is found on both sides of the Missouri River, and several mines convenient to railroads are successfully operated. West North Dakota has an abundant fuel supply for the State and entire Northwest for generations to come. Recent discoveries of building stone equal to the product of the best Minnesota quarries adds to the mineral importance of this region. A variety of clays of much promise are also abundant. That singular region of country known as the Bad Lands affords excellent ranges for cattle, sheep and horses. North Dakota has no waste lands. In every part rich latent resources are awaiting development at the hands of an energetic and thrifty people.





## FROM SEA TO SEA IN FOUR DAYS

Railroad Advancement in the West

Demands of business in the Puget Sound country and in the Klondike gold fields and in the Orient have induced the inauguration today of a new transcontinental train service that brings the north Pacific coast twelve hours nearer to New York and Chicago. It is to bring Seattle within three days of Chicago and four of New York. It means a saving of one whole day or night on the trip. It will shorten the journey to the north Pacific to the time schedule for the middle Pacific coast at San Francisco. This is at present ninety-six hours, which gives a margin of two hours inside the four-day limit on the run between New York and Seattle and a margin of one hour on the three-day run between Chicago and the same city on the Pacific coast.

What the gold discoveries did for the development of San Francisco years ago is now done for the rich country of the northern coast by the gold discoveries in the Klondike and other places in Alaska. Much of the credit for the new fast service to the Northwest is to be attributed to the persistent prodding of the national government for improvements that would give the mail service the benefit of the fastest possible time to Alaska and the American possessions in mid-Pacific and the Orient.

Still another reason for the inauguration of the improved train services is said to be the desire of President James J. Hill of the Great Northern railroad—which is the road making the new schedule—to have everything in readiness for the best possible overland connections with the line of mammoth steamers to be started out from Puget Sound some time this year in an

effort to corral the trade of the Orient. These giant steamships are being built at the present time in the ship docks at New London, Conn. It is said to be practically assured that at least one of the steamers will be launched this summer or fall, and its trip around the Horn, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, is looked forward to with the greatest interest.

Among the numerous changes in the schedule of the Great Northern road, the most important are: A new train, No. 3, "The Puget Sound Express," between St. Paul and Seattle, to leave St. Paul 5 p. m. daily, running via Willmar, connecting at that point with the train from Sioux City, arriving at Spokane 7:30 p. m. the second day out, Seattle 9 o'clock the following morning. Returning, train No. 2 will leave Seattle 8:30 a. m., Spokane 9:40 p. m., crossing the Cascades and Rockies by daylight, running via Grand Forks, Fargo and St. Cloud, arriving at St. Paul 10:40 p. m., running time sixty hours, and connecting with the late trains for Chicago and the East. This is the fastest train from north Pacific coast points to Chicago and New York.

Train No. 1, "The Flyer," carrying the mail, will leave St. Paul 10:30 a. m., arriving at Grand Forks at 8 p. m., connecting with trains from Duluth and Winnipeg and arriving at Spokane 7 a. m., Seattle 8 p. m., the second day out—fifty-nine hours and thirty minutes from St. Paul. Eastbound train No. 4 will leave Seattle at 8 p. m., Spokane 9:40 a. m., arriving at St. Paul at 2:45 p. m., connecting with the early mail and limited trains for Chicago. This train carries a sleeper from Ana-

conda, Butte and Helena. Train No. 9, leaving St. Paul at 7:55 p. m., will carry through sleeper for Winnipeg.

The new schedule provides through service to and from the Pacific coast on both the Fergus and Breckenridge divisions, and close connections are made at all branch line junctions.

From the following table it is seen how closely the Hill road plans to compete with the roads to San Francisco in running time, despite the much greater distance to the north Pacific country:

To San Francisco—	
From Chicago, Santa Fe limited.....	75:10
New York to Chicago, Lake Shore flyer.....	23:00
Total .....	98:10
To Seattle—	
From St. Paul, Great Northern flyer.....	60:00
Chicago to St. Paul, Northwestern flyer.....	13:00
New York to Chicago, Lake Shore flyer.....	23:00
Or New York to Chicago, Erie flyer.....	24:00
Total.....	96 or 97

In the journey to Los Angeles there is a time-saving of nine hours for the Santa Fe, but Los Angeles can hardly be classed as a coast port, the Pacific mails all having to be taken to San Francisco or Seattle on account of the lack of a deep-water harbor suitable for mail steamers in southern California.

Close connections will be made by the Great Northern trains at St. Paul with the eastbound trains, bringing passengers into Chicago in ample time to make connections with the fast Eastern trains and landing them in New York at the end of the fourth day of travel. West-bound passengers will be able to make similarly close connections with the Great Northern flyers at St. Paul, and they will also arrive in Seattle at the end of the fourth day out. The new schedule for the Hill road goes into effect today.

Although no regular transcontinental runs without change of cars at some point are now made on any of the roads, still the supremacy for speed and rapid transit has long ago been conceded to the United States. A record which has not been broken or closely approached up to the present time was made as long ago as June, 1876, on a run from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The occasion was a special train, chartered by the Jarrett-Palmer theatrical company, to convey them from New York to San Francisco, 3,300 miles, in three and a half days, or at the rate of speed of forty miles per hour throughout. The train left Jersey City (New York) at 12:53 a. m., June 1, 1876, and did not stop until it reached Pittsburg, 439½ miles distant, at 10:58 a. m. Therefore, the rate of speed throughout this extraordinary run averaged 43.5 miles per hour. Absolutely the wheels did not stop revolving at any time between Jersey City and Pittsburg, and the speed of the train never dropped

below thirty miles per hour. No attempt was made to create a record for speed. An extra supply of coal was carried on the baggage-car and a tank of water, the latter in case the supply on the tender gave out between the track troughs on the different divisions. It was not necessary, however, to draw on the extra supply of water. No special arrangements were made for lubrication, but before starting the journal boxes were packed, oiled and shut up tight, and they did not require any further attention before reaching Pittsburg. The same driver was in charge of the engine during the run, but he had the assistance of pilot drivers over each of the four divisions, while two or three extra firemen were carried. The foregoing details are official, having been supplied by the Pennsylvania company to Mr. Acworth when the Euston-Carlisle run was being discussed.

Scarcely more than one-half the rate of speed of this ancient American run is attained on the Siberia-China Transcontinental railroad of the Russian government or on the Trans-Caspian railroad, between Moscow and Herat, or on the Trans-Andean railroad that has been promoted between Chili and Brazil in South America by the Morgan-Grace interests of New York.

What are absolutely the longest continuous runs in the world are made by the Lake Shore limited and Pennsylvania limited over the competitive routes between New York and Chicago. The Lake Shore train accomplishes its journey of 971 miles in twenty-three hours—average speed, 42.2 miles—and the Pennsylvania flyer takes five minutes longer over a course sixty miles shorter, which is at the rate of 39.4 miles an hour. These roads, with the addition of the Reading company and the Lehigh Valley Company, constitute a brilliant cluster that furnishes certain districts of the Eastern States with ten runs at the booked rate of speed of sixty miles an hour and upward. British roads cannot boast of a run at the rate of speed of a mile a minute; neither can the French, now that the Luxe Facultatif, which covered eighty-one and one-quarter miles, from Paris to Amiens, in eighty-one minutes, has been withdrawn, and the running time of the South express from Bordeaux to Bayonne, furnishing one, if not two, breaks at sixty-one miles an hour, has been increased by about half an hour.

But even the best records ever made in England, France or any other part of the world have been dimmed by the ninety-mile speed attained in experiments with a cigar-shaped train on the Baltimore and Ohio road between New York and Washington. It is expected that these so-called cigar-shaped trains, which cleave the air like a knife, will in time be developed in this country so that they can be installed for the fast service of all the great railroad systems.

## A FISHERMAN'S PARADISE

Unlimited Sport in the Northwest

By HAL VALOTT.

To the fisherman planning a trip the trouble is not so much in deciding where to go as it is in determining when to stop. From within a half dozen miles of St. Paul to the shores of the Pacific Ocean is an almost uninterrupted succession of opportunities for the angler.

Within a few hours' run from St. Paul or Minneapolis is the famous Lake Park region of Minnesota, where every county includes literally hundreds of the most attractive lakes. Minnesota has more water surface than any other State in the Union, and its ten thousand lakes are not excelled on earth for clear, pure water and beautiful shores, or for their capacity to furnish unlimited sport to those who follow the gentle craft of "Uncle Izaak Walton."

The varieties of fish taken in Minnesota waters include masacaron, speckled brook trout, large and small mouth black bass, wall-eyed pike, pickerel, croppies, yellow perch, sunfish and a number of other kinds not necessary to mention here. About the same list of fishes is to be found in North Dakota waters.

Further west along the line of the Great

Northern, in the mountainous sections, are to be had the various species of trout peculiar to the Western mountains. Still further west, in Puget Sound, are the salmon and other sea fishes.

Following is a brief series of hints as to tackle, etc., for the different varieties of fish, and mention of the principal points at which good fishing may reasonably be expected. It must be remembered, however, that fish are "queer critters," and an "off day" is liable to be encountered at any time, when, for some inconceivable reason, they will absolutely refuse to "bite."

Minnesota might be called the "Black Bass State," for it is the favored home of that splendid fish. Dr. James A. Henshall, the greatest authority on the black bass, says that he considers him, "inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims." Certainly he is not a handsome fish, though the bronze-green armor and crimson gills thrill the heart of the angler as the fish vaults into the air in one of his characteristic leaps for liberty. That he is a fighter, and a fierce one, every man who ever swung a rod



One Day's Catch on a Minnesota Lake



A String of Beauties

over the blue Minnesota lakes will testify.

Minnesota is pre-eminently the home of the small-mouth bass. At many points the gamey fish is found in great numbers. Good Minnesota points for bass fishing are Alexandria, Dalton, Osakis, Spicer, Paynesville, Lake Minnetonka (Spring Park Station), New London, and many others. The bass fisherman can find his heaven in Minnesota.

Next to the use of the artificial fly, the most sportsmanlike method of catching bass, and the method most favored by the Western anglers, is what is known as "bait-casting," a kind of half-way house between still-fishing and fly-casting. Any old fisherman will show the novice how to use the bait-casting rig. Once mastered, it will never be given up for any other method. The proper bait-casting tackle is as follows: Rod,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 8 feet; quadruple multiplying reel; 50 yards of braided raw silk line; 3-foot leader, and 2-o Sproat hook. The leader is not much used, but is of great assistance. For bait, the popular lure is the small green frog, which is the best bait for Minnesota lakes and streams. Minnows are largely used by still-fishers.

The finest of trout fishing is to be found in Western Montana, Idaho and Washington. This is the home of the magnificent rainbow, mountain, "Dolly Varden," black-spotted and other Western species. They are plentiful in every mountain stream, and take bait or fly in an amazingly satisfactory manner at almost any time. Parties going into the mountains after big game or on a pleasure excursion should not overlook taking a supply of

trout tackle. Besides the sport to be enjoyed, a crisp, delicious one and one-half pound trout makes an appetizing morsel on the camp menu card. Trout are also caught in the streams of Northwestern and Eastern Minnesota. Good days may be enjoyed at a number of points.

The gentleman's way of catching brook trout is to use the fly and fly rod. The latter should be about ten feet in length, of steel, split bamboo, lancewood, green heart, or other tough springy material, and in weight from five to seven ounces, according to fancy; thirty yards of enameled silk line, a supply of six-foot leaders, as large an assortment of flies as the purse admits, a landing net, willow trout basket and rubber hip boots make up the bulk of an efficient outfit. No man can tell beforehand what flies will kill. Keep changing until the right one is found.

There is one precept which should ever be held by the angler, and that is never to kill a trout wantonly. The breath of life was never instilled into a more beautiful creature, or a more heroic or honorable adversary, and to destroy such a sublime object, simply to make a big count, is an action both unsportsmanlike and sinful.

The famous freebooter, the muscalonge, is numerous in Minnesota. His home is in the deep, cool, wood-rimmed lakes of the northern part of the State. Specimens weighing 35 pounds were caught near Walker last season. Anglers in quest of this superb fish should make it a matter of special correspondence, as, like all noble game, he is of a retiring disposition and not easy to capture.

For this magnificent king of the pike family use a short, heavy rod, a reel with 150 yards of strong silk line, and a No. 8 spoon. Attach to one of the hooks a strip of raw meat half an inch thick and four or five inches long, allowing it to trail behind the spoon. Let out about fifty yards of line and get your gaff ready.

Any kind of tackle, any kind of bait and perseverance will load a wagon with wall-eyed pike, croppies, yellow perch, sun-fish, rock bass, etc., in any one of ten thousand lakes in Minnesota. That statement may cause a smile, but it is almost literally true. The abundance of small fish is simply marvelous. In angling for "croppies" and "wall-eyes" more enjoyment may be had if delicate tackle is used. The finer the tackle, the better the sport, is a maxim that holds true everywhere in the sporting world. Live minnows and worms are the best bait. Pickerel are caught with bass tackle, and specimens weighing 16 pounds have been taken on an eight-ounce rod. The pickerel is, in summer, a gross feeder, soft-fleshed and not much esteemed. The "croppy" is the prince of pan fish, and wall-eyed pike are famous with epicures.

A paramount question with the fisherman planning a trip is: "What are the

accommodations?" In answer it can be said that every section of the Northwest which boasts of good fishing ground is well provided with everything that is needful to the comfort of the angler. Hotels, if not located directly upon the shores of the numerous lakes, are situated in the many cities and towns, and always within easy reaching distance from the lakes. These hotels in the main are first class, and the charges are reasonable. Aside from this lodging and board can be secured at very reasonable rates at many places nearer the lakes.

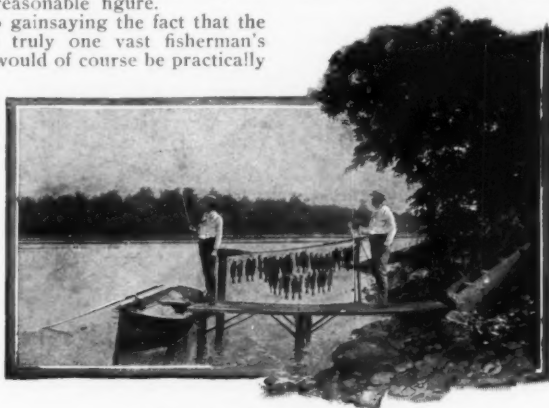
There is always a good supply of boats at all the principal lakes which may be rented at a reasonable figure.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the Northwest is truly one vast fisherman's paradise. It would of course be practically

in other waters wherein fishing is permitted with net). Pickerel and suckers may be caught at any time. Catching esox nobilior, muscalonge (sometimes called "Sand Lake trout"), in any other way than by hook and line, is prohibited. The use of light or lantern is also forbidden. Number of fish that may be caught limited to fifty per day.

In North Dakota the open season for food fish of all kinds is from May 1st to January 1st. Shooting from boats forbidden between 5:00 p. m. and 8:00 a. m.

In South Dakota: Fish of all kinds—May 1st to October 1st. Sale and shipment of food fish out of State prohibited.



A Catch from Chisago Lakes, Minn

out of the question to give a detailed write-up of the numerous lakes and fishing grounds in this section, and we advise the fisherman who is planning a trip to secure from the railroads traversing this section the comprehensive little booklets which are issued regularly by them, for the edification of the people interested, and which are always cheerfully given.

There is always a question that affects the real sportsman and fisherman, and that is the question of the preservation of fish and game. There is probably no section in the United States which more carefully guard the fish and game than the States of the Northwest. This is just, and the true sportsman sanctions it. This sportsman's paradise would soon become as many other sections in the United States have become, devoid of fish and game. To give the reader an idea we give a condensed list of the open seasons for fishing in the various States of the Northwest.

In Minnesota the following prevails: Any variety of trout—April 15th to September 1st. Black, Gray or Oswego bass—June 1st to March 1st. All other food fish—May 1st to March 1st (excepting pike, pickerel, white fish, lake trout, sturgeon and herring caught in international waters, or

There is no close season for fish in Montana.

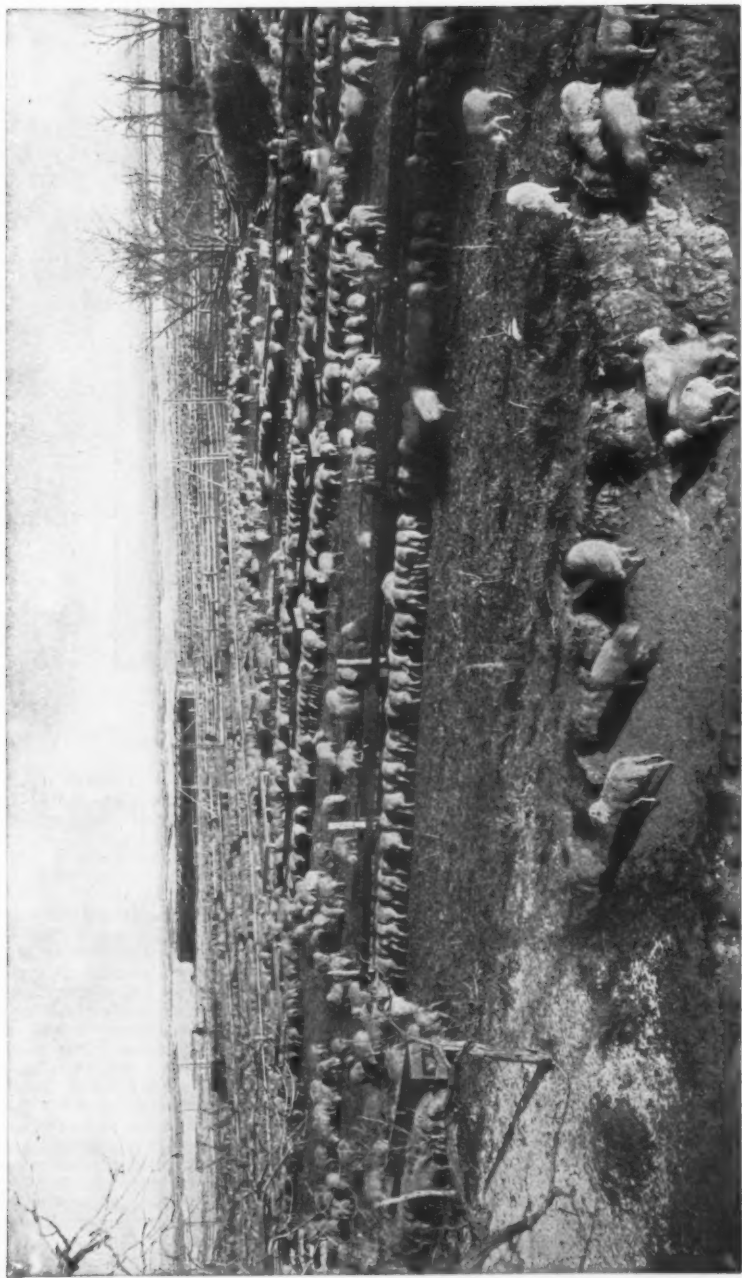
In Iowa: Salmon or trout—March 1st to November 1st. Bass, pike, croppies or other game fish—May 15th to November 1st.

In Washington: Brook trout—April 1st to November 1st. Salmon—April 10th to August 10th, and September 10th to March 1st. Sturgeon—November 1st to March 1st.

In Idaho: Fish of all kinds—May 1st to November 1st. Salmon, carp, chub, mullet, sucker, shad, whitefish and sturgeon may be taken with net or spear. All other kinds must be taken with hook and line.

In Nebraska: Trout (not less than 8 inches in length)—June 1st to October 31st. All other fish—April 1st to October 31st. Not more than twenty-five fish to be caught in one day, and not more than fifty to be in possession of one person at one time. No game or fish to be had in possession more than five days after the close of the season. No fishing allowed except with rod and line and not more than five hooks on one line.

Non-residents not allowed to take out of State more than fifty game birds or twenty-five fish. Game must be accompanied by owner on same train.



Montana, the Treasure State—A Sheep Ranch





Prospectors in the Mountains

## MONTANA—THE TREASURE STATE

By J. F. MORROW

In Eight Parts. Part I. General Resources

Montana, one of the brightest stars in the constellation of States, its grand mountains christened the child and have ever since stood as silent sponsor, as well as a bountiful patron, during all the years that have followed since *Sieur de la Verendrye* in 1742 and later in 1805 *Lewis and Clarke* climbed the lofty peaks of the Rockies, and beheld spread before them a vision of "the lovely and the wild," surrounded by towering monuments of Nature, they looked down into deep and picturesque valleys that widened and lost themselves in the billows of the rolling foothills, or cut with the silver glint of many a stream and softened by the sheen of every waterfall, the dreams of the poet were awakened.

The unparalleled progress and prosperity which has marked the State's progress from that time has well earned her the title of the "Treasure State" and proudly does she bear her motto "*Oro y plata*"—gold and silver. It is well that the great world outside of Montana should know more of her vastness and great possibilities.

Montana has a population of 243,329, according to the 1900 census, and an area of 146,080 square miles, or 93,491,200 acres and 770 square miles of water surface, is included between latitude forty-five and forty-nine north and longitude 104 and 116 west, and is bounded on the north by the

Canadian provinces of Alberta and Assiniboia, on the east by the Dakotas, on the south by Wyoming and Idaho, and on the west by the latter State. The great area of the State can be better appreciated by giving its width north and south as 275 miles and its average length east and west 535 miles, and calling attention to the fact that it is the third largest of the States of the Union.

While Montana is popularly known, and, with the millions not well informed of its local topography, supposed to be entirely mountainous, less than one-third of its area is occupied by the Rocky Mountains and lesser ranges and spurs, and the other two-thirds is about equally divided between range and agricultural lands, all being susceptible to the highest and most profitable cultivation when artificially watered. There are, however, large districts of the agricultural lands that are now and can be placed under profitable cultivation without irrigation, and many of the valleys, notably the Flathead valley and others of smaller area, have an abundant precipitation of moisture to insure a certain and luxuriant growth of the varied crops of the Western farm. The arable lands of the State are greater than that of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware, all



Montana Landscape—Scene near G. N. Ry. Tie Preserving Plant

combined, and from this fact the future possibilities of Montana as an agricultural State may be easily and safely prophesied. The extent of Montana can only be appreciated by comparisons. It is larger than Minnesota and Iowa combined; it is larger than New York and the six New England States, and is larger than England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales all put together—and all of its vast area can be made to produce a world of wealth. Its every mountain peak stands as a sentinel over rich mineral wealth; its rolling foothills pasture great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and its broad acres of fertile prairie can be made to provide homes for tens of thousands of agriculturists.

Taking the State as a whole, Montana has a greater variety of resources—the lavish gifts of a liberal Nature—than any

other State in the Union, and each of these resources is abundant and free to those who will exert their energy in making them productive of the greatest and safest returns. Montana offers unlimited and varied opportunities to the capitalist who desires to invest his money in lines that hold out as an inducement the largest profits and involve the minimum of risk; but as well, Montana offers homes to thousands—offers them homes on the most fertile prairie, bench and valley, where little capital and a willingness to work will soon establish a home of permanent and constantly increasing prosperity. In Montana the miner and prospector can find mineral in the greatest variety and abundance; the lumberman can find great belts of the finest timber; the farmer broad acres of the most fertile soil,



Counting off the Men for the Day's Work

and the manufacturer abundant water power, and of all this abundance of Nature, one may have for the asking.

And though one need look back but a few years to review the period of frontier experiences, the perspective of that epoch has been reached in one rapid stride, and the memories of those picturesque days have passed into the shadows of the retreating past, and taking their places is the busy activity of the day. In that one rapid stride of progress toward material advancement, cities have been built, counties have been settled, great mines have been discovered, prospected and developed, the largest mineral reduction and refining plants in the world have been established, a multitude of industries have been put in operation, farms have been established along the banks of every river and stream and on the bench lands, semi-arid districts have been made wonderfully productive with the waters of many a mountain stream, and prairie and hillside have been covered with flocks and herds—all pouring out a vast addition to the wealth of the world and bringing to the many hands that produced it the comforts and advantages that prosperity insures. And now instead of the quiet solemnity and picturesque grandeur of the gulch, that inspired the poet's fancy, there is nestled a busy city, and as the shadows of night are cast by towering mountains, the scintillating shafts, the arc and incandescent light, illumine the attractive scene, outlining magnificent modern structures, displaying the handsome interior of business houses that provide a particular public with everything that need and cultured fancy can desire, so that now, amid the rush of busy streets, the whirr of the electric car, the whistle of the factory, the smelter, mill and mine and in the glare of electrical brilliancy, one is suddenly brought to the realization that now indeed there is no frontier; that what was, is past; that what is, is the busiest life hustling amidst every modern facility for the rapid and economical adjustment of natural resources to the approved methods of production, and that in the activities of creating and cumulating wealth, its people have not neglected education

or culture, but have established State and local educational institutions that will compare favorably with those of the oldest States, and they have erected edifices for these that would be a credit to any State or city.

Though there are many fertile horticultural and agricultural valleys in the State, the mountain ranges pass through and occupy a good portion of Flathead, Teton, Missoula, Deer Lodge, Lewis and Clarke, Cascade, Ravalli, Beaverhead, Madison, Silver Bow, Jefferson, Granite, Broadwater, Meagher, Park, Carbon and Fergus counties, and in these are embraced the mining districts of the State, and they present the opportunities for those who desire to engage in mineral discovery and development.

While there are thousands of square miles of the finest agricultural lands embraced in the valleys of every county that we have here classed as mountainous and mineral, the counties of Cascade, Carbon and Teton, aside from their mountain and mineral portions, and Fergus, Choteau, Valley, Dawson, Custer, Yellowstone and Sweet Grass, may be classed as agricultural. Though there are large areas in these counties that may be rated as semi-arid, yet there are thousands of square miles that receive an abundant precipitation of moisture, particularly in Cascade, Gallatin, Teton, Fergus and Sweet Grass counties, much of their lands bordering the foothills of the mountain ranges. The other agricultural lands, with the exception of those of the low river bottoms whose subsoil is moistened continually with the waters of the river, require irrigation, but where placed under water produce with wonderful and unflinching abundance.

Montana is young in the period of her active development, and now has a population of over 250,000, but it is increasing the number of its inhabitants every day, and the per capita production of wealth exceeds by far that of every State or part of State, and a familiarity with its illimitable resources forces the conclusion that the near future will see it one of the greatest and wealthiest States of the Union.

## TIME

Time's outer court is earth.  
He holds the keys of birth  
And death; we, those of heaven  
As heirlooms to us given.  
The never changing spheres  
Ring out the knell of Years:  
Time's rapid flowing streams  
Outspeed Hope's fondest dreams.  
We from the future draw  
Knowledge by which we prove  
That canons of God's law  
Are founded upon LOVE.

—Arthur E. Smith.

## *Forest Song*



The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,  
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down  
And offered to the mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplications. Let me, then, at least,  
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,  
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find  
Acceptance in his ear,

Father, thy hand

Hath reared these venerable columns; thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun  
Budded, and shook their green leaves in the breeze,  
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,  
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
Among their branches—till, at last, they stood  
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold  
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride,  
Report not. No fantastic carvings show  
The boast of our vain race to change the form  
Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou fill'st  
The solitude; thou art in the soft winds  
That run along the summit of these trees  
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,  
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,  
Comes, scarcely felt; the barked trunks, the ground,  
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.

—William Cullen Bryant.

## ON BOARD A SMUGGLER

A Thrilling Experience with Revenue Officers

A Complete Story

It was back in '98, when I stumbled across my old friend Captain Richards, on Government St., Victoria, B. C. We had not met one another for several years, and after a hearty handshake, made for a cafe where we could talk undisturbed over a cup of fragrant Mocha.

Then it was that my friend unfolded to me a scheme, which though it involved considerable danger, would, if successful, prove a good stroke of business.

It transpired that the Captain, who owned a smart little boat, had been approached by an American Contractor, Mr. Copley, who had offered him a large sum of money, if he would land a batch of Chinamen in Seattle. He would have the Mongolians on the wharf by midnight, when they could be easily shipped. A partner of the Yankee would meet the boat, and attend to the Chinese on their arrival.

The only difficulty lay in eluding the revenue cutters. The Behring Sea Patrol was back from the North, and most likely would be cruising somewhere in the Sound.

But none of these doughty boats could steam more than twelve knots an hour, whereas the "Mamie," Captain Richard's craft, could on forced draught make her twenty-one knots.

Having nothing else on hand, and furthermore being possessed of a keen love of adventure, the captain had accepted the offer. On that very night he expected to attempt the daring enterprise.

In conclusion my friend invited me to accompany him with the assurance that I would not find the voyage monotonous. Now I was as fond of excitement as are most Anglo-Saxons, so chancing to be free from engagements at the time I soon decided to go along.

Captain Richards had considerable business to attend to relative to the undertaking, and we soon separated. I was to meet him at the ship about twelve P. M. Accordingly when the hands of the town clock indicated a quarter to the hour, I began making my way to a deserted wharf near the Point Ellis bridge.

A short time before a crowded tram car had crashed through this structure and nearly all the occupants were drowned in the waters below.

The Chinese had already been taken on board when I reached the vessel. The

mate was just superintending the final arrangements for sailing. By the light of a distant lamp I surveyed the boat with no little interest.

She was a long low steel yacht; above the cabins on deck rose two short funnels, and fore and aft were fixed light masts. Were the spars and cabins removed, and the bow equipped with a turtle deck, the vessel would very much resemble a torpedo boat destroyer. The engines as I afterwards learned were very powerful, of the approved triple expansion type, and could make the little craft move pretty lively.

A little later we cast off and steamed slowly past the low ware-houses facing the water front. The inner basin of Victoria harbor is rather difficult of access. The channel is so narrow that it requires careful navigation to avoid the rocks and shoals. During the previous year a large iron steam-ship, one of the regular liners, running to Northern ports, went aground within fifty yards of her moorings.

As we moved quietly along I glanced into the pilot house: Captain Richards himself was at the wheel. He was a man on the shady side of forty, whose weather-beaten countenance had encountered many climes before facing the rainy winds of Puget Sound. He wore a suit of blue broad-cloth, and his beard and mustache were trimmed in the nautical style, which made him appear the typical mariner that he was. The blue eyes beneath the heavy eyebrows could twinkle in merriment, but now they were set in a look of resolution, as he guided the vessel on her course.

Soon we reached the outer piers, and steered around Beacon Hill. At a signal from the pilot house our speed increased to about ten knots, which was deemed sufficiently fast, as Captain Richards did not desire to reach his destination until after night fall.

Everything was in readiness however for eventualities. It needed but a ring to the engine room to send us bowling along at a twenty knot gait.

Nothing occurred during the night to bar our progress. By morning we were steaming leisurely along a short distance outside of Vancouver, a thriving commercial city near the mouth of the Fraser.

All went well during the day until on towards the close of the afternoon, and

we were beginning to think that we would miss the revenue boats altogether.

But we were not to get off so easy. The Mamie was some hours distant from Seattle when a steamer was sighted almost directly ahead. Two others soon after hove in sight. They appeared to be acting in concert and there could be little doubt as to their character.

Confound them! exclaimed the Captain, who had been examining the strangers through the glass, I believe the infernal rascals have got wind of our coming. They are certainly trying to intercept us.

The Captain's surmise we subsequently found to be correct. By some means or other a friend of the United States Government had discovered the object of the expedition and had immediately informed the custom's officials, who had promptly dispatched the gun boats to capture the smuggler.

After a prolonged survey, during which time the vessels steadily approached, he shut the glasses with a vicious snap, then ran to the pilot house. Do you see that boat heading to the west Parsons? The steersman nodded assent. All right, keep straight for her, I should like to get better acquainted.

Well old fellow said my friend joining me on deck, we are in for it now, I can not be sure of them all, but two I think are the Panther and Sealion, the other is a new craft to me. She is a splendid vessel, and by the way she seems to be going she would push the Mamie pretty hard on a long chase.

I took the glass from the Captain's hand and gazed across the water. Three ships were visible on the horizon. One was bearing directly down on the Mamie; her consorts were apparently attempting to surround us. The fastest of the two, the one mentioned by the Captain, was rushing in a northeasterly direction, while the other, toward which we were heading, was evidently intended to bar all escape on the seaward side. But in point of speed she was no match for our trim little yacht. Plainly it was Captain Richards' plan to run around her and thus escape the whole fleet.

But a sudden change in the plan of attack upset his calculation. From the forepeak of the centre steamer, apparently, the flagship fluttered a number of signals. The new cutter immediately changed her direction so as to meet us.

Well, I think it is about time we were moving out of this, remarked the Captain. They think we are cornered, but I will surprise them a little.

Replacing Parsons at the wheel he rang for full speed. At once the Mamie seemed to fairly leap ahead. The water rushed surging past the bow as the mighty propellers forced her along at an ever increasing speed, and thick black smoke

poured up from the furnaces where the grimy stokers heaped coal on the roaring fires.

I had been advised to go below to avoid possible danger, but I could not bear to be cooped up in the hold where nothing could be seen, so had taken my position at the wheel with the Captain.

It was soon evident that we could outdistance the Americans, whereupon the wily Yankees signalled us to heave too. Naturally we preferred to disregard the summons, and kept straight on.

The yacht was now almost within long gun range of the outside cutter, and Captain Richards was about to avoid her by turning seawards. Before making this move, however, he took a hasty glance over the surrounding ocean.

Good heavens! he shouted, in surprise, as his eyes rested on a cloud of smoke directly on our proposed course, here comes another ship. There is one satisfaction he reflected, if we are caught it will cost the American Government as much for coal as they will get out of us.

Take the helm, Maxton, and head her out to sea. We will find out what this other craft is at any rate. Perhaps it is nothing worse than a passenger boat. Seizing the glasses my friend gazed for a long time at the new arrival. Then coming back to the helm with a look of amazement on his face he cried: This is the worst yet, Maxton. That ship is a cruiser of the first class, if I know anything. She must be returning from the Orient. They will soon let her know how things are—ah! they are communicating with her now.

I began to anticipate a hot time during the next thirty minutes. I knew that a great deal of successful smuggling had been carried on of late, and that the authorities were making strenuous efforts to stop this lucrative business.

The Mamie rapidly neared the cruiser. She was soon but a few miles distant, and we could make her out quite distinctly. She was heavily armed. Two ugly black muzzles projected from the forward turret, and a number of formidable guns were ranged along the side in addition to the rapid-fire armament on deck.

The fast cutter which had first attracted our notice was within easy range in our race. Her slower companions were following at some distance. Thus the yacht was within gun-shot of two vessels, and nearly midway between them. Our position was all that saved us, each boat hesitated to fire for fear of injuring the other. When we turned south, which was the only course open to us, the Mamie would be subjected to a cross fire from the two ships.

Our one chance lay in the possibility of the Americans shooting wild. Captain Richards felt confident that they couldn't hit a ship at anchor, to say nothing of a boat going nearly half a mile a minute.



But I must confess that I had my doubts on the matter.

And now Captain Richards called to the engineer for more steam, though our speed had not perceptibly slackened. Then he threw his whole strength on the wheel. Like a top the little ship flew round and darted right between her two formidable opponents. At the same time our speed slightly increased. We could hear the great furnaces roar as old Frank, the engineer, turned on every available draught, and the fireman working for dear life hurled fresh coal on the fires with desperate energy.

Barely had we passed the line of the American boats when guns opened on us from both vessels. A number of round shot ploughed up the sea in our wake, and one magnificent exhibition of gunnery sent the water flying to the heavens nearly a mile beyond the yacht. No doubt the gunner was allowing for our velocity. Captain Richards smiled complacently as the later projectile burst. The fellow who laid that gun was probably somewhat excited, he suggested. He had scarcely spoken when a six-inch shell struck the after smokestack, knocking it clear over the side, where it hung with a gaping hole clean through the middle. Almost simultaneously a shower of smaller missiles struck the ship, penetrating the woodwork on deck, and glancing from the steel sides.

They can shoot better than I expected, muttered the Captain, as the shells continued to fall thickly around the fleet craft, which was straining every nerve to distance her pursuers. Notwithstanding the loss of her funnel the Mamie was still going faster than the larger ships; and if fortune only favored us, as I was devoutly beginning to hope, would soon carry us out of the fire zone.

For a while the projectiles fell unpleasantly close, but beyond breaking one of the masts, the Americans failed to do any further damage. The Mamie maintained her speed splendidly, and in a short time brought us out of range.

In the meantime the smoke was rushing in clouds from the disabled funnel, and the stokers had great difficulty in keeping up the draught. But before making any repairs the hatches were opened to admit fresh air into the hold, where the Celestials lay huddled up carefully guarded by the crew. When the firing began they became intensely excited, but the revolvers in the hands of their custodians had a most salutary effect on their minds, and their excited jabbering soon changed into moody silence. Like a company of stoics, they awaited in patience the will of the fates.

The iron pipes were next hauled on deck. The engineer brought up a piece of sheet iron, which he quickly riveted over the hole. All hands then seized the funnel, and though nearly blinded by the dense

fumes fixed it back in its place. Then the stays were mended and tightened and the mast thrown overboard. The yacht had received no other serious damage. Many small shots had pierced the thin walls of the cabins, some of the holes indicating that the balls had passed very close to our heads. The stern and sides were also perforated in places. But Captain Richards expecting trouble had stowed coal well around the machinery, which was amply protected against machine shot. Had the hull been struck by a large shell the engines would doubtless have been disabled at once.

We encountered no other suspicious craft and reached Seattle shortly after night had set in. Far away to the north twinkled the tiny lights of the pursuing ships, as they kept doggedly on.

Entering the bay slowly to avoid colliding with anchored steamers, we safely gained our wharf in an unfrequented part of the city. As Mr. Copley had promised, his partner was waiting our coming with a gang of men. The frightened coolies were immediately landed, and then every one set to work loading coal, of which we were greatly in need. So short was the time at our disposal that the Captain himself assisted the others to carry the heavy bags up the gangway. The reader may perhaps wonder why the coolies were not used to coal the ship. In the first place none of them understood a word of English, and it would have taken much time to get them started. Besides, as the gangway was not very wide, the Orientals would have been in everybody's way. The long confinement, too, had not left the sons of heaven feeling very spry.

A man had been sent to the mast-head to report the progress of our pursuers. He had not occupied this station long before he shouted out: Two ships coming into the harbor, sir! Haul in the planks, yelled the Captain. We must move out of this before those fellows get on our track. Immediately the crew scampered on board, the lines were thrown off, and in a remarkably short time we were once more gliding over the water. Once clear of the bay the Mamie was headed south, and at full speed rushed out into the darkness. Not a light shone through the gloom, and the stokers were ordered to fire as carefully as possible to guard against flying sparks. There was nothing but the steady beat of the engines and the rush of water to betray our presence to an enemy.

Our flight was none too soon. Far in our rear the darkness was pierced by a dazzling flash of light. Like a long, lean arm of fire it crept over the sea, ever drawing nearer the flying ship. The big cruiser was using her search-light.

With strained eyes we watched the awesome approach of the electric beam. When within a short distance of the yacht,

its advance was checked, and describing an arc of a circle it moved slowly in toward the land. It was with a feeling of relief that we saw the light steadily receding. The warship was a swift vessel, and, in the event of a long chase, we would be seriously hampered by a scarcity of fuel.

Our gallant little boat kept dashing along, rapidly lengthening our distance from Seattle. Judging from the searchlight which was feeling around the wharfs of the distant city, our energetic friends had entered the harbor.

This would give us a long start, and by the time the Americans were aware of our departure for regions unknown, the Mamie would in all probability be beyond the influence of the electric radiance.

It was as we conjectured. We were not further troubled by Uncle Sam's navy. The Americans thinking we were lurking among the piers, remained guarding the entrance to the bay, and the last we saw of them was the faint gleam of the searchlight as the indefatigable commodore sought along the water front for the game that was miles away.

When well out to sea our course was shaped for Victoria, where we arrived without further adventure on the following day. The yacht was minus a mast and one of the smokestacks carried a big patch, but as my friend remarked on cashing a handsome check at the bank—considering the fun it wasn't such a bad venture.

## AN EASTER SONG

I wonder if the anguished moon looked  
down  
Through all that last long night  
And buried in her scarred breast, lean and  
brown,  
The memory of that sight!  
I wonder if th' uneasy birds awoke  
As glowed that strange, great light  
Which paled the purpled east where morn-  
in broke  
And sang inspired by God's own breath,  
"There is no death! There is no death!"  
There is no death, O heart's that throb in  
vain  
With longing, pulsing tide,  
Or in love's fullness, nigh akin to pain,  
Unfearingly abide;  
There is no death, O soul whom niggard  
fate  
Has left unsatisfied,  
The cycles swing and joys those lips await  
Who oft have sung on earth in pain,  
"I rise again! I rise again!"  
No sacrifice, O self, can blot thee out,  
Or satisfy the debt  
Which binds thee to the usurer of doubt  
With interest of regret!  
Still is not life to even thee denied;  
One way remaineth yet—  
As was thy Christ, must thou be crucified.  
But with those wounds in hands and feet  
E'en self finds resurrection sweet!  
Rejoice, O soul whose work is just begun,  
That all time lies before!  
Rejoice, O heart whose treasures all have  
won  
That dimmer, farther shore!  
The stone that angels moved away that  
night  
Was rolled from heaven's door,  
Awake and stand forth in hope's sudden  
light,  
And sing as sang the birds that morn  
"There is no death, for life is born!"

# THE HUMID HALF OF NEBRASKA

A Section of Manifold Resources

By R. A. HASTE

There exists in the tide of American prosperity a well-marked flow and ebb—a distinct diastole and systole in the great arterial heart of the country. During the last century these flood tides of prosperity have occurred every twenty years. Wars, legislation and other artificial influences have accelerated or retarded these commercial and industrial crises, but the average has been maintained with a regularity which indicates the existence of a law beyond the influence of legislation or diplomacy—a law dictated by the speculative instinct of the American people. The unmeasured possibilities of the country, and the social and business conditions which render the accumulation of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice not only a possibility, but a fact of every day occurrence, tend to fire the imagination and quicken the speculative spirit of the masses. Conservatism as a social, political or business factor is conspicuous by reason of its absence in the American commonwealth.

A crisis comes—millions are buried beneath the ruins of their own castles. A period of re-adjustment ensues. The scattered threads of industry are gathered up and notwithstanding the apparent desolation—notwithstanding the ruin of the individual, it is found that the great mass, the country at large, has made stupendous strides along the line of universal development. The tide recedes, evidence of devastation is seen at every hand, but even at the lowest ebb of the receding tide it is found that the great sea-level of industry stands at a higher mark than ever before.

With every rising tide of prosperity comes the desire for dominion over the earth—the universal Land-Lust that is satisfied with nothing but the acquisition of acres. Men awake to the fact that land is about the only possession that can not take wing. They become convinced that the ownership of land is the surest guarantee of a competence in the future; for is not the land which twenty years ago sold for five dollars per acre now worth fifty? And will not the march of the next two decades repeat the experience of the last two? When it comes to a "show down" is not the owner of fertile land the man of real independence? When all else fails does not the great breast of the earth still respond to the touch of her children?

This Land-Lust which spreads like an

epidemic over the country every twenty years seems to be the only phase of the universal speculative fever that is based on the logic of material facts. And paradoxical as it may sound, it is the only speculation which has in it no element of speculation. So far, the development of the country has always overtaken and passed the plans of the wildest dreamer.

The year 1882 marked the beginning of the first pastoral hegira from the Mississippi Valley to the prairies of the West. The country was entering upon that wonderful period of prosperity which came to a sudden end ten years later. Land in the Central Mississippi States was selling for from forty to sixty dollars per acre. Most fabulous prices at that time. Ten years before this same land could have been bought for half that amount. The Government offered free homes in the virgin territory from Texas to the international boundary line on the north. Railroad corporations with princely land grants offered flattering inducements to the settler. These conditions stimulated the desire for land to a degree before unknown. Land was taken up or purchased regardless of its producing capacity. It was sufficient that it was land and that it was cheap.

Urged on by this Land-Hunger, emigration passed the humid limit in many cases under the mistaken theory that settlement and the tilling of the soil would bring the required rainfall. It was this tide of immigration that filled the Dakotas, that overran Western Kansas, that at last opened up the Indian Territory and overflowed into Texas. For reasons which are not altogether apparent this flood split east of the Missouri River, one part going southwest and the other northwest, leaving to Nebraska the conservative element, the wash from the sides of the two diverging streams. As a result the eastern half of the State only was invaded, the western half remained practically untouched. I mention this fact for the reason that it was a most fortunate occurrence for Nebraska as a State.

The Land-Hunger of the eighties has again taken possession of the American public. The turn of the industrial wheel has brought about the conditions which induce Land-Hunger. The cycle is complete and the history of our internal development is ready to repeat itself. But the conditions are much changed. There



A Peaceful Scene in Eastern Nebraska

is no longer cheap land to satisfy the hunger of the masses. The National Government is practically out of the homestead business except to a limited extent in the arid regions. The great railroad grants are exhausted also. He who twenty years ago could satisfy his lust for domain by paying five dollars per acre for land fairly fit for farming must now pay twenty-five dollars per acre for the same or similar lands. But this land is no more expensive, relatively, than it was twenty years ago. Lands in Illinois, Iowa, Southern Wisconsin and Minnesota that in the eighties were selling for fifty dollars per acre now sell for one hundred dollars or more.

This difference of price is not the only marked difference in the conditions that obtained in the eighties and which now obtain. There was a spirit of unrest in the older States twenty years ago, but it was caused by a desire to go West and take advantage of the opportunities offered to get cheap land. It was the last of the great pioneer movements. Now there is a spirit of unrest in the Middle West, but it is not traceable to the same cause. It is owing to the spirit of expansion which has seized the rural population. The stable, conservative farming element in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa is buying the adjoining farms wherever it is possible. This releases a large contingent with money and no desire to pioneer it, if such a thing were possible. This element, composed of successful farmers, now seeks cheaper land in a well-ordered community. To this class the comparatively cheap lands of the humid half of Nebraska as

well as the irrigation propositions in the semi-arid sections of the West appeal.

The nineteenth century emigrant with his picturesque outfit containing all of his earthly possessions, including children of all ages, and his somewhat inelegant but forceful motto, "To Kansas or bust," is no longer to be seen winding his way toward the setting sun. The white covered wagon has disappeared with the Indian and the buffalo. The twentieth century emigrant goes West on a "limited" train. He goes with money in his purse—the proceeds of a farm in Illinois or Iowa, well sold to a prosperous neighbor whose acres proved too small for his growing ambition or the larger needs of a grown-up family.

Such are the conditions under which the Land-Lust of the beginning of the twentieth century must be satisfied. It will be my purpose in a series of articles in this Magazine to point out some of the opportunities which the near Northwest offers to the twentieth century emigrant.

The one hundredth meridian, which in a general way separates the humid from the semi-arid portion of the United States, divides Nebraska into two nearly equal sections, each with pronounced but totally different possibilities. So far as soil, surface, and climate are concerned the State is a unit. In topography it is regular, almost to the point of monotony. The rivers flow from west to east and the winds blow from the south or from the north. There are no mountains and no mineral deposits beneath the surface. Very little timber breaks the view of its rolling prairies. Here and there a glacier has left its track in ridges of sand. The soil, speaking for the State generally, is a rich loam

composed largely of silt,—the wash from the mountains—a soil practically exhausted. Nebraska is pre-eminently an agricultural State. It contains more arable land to the square mile than even Iowa. But it is divided into two sections, not by any topographical marking, nor by any general climatic conditions, but by the line which marks the western limit of adequate and dependable rainfall. East of the one hundredth meridian there is sufficient rainfall year after year to insure an average crop under the ordinary methods of cultivation. West of that line, the result is always doubtful under ordinary conditions. That the west, or semi-arid, half of the State will be brought largely under successful cultivation through the conservation of the moisture and a completer knowledge of the adaptation of products to the conditions of that part of the State, I have little doubt. The questions involving the means by which this result is to be brought about will be discussed in future articles in this Magazine. This article has to do with the humid half of the State only.

Iowa, lying between the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, is by common consent accepted as the ideal agricultural State of the Union. Few realize that Eastern Nebraska is cut off from the same piece of fertile territory, by the channel of the Missouri River. Were it not for this line of demarkation it would be impossible, even now, to determine where Iowa ends and Nebraska begins. The soil, the climate, and all other physical conditions are identical. Moreover, the social conditions are also identical. The same class of emigrants who went West after the war

and settled in Iowa went also to Nebraska. And the tide of emigration that filled the Hawkeye State during the eighties did not stop on the eastern bank of the Missouri. The only difference that can be observed now is in the price of farm lands. Farms that bring in Iowa one hundred dollars per acre, can be bought today in Nebraska for fifty dollars per acre.

I mention these facts to show by comparison rather than by description the general conditions of Eastern Nebraska; for the world at large is more familiar with the State of Iowa than with its next door neighbor to the west. Be it known, then, that Eastern Nebraska is an agricultural community with every resource and advantage possessed by the model State of the Mississippi Valley.

The soil and climate are the two dominant factors in all agricultural countries. With either unfavorable the question of mere existence becomes a problem.

In many sections of the country the word soil means an upper and often a very thin layer covering underlying rock formations or beds of clay. This "soil" becomes exhausted and fertilizers must be resorted to in order to secure a crop. This condition is too well known in the East to need further comment. In Nebraska the "soil" is practically the earth. It is largely alluvial and lacustrine, deposited when the great valley east of the Rocky Mountains was a part of the Silurian sea and in later ages when the rivers brought down their burden of silt from the disintegrating mountain systems. It is not unusual to find this "soil" fifty feet



A Typical Farm Scene in Eastern Nebraska

deep—every foot rich in the essential elements of plant life. The following mechanical analysis of the soil of the Experiment Station Farm at Lincoln will give a fair idea of the soil conditions of Eastern Nebraska.

Sand, 5.58 per centum; Clay, 4.12 per centum; Organic Matter, 6.87 per centum; Dust, 11.92 per centum; Silt, 69.33 per centum. Such a soil can never be exhausted. It is as rich in plant food as the black lacustrine deposit and vegetable mould of the Red River Valley or the prairies of Illinois and much more easily worked. It is quick to respond, is not sensitive to drought or rendered unworkable by frequent rains. To this soil condition Nebraska owes the universal ex-

the truth as a general statement can.

Every cereal grown in the United States is produced here—in fact they seem indigenous to the soil. While Nebraska is in the center of the corn belt and for many years was known as a corn producing State almost exclusively, the last few years have demonstrated the fact that it is one of the greatest wheat producing States as well. It is within the last few years that the discovery was made that winter wheat was peculiarly adapted to both the soil and the climate of Nebraska. This discovery at once brought it to the first rank among wheat producing States, while at the same time it maintained its position among the banner States in corn production.

In 1900 and 1901 Nebraska ranked third



A Section Which Brings Wealth and Plenty

cellence of the country roads. During all seasons of the year these highways are not only passable, but in condition for all kinds of traffic, and that with little or no artificial construction. A slight turnpike with a shallow ditch on either side to carry off the surplus rainfall is all that is necessary—Nature does the rest.

The geographical situation of Nebraska gives the State a climate that is both mild and exhilarating. The winters are mild and the summers seldom oppressively warm. The muggy weather of the Mississippi Valley is wholly unknown. The air is free from miasmatic taints. There are no fever-breeding swamps. It is a land of health and sunshine.

With such a soil in such a climate the natural conclusion is that the State will produce any and every thing grown in the temperate zone. And this comes as near

in the list of corn States, Illinois and Iowa leading in their order; at the same time it surpassed many of the corn States in wheat production. The wheat crop of 1901 was 50,000,000 in round numbers. The amount of crop of 1902 when determined will pass that figure, the estimated crop being 60,000,000. When we remember the fact that the great bulk of both the wheat and corn crop is produced in the humid-half of the State the abounding fertility of that section can be appreciated.

Owing to the condition of the soil every vegetable that grows beneath the surface yields abundantly. Potatoes, both sweet and Irish, turnips and beets yield large returns with a minimum of labor.

So successful has been the sugar beet industry that new factories are being built in various parts of the State. This investment of millions in plants which must de-



pend upon the productions of the surrounding farms, shows as nothing else will the confidence which capital, under the advice of experts, has in the State as a beet growing section.

The profits from beet culture, notwithstanding the claims of the advocates of protection, are sufficient to appeal to the business sense if not the cupidity of the average man. The expense of growing and marketing an acre of sugar beets is about \$30. The yield is on an average of 15 tons to the acre. The average price is \$4.50 per ton, giving a net profit of \$37.50 per acre. A fair profit for land that can be bought for from \$25 to \$50 per acre.

Perhaps the most alluring advantage of Nebraska to the home-seeker is its adaptability to fruit growing. A country where the common fruits can not be grown will always be under a handicap as a place to live, no matter how productive the soil may be. The orchard with its apple, cherry, plum and peach trees does much to make a country home a thing of beauty and a joy forever. When to these inhabitants of the orchard we add the pear, the grape, and all kinds of small fruits and berries, with here and there a hive of bees, the picture of prosperity and contentment is about complete.

All the above hamed fruits are grown in Nebraska with success. Not only are they grown for home consumption but for the market. The profits of fruit culture are exceptionally large and the occupation is a most interesting one.

The value of the butter and cheese production of Nebraska during the year 1902 amounted to more than \$3,000,000. And yet the State has not fairly commenced to develop its dairying industry. The establishment of the skimming station, and the introduction of the cream separator to the home of the farmer, by which combination the cream can be taken to market and the warm skimmed milk fed to calves and pigs, are working a wonderful revolution in both the theory and practice of dairying.

The question of transportation and markets is now all important when considering the desirability of an agricultural section. The emigrant of forty years ago went to the frontier prepared to sustain himself, if need be, for years beyond the pale of civilization. He went prepared to wait for the world to overtake him as his fathers had done before him. The emigrant of twenty years ago was content to go in advance of a projected railroad line and take the chances of its coming. But the twentieth century emigrant demands railroads and markets as a right appurtenant to the land on which he is to settle.

The eastern half of Nebraska is grid-ironed with railroad lines. This expression is somewhat hackneyed but it presents to the mind the railroad situation as

it appears on the map as no other word does. Three great systems, the Burlington, the Northwestern and the Union Pacific traverse the State from east to west. The Burlington and the Union Pacific cover the southern half of the State, with criss-crossed and interlocking lines. The Burlington and Northwestern dominate the northern half while all three systems, together with the Rock Island and the Missouri Pacific, cut the map of the eastern part of the State into small, fantastic, geometric sections. Small indeed is the town that can not boast of two or more railroads. It is difficult to find a farm more than ten miles from a station. This railroad development in connection with the markets on the Missouri River measures the difference between pioneer life amid the dangers of thirty years ago and the pioneer life of today surrounded by every evidence of civilization; for it seems that in the remotest corner of the domain of our Uncle Samuel, the telegraph and the telephone have even preceded the railroad.

Taking all things into consideration farm lands in the humid half of Nebraska are remarkably cheap. Differing with location and according to improvements lands can be bought for from ten to fifty dollars per acre. Why is this so if the conditions and resources are similar to those of the State of Iowa where land sells for \$100 per acre? It is for the same reason that land in Iowa is less marketable than land in some parts of Illinois, notwithstanding the fact that it has a greater producing value. The value of land increases with the age of the community in which it is located. The value may be actual only in part—a large per cent. may be sentimental. Family pride retains the old homestead; not only that but desires to add to the home-acres. It is the static quality of a community as well as the producing power of the soil that determines the value of land in the open market.

The lands of the humid-half of Nebraska have advanced in price during the last two years. The advance has in many localities been marked, but it has nowhere been in proportion to the advance in land in the West Central States. The land fever travels West and it has just begun. The crises of the fever will not be reached before 1905. In the meantime there are no more cheap lands to feed the hungry or to satisfy the roving Ishmaelite of the frontier. Under these circumstances the fertile farms in the near-west will be eagerly sought and the prices will advance accordingly.

Nowhere, so far as my knowledge extends, is there a more favorable field for profitable landed investments than in the humid-half of Nebraska. To buy land at the present prices is a speculation in which there is no risk.



"And now the juvenile mind reverts  
To happy hours spent beside a brook ;  
Where with fishing rod and line in hand  
All cares are banished and toil forsook



## CHISAGO LAKES

By P. M. QVIST

It is doubtful if among the ten thousand lakes, that dot the landscape of Minnesota, there can be found any more lovely than that group which bears the name of Chisago Lakes.

Situate thirty-seven miles north of St. Paul, on the Taylor's Falls Branch of the Northern Pacific Railway, with three daily trains each way, it is easily accessible for those people who after a hot day's work in the Twin Cities seek a breath of cool lake breeze, scented with the invigorating aroma of forest and field.

Along the clean, smooth, sandy beach, and under lofty maples, are the neat summer cottages, where mother and the little ones abandon themselves to uninterrupted rest and play the whole week, to be joined on Saturday evening by papa and his fish pole, may be with a well-filled hamper of good things; but papa and his little boys must go out that evening in the boat and catch some nice bass, croppies or golden sunfish for their Sunday breakfast. Everywhere is quiet, peace and rest for the tired city man.

Chisago Lake proper consists of three large ones, connected through the "narrows" with each other; they are all deep, averaging from twenty-five to forty feet, in some places much more, in one place, that the writer knows of, an eighty-five foot line did not reach the bottom.

At Dahl's hotel, on the west shore, and at no greater distance than a gun-shot, is Green Lake, a large and beautiful sheet of water with sandy shore, and very deep. It is remarkable that the water in this lake is always seven feet higher than is Chisago Lake, and while the latter apparently has no outlet, the former flows into Sunrise River, finally to empty into the St. Croix. About a mile and a half to the north, but not connected, is Sunrise Lake, with its high timber covered bluffs.

In high-water stage you can row a boat through the "narrows" of Chisago Lake and cover a distance of sixteen miles, and

if that is too great an exertion, why, take the little steamboat of Mr. Dedons and make the trip. You pass Schlimmers' Island, where a genial Dutchman and his frau will be glad to entertain royally in his comfortable "gasthaus." The fishing is good here and his garden and berry patch is a delight to see. Steaming north and after passing through a "narrow" you come to Dahl's hotel, in Chisago City. Here you must tie up, and while waiting for the dinner bell, take a look of the long string of Indian Mounds, a veritable graveyard, along the shore, then run over to Green Lake, with its long, narrow points, covered with tall elms, stretching out into the lake; a little ways down the road you see quaint old Chisago City, its old moss-covered log houses half hidden among shrubbery and trees, while towering high is the great white church, celebrated for its magnificent pipe organ, and if you are so lucky to find the organist playing it, you have had a treat not easily forgotten.

But there goes the bell at the hotel; a dinner at Dahl's is an affair, or function, which must not be passed over lightly; it is substantial, it is dainty, it is a poem, a dream. After attending service in this temple devoted to the highest of culinary art, light your cigar and proceed on your journey. Crossing a wide bay and passing the grove at Russell Beach you arrive at Lindstrom, a lively little town, named after the first settler. A bridge 40 feet high and 800 feet long crosses the neck of the lake.

If the water is high, you steam under it, but otherwise you must make the rest of the trip in a row boat, and this is really better, for then you can run into the great lily pond with its floating gems of pearls and emeralds; you peep into silent Bull Lake on the right, all surrounded by high maple-covered hills. The water is very deep here, you can fish from the shore; here silence is only broken by the splash

of a fish jumping out of the water after a fly, or by a kingfisher crossing the water in its jerky flight, while up among the hills you hear busy woodpecker industriously working on the trees.

But we are in the narrows now, a mere channel, and you must guide the boat carefully, for there may be a sunken log somewhere, that may cause a little bother to clear, but you are soon through. All at once you shoot under a little foot bridge and again you are in a large lake. Some call this Centre City Lake, from the old town of that name, situate on a high promontory on the eastern shore. This is the county seat of Chisago County, and next to Taylor's Falls the oldest town, having been first settled in 1851. You pass many picturesque islands, that seem to float on the deep water. On one of them old Mr. Rensellaer lived a hermit's life as far back as 1848, among his books and collections of curiosities, for afterwards, when smitten by the activity of the incoming settlers, he changed from hermit to an active and energetic builder and organizer of cheese factories. You pass the church, the largest in Minnesota; from its high steeple you look upon the grandest panorama, before you the lakes lie as upon a map, the dark forest, the bright fields and meadows, while to the east your sight crosses the St. Croix Valley and far into Wisconsin, the puffs of white steam of the locomotives plainly

marks the railroad entering St. Croix Falls, whose white houses are plainly seen on the dark background. But looking down at the little town of Centre City you wonder what are all those red painted buildings, forming long streets and cross streets at the foot of the hill. They are the stables for the comfort of the teams while the farmer and his family attend worship; for you must know that in this great church 2,600 families worship every Sunday, and they come from far distances. In town there are but a couple of hundred people.

But we must be off, or it will be dark before we get back. So south we row, passing under the railroad bridge we see the big starch factory on top of the high bluff above the little depot. This factory, built by the farmers, is their sheet anchor, when their potatoes are small or bring but a low price. They haul them here to be ground and washed into starch. We then pass more islands, all thickly covered with stately trees. On one of them we see the largest Indian Mound in the State, while many smaller ones are found along the shores. The sun is now setting in the west, the lake is calm, the air balmy. We dream, we imagine what a great place this must have been for the dusky Indians in the days before the white man. Here was fishing and hunting. Here was shelter from the storms, here were the sacred places for celebrating their barbarous



A Popular Resort



View of Chisago Lakes—Looking South from Centre City

rites, here came grand old Chief "Hole-in-the-day" with his band of Chippewa warriors, to meet his war parties returning from distant Sioux lands on the prairies, with scalps and plunder. Then around the blazing fire danced the warriors, shouting and clapping their hands, while in the deep shadow sat the old, smoking their "Kinnekinnick," little dreaming that soon all this should be changed. The war-dance, the whoop, the drum give way to the peal of the great pipe organ up in Centre City church, and the shriek of the locomotive, winding its way among the hills and skirting the shores of the lakes. But up there on the hills, the dead warrior sleeps in the mound, and the birds twitter in the trees, as of old.

We could yet row some six miles on this lake, but it is getting late; we must home to Lindstrom for supper. Now,

perhaps, you will pity us. You think we have to row all that long way back. Nothing of the kind. We are only one mile away from our hotel, for the lake is like a horseshoe; so we tie our boat and walk. Tired, yes, but such a lovely trip; hungry, very, but good Mrs. Seigman at the Peninsular, or Col. Benson at his hotel, will soon remedy this.

After supper we light our cigar and sit in the cool evening. We again fall to dreaming, building castles in the air; we buy one of the beautiful acre lots on the lake shore, we build us a nice cottage, we will let mother and the little ones come out and stay all summer, getting healthy and strong, and we can come out every Saturday evening and stay until Monday morning. Yes, we see all this; we see joy and happiness and rest before us. Yes; why not?



View of Centre City—from South Shore of Lake



In Eastern Nebraska Nature's Storehouse



# WHO SHALL BE THE OWNER

The Leasing of Government Lands

By J. D. WHELPLEY

In Colliers

A score of leading Western members of Senate and House met in the office of the Secretary of the Interior in secret session a short time ago. They were there at the request of the Secretary, and the Assistant Attorney-General was also present in advisory capacity. The question under discussion was the rather large one as to whether Congress should pass a law allowing the Government to lease to the cattle and sheep rangers of the West the remaining five hundred million acres of public lands.

The conference in the Secretary's office developed the most serious differences of opinion as to the wisdom of such a course, and comments exchanged were at times by no means pleasant. Wyoming declared emphatically for leasing; Colorado, Montana, Washington and other States, through their representatives present, declared their emphatic opposition for all time against any move to authorize the leasing of the public lands.

Finally Nebraska came into the wrangle with a proposition that a leasing law should be enacted applicable to that State alone, with the idea, of course, that if it worked well its operations could be extended by Congress to other States. Thus was born the so-called Nebraska leasing law.

At a recent meeting of the Senate committee on public lands, held subsequent to the conference with the Secretary, Senator Dietrich of Nebraska entered the room with a large bundle of papers in his hand. Giving them to the clerk, he said: "There is the end of the Nebraska leasing bill so far as I am concerned. The big cattlemen say it does not give them enough and the little cattlemen are arming to resist it." Senator Dietrich, who introduced and stood sponsor for this bill, might have gone further and told of the contents of the papers he handed to the committee clerk. They contained protests against his bill which ranged from a joint resolution of the Nebraska Legislature to the kick of a single cowman. And thus died the Nebraska leasing bill.

Judge Van Devanter, the outgoing Assistant Attorney-General, has stated that he does not believe a law can be drawn for leasing the great area of public domain which will be just to all interests affected. Perhaps this is true, but there is a wide-

spread belief that there must be some way out of what is apparently a hopeless tangle. In time a system of grazing licenses will be evolved which will permit of the scientific as well as the practical administration of the tremendous landed estate of the people of this country. Such a measure will create no vested rights for temporary occupants, will give no shadows of titles, no monopolies, and will help rather than hinder settlement by homesteaders.

All legislative battles are not fought on the floor of House or Senate, in the pages of the Congressional Record or even in the committee room. Many really serious and important contests never come close enough to the surface to receive official recognition even in the preliminary stages of Congressional procedure. For years past there has waged a relentless campaign for the control of the great landed property of the United States. Beginning with an area of over one billion acres of land held in trust for the people by their representatives in Congress, these vast possessions have been decreased year by year through sale, grant, gift, and other innumerable ways in which land can be transferred from one owner to another, until the unappropriated public domain today amounts in round numbers to about five hundred million acres.

After a struggle, only equalled in the history of land legislation by the great fight which resulted in the enactment of the homestead law in 1862, Congress passed the national reclamation act of a year ago and created a revolving fund which will shortly amount to about twenty million dollars to reclaim the fertile but arid territory of the Western States.

President Roosevelt in his first annual message laid down the principle that "successful home-making is but another name for the upbuilding of a nation." In his message of last December he again called attention to the notorious and outrageous use of the present land laws. Great, however, is the political power of the landed interests of the sparsely settled Western States.

In the years of the great trek to the West, when thousands upon thousands of native-born Americans and incoming foreigners were pushing the line of settlement west of the Mississippi, where the earth needed but tickling with the plow to pro-

duce sure harvest, it was then believed that the land business of Uncle Sam had reached its highest point. This belief was justified by the events of the few years following the eighties, for instead of alienating twenty-five or twenty-six million acres of land a year to settlers, grantees and others, the amount disposed of annually fell to not over one-half, or even less.

In the year 1900 public attention was first thoroughly aroused to the great value for the future of the remaining public land as an outlet for increasing population, a remedy for social disorder, and as the future source of a food supply, which, from present indications, will become absolutely necessary within a few brief years. Speculation and discussion became rife as to how best to conserve these values for present and future home-makers. The owners of large herds and flocks, land and timber speculators, and others who saw benefit direct or indirect in controlling large areas of real estate, recognized in this agitation a serious menace to their operations and set about the task of anticipating any action Congress might be induced to take.

The land grabbers found it easy to accomplish their purpose under the present land laws and the methods of administration which prevail in the Land Office. In the first place, the Government requires only that the legal forms involved in securing land shall be letter perfect, and the receivers and registers of the land offices in the various Western districts look no further into the practical application of the law than might be included in a view from their office windows. Under the present system they are machines for filling out blanks and not conservators or guardians of the people's interests.

The principle underlying all land legislation of the United States from the beginning has been that each citizen should be given a farm in return for which he was to live upon the land or so improve it as to benefit not only the new community of which he thus formed a part, but the country as a whole by increasing the aggregate wealth. That this principle has ceased to govern the Land Office in its disposal of the public land, except purely in theory, is a notorious fact proved by figures startling and compelling.

Of all the thousands of desert land entries, for instance, which have been filed in the past ten years, the Land Office only investigated four hundred and seventy-two, and out of these two hundred and ninety-seven were found fraudulent and eventually cancelled. The highest number of fraudulent claims investigated were upon the one point of speculative intent on the part of the settler, and in this respect Wyoming holds an unenviable position at the head of the list. Of twenty-three cases investigated in Wyoming nineteen of them

were found fraudulent, or about eighty-five per cent of the filings. When it is realized that no land filings are investigated except those in regard to which special contest or information is filed, and that in most cases there is no one so interested or so adventurous as to contest his neighbor's claim, the percentage of fraud in the cases actually investigated becomes of startling significance.

In 1900 the Government of the United States deeded away over thirteen and a half million acres of land; in 1901 these disposals reached a total of sixteen million acres, a figure which startled the country in its enormous proportions. In 1902, however, there was a gain of four million acres, and the disposals made by the Government reached the enormous aggregate of nearly twenty million acres. At the rate which has prevailed during the first six months of the fiscal year of 1903, the disposals will probably amount to at least twenty-five million acres, or fully as much as was alienated at any time during the great rush of emigration to the West.

The population of the West is not increasing proportionately with this present rate of land disposal. In fact, the States where millions of acres have been deeded away to individuals, there has been an actual decrease of the agricultural population.

All this simply means that under the homestead law as it stands to-day, under the desert land act, a measure born in selfishness and chicanery, and under the timber and stone act, the people of the United States are being robbed of their landed estate, which, Lord Macaulay said, is the only thing which stands between the people of this country and the time when will come the real test of republican institutions.

The fight up to the present time has been an undercurrent. The tide surges from one end of the Capitol to the other. The big range interests of the West have done and are doing everything in their power to get a measure through Congress which will enable them to inclose with fences great areas of land upon which in time thousands of cabins can and will be built by homeseekers if these fences do not materialize.

During the past winter quiet but effective work has been done by those who are aware of the pernicious use to which the present land laws are being put, and, as public sentiment has been aroused to the real situation, the demand for a change of method is becoming more general. The situation is such to-day that it would practically be impossible to get any bill through Congress which violated the now well-established principle of the conservation of the public land for homeseekers so clearly set forth by President Roosevelt in his two messages to Congress.

## INDIAN SIGNALING

Queer Customs of the Red Man

By F. W. BRUCK

In early days I was in the signal corps of the United States army, and was stationed for several years at Fort Totten, and later at Fort Buford. It was a lonely vigil, and very wearisome. Seated in the watch tower, it was my duty not only to keep watch for fire about the post, but also to scan the surrounding country for any evidences of hostility on the part of the Indians. I had plenty of chance to become thoroughly familiar with the signals used by the Sioux and other tribes.

Much that has been written of the signals employed by Indians has been false. In all my experience, I witnessed very few signals, although I was told, by those who were in the Indian country before I came, that at one time signals were commonly seen.

Much has been written of the signals employed by Indians immediately prior to the Custer massacre, and it has been repeatedly claimed that the fires lighted by the redskins on the hills were for the purpose of summoning re-enforcements. Such was not the case. The fires lighted burned high and bright and were symbols

of jubilation, of rejoicing on the part of the Indians that the soldiers had ridden into a trap.

Had any signaling been intended, it would have been done in daylight, by columns of smoke, and that practice became very rare after the white men came to the country. In all my experience, I never saw a hostile signal. I saw frequently "smokes" that indicated the presence of game, and very often along a trail we would come upon piles of stones that conveyed intelligence to the Indians who might see them. But when hostilities were contemplated, there was always time to send a mounted courier for re-enforcements.

The "sign language" possesses an exhaustive vocabulary, and an Indian can converse with another of any tribe by manipulations of the fingers and hands, and many white men have learned the signs.

Among the northern Indians, the Blackfeet, Crows, Piegons, Crees and Northern Cheyennes, I never saw smoke or fire signals, but in their camps, on their tepees, are frequently found peculiar hieroglyphics. These almost invariably recount the glorious deeds of the occupant of the tepee. Occasionally similar inscriptions may be found on rocks near which the Indians have passed, but they give no clue, even to one who can read them, concerning the movements of those who wrote them.

It did not take the Indians long to learn that white men could read their signs, that the soldiers, with their long glasses, could see all their signals, and for many years the reds have done little signaling.

Previous to the advent of civilizing influences the Indian had an elaborate system of signs and signals, some of a friendly character, but the majority having reference entirely to war.

The "smoke" signals were probably the most universal and best known. Many of the early settlers, who located far from the confines of civilization, were fully competent to read and interpret the most of them. "Fire" signals were also quite commonly employed, especially by the tribes inhabiting a mountainous country. Signals by means of the branches of trees, arrows, stones and sticks were less frequently used, though by no means rare. Their meanings varied considerably, so much so that few whites ever became



Culus Peter—A Yakima



"And now the juvenile mind reverts  
To happy hours spent beside a brook ;  
Where with fishing rod and line in hand  
All cares are banished and toil forsook .



## CHISAGO LAKES

By P. M. QVIST

It is doubtful if among the ten thousand lakes, that dot the landscape of Minnesota, there can be found any more lovely than that group which bears the name of Chisago Lakes.

Situate thirty-seven miles north of St. Paul, on the Taylor's Falls Branch of the Northern Pacific Railway, with three daily trains each way, it is easily accessible for those people who after a hot day's work in the Twin Cities seek a breath of cool lake breeze, scented with the invigorating aroma of forest and field.

Along the clean, smooth, sandy beach, and under lofty maples, are the neat summer cottages, where mother and the little ones abandon themselves to uninterrupted rest and play the whole week, to be joined on Saturday evening by papa and his fish pole, may be with a well-filled hamper of good things; but papa and his little boys must go out that evening in the boat and catch some nice bass, croppies or golden sunfish for their Sunday breakfast. Everywhere is quiet, peace and rest for the tired city man.

Chisago Lake proper consists of three large ones, connected through the "narrows" with each other; they are all deep, averaging from twenty-five to forty feet, in some places much more, in one place, that the writer knows of, an eighty-five foot line did not reach the bottom.

At Dahl's hotel, on the west shore, and at no greater distance than a gun-shot, is Green Lake, a large and beautiful sheet of water with sandy shore, and very deep. It is remarkable that the water in this lake is always seven feet higher than is Chisago Lake, and while the latter apparently has no outlet, the former flows into Sunrise River, finally to empty into the St. Croix. About a mile and a half to the north, but not connected, is Sunrise Lake, with its high timber covered bluffs.

In high-water stage you can row a boat through the "narrows" of Chisago Lake and cover a distance of sixteen miles, and

if that is too great an exertion, why, take the little steamboat of Mr. Dedons and make the trip. You pass Schlimmers' Island, where a genial Dutchman and his frau will be glad to entertain royally in his comfortable "gasthaus." The fishing is good here and his garden and berry patch is a delight to see. Steaming north and after passing through a "narrow" you come to Dahl's hotel, in Chisago City. Here you must tie up, and while waiting for the dinner bell, take a look of the long string of Indian Mounds, a veritable graveyard, along the shore, then run over to Green Lake, with its long, narrow points, covered with tall elms, stretching out into the lake; a little ways down the road you see quaint old Chisago City, its old moss-covered log houses half hidden among shrubbery and trees, while towering high is the great white church, celebrated for its magnificent pipe organ, and if you are so lucky to find the organist playing it, you have had a treat not easily forgotten.

But there goes the bell at the hotel; a dinner at Dahl's is an affair, or function, which must not be passed over lightly; it is substantial, it is dainty, it is a poem, a dream. After attending service in this temple devoted to the highest of culinary art, light your cigar and proceed on your journey. Crossing a wide bay and passing the grove at Russell Beach you arrive at Lindstrom, a lively little town, named after the first settler. A bridge 40 feet high and 800 feet long crosses the neck of the lake.

If the water is high, you steam under it, but otherwise you must make the rest of the trip in a row boat, and this is really better, for then you can run into the great lily pond with its floating gems of pearls and emeralds; you peep into silent Bull Lake on the right, all surrounded by high maple-covered hills. The water is very deep here, you can fish from the shore; here silence is only broken by the splash

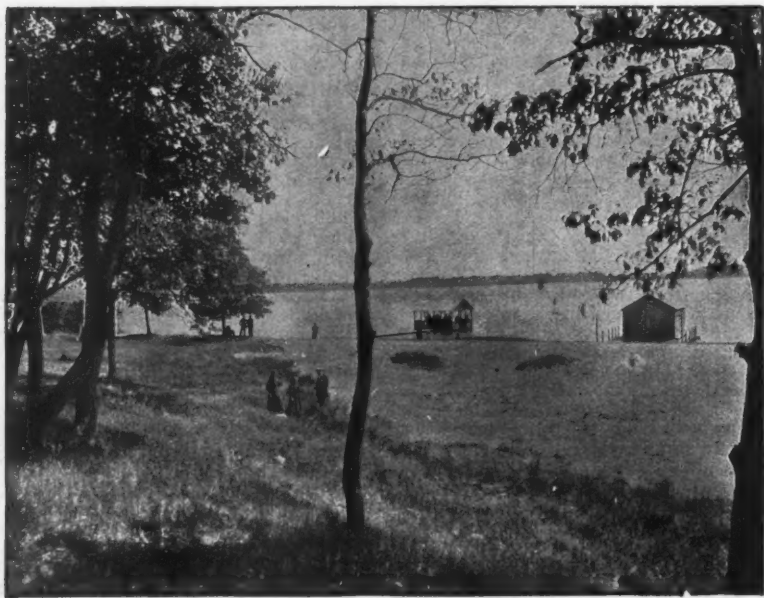


of a fish jumping out of the water after a fly, or by a kingfisher crossing the water in its jerky flight, while up among the hills you hear busy woodpecker industriously working on the trees.

But we are in the narrows now, a mere channel, and you must guide the boat carefully, for there may be a sunken log somewhere that may cause a little bother to clear, but you are soon through. All at once you shoot under a little foot bridge and again you are in a large lake. Some call this Centre City Lake, from the old town of that name, situate on a high promontory on the eastern shore. This is the county seat of Chisago County, and next to Taylor's Falls the oldest town, having been first settled in 1851. You pass many picturesque islands, that seem to float on the deep water. On one of them old Mr. Rensselaer lived a hermit's life as far back as 1848, among his books and collections of curiosities, for afterwards, when smitten by the activity of the incoming settlers, he changed from hermit to an active and energetic builder and organizer of cheese factories. You pass the church, the largest in Minnesota; from its high steeple you look upon the grandest panorama, before you the lakes lie as upon a map, the dark forest, the bright fields and meadows, while to the east your sight crosses the St. Croix Valley and far into Wisconsin, the puffs of white steam of the locomotives plainly

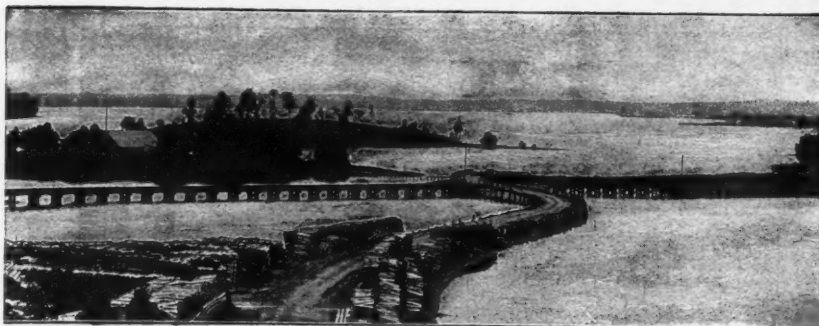
marks the railroad entering St. Croix Falls, whose white houses are plainly seen on the dark background. But looking down at the little town of Centre City you wonder what are all those red painted buildings, forming long streets and cross streets at the foot of the hill. They are the stables for the comfort of the teams while the farmer and his family attend worship; for you must know that in this great church 2,600 families worship every Sunday, and they come from far distances. In town there are but a couple of hundred people.

But we must be off, or it will be dark before we get back. So south we row, passing under the railroad bridge we see the big starch factory on top of the high bluff above the little depot. This factory, built by the farmers, is their sheet anchor, when their potatoes are small or bring but a low price. They haul them here to be ground and washed into starch. We then pass more islands, all thickly covered with stately trees. On one of them we see the largest Indian Mound in the State, while many smaller ones are found along the shores. The sun is now setting in the west, the lake is calm, the air balmy. We dream, we imagine what a great place this must have been for the dusky Indians in the days before the white man. Here was fishing and hunting. Here was shelter from the storms, here were the sacred places for celebrating their barbarous



A Popular Resort





View of Chisago Lakes—Looking South from Centre City

rites, here came grand old Chief "Hole-in-the-day" with his band of Chippewa warriors, to meet his war parties returning from distant Sioux lands on the prairies, with scalps and plunder. Then around the blazing fire danced the warriors, shouting and clapping their hands, while in the deep shadow sat the old, smoking their "Kinnekinnick," little dreaming that soon all this should be changed. The war-dance, the whoop, the drum give way to the peal of the great pipe organ up in Centre City church, and the shriek of the locomotive, winding its way among the hills and skirting the shores of the lakes. But up there on the hills, the dead warrior sleeps in the mound, and the birds twitter in the trees, as of old.

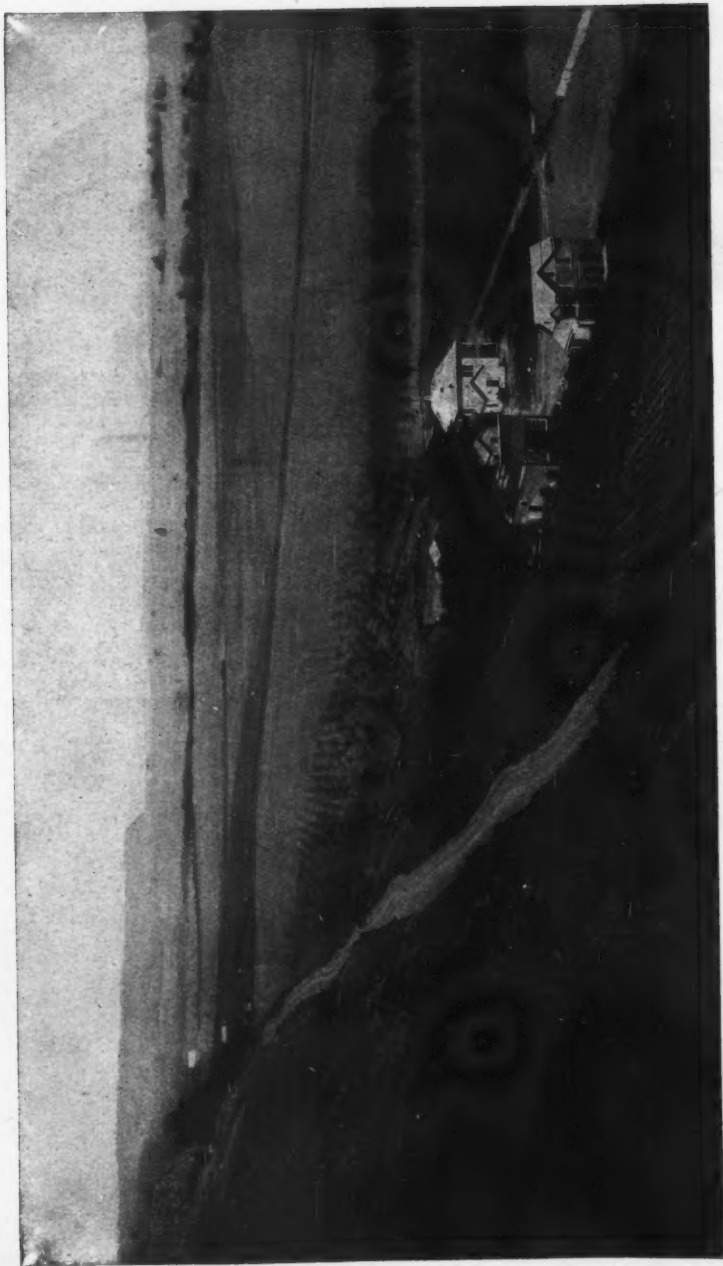
We could yet row some six miles on this lake, but it is getting late; we must home to Lindstrom for supper. Now,

perhaps, you will pity us. You think we have to row all that long way back. Nothing of the kind. We are only one mile away from our hotel, for the lake is like a horseshoe; so we tie our boat and walk. Tired, yes, but such a lovely trip; hungry, very, but good Mrs. Seigman at the Peninsular, or Col. Benson at his hotel, will soon remedy this.

After supper we light our cigar and sit in the cool evening. We again fall to dreaming, building castles in the air; we buy one of the beautiful acre lots on the lake shore, we build us a nice cottage, we will let mother and the little ones come out and stay all summer, getting healthy and strong, and we can come out every Saturday evening and stay until Monday morning. Yes, we see all this; we see joy and happiness and rest before us. Yes; why not?



View of Centre City—from South Shore of Lake



In Eastern Nebraska - Nature's Storehouse

# WHO SHALL BE THE OWNER

The Leasing of Government Lands

By J. D. WHELPLEY

In Colliers

A score of leading Western members of Senate and House met in the office of the Secretary of the Interior in secret session a short time ago. They were there at the request of the Secretary, and the Assistant Attorney-General was also present in advisory capacity. The question under discussion was the rather large one as to whether Congress should pass a law allowing the Government to lease to the cattle and sheep rangers of the West the remaining five hundred million acres of public lands.

The conference in the Secretary's office developed the most serious differences of opinion as to the wisdom of such a course, and comments exchanged were at times by no means pleasantries. Wyoming declared emphatically for leasing; Colorado, Montana, Washington and other States, through their representatives present, declared their emphatic opposition for all time against any move to authorize the leasing of the public lands.

Finally Nebraska came into the wrangle with a proposition that a leasing law should be enacted applicable to that State alone, with the idea, of course, that if it worked well its operations could be extended by Congress to other States. Thus was born the so-called Nebraska leasing law.

At a recent meeting of the Senate committee on public lands, held subsequent to the conference with the Secretary, Senator Dietrich of Nebraska entered the room with a large bundle of papers in his hand. Giving them to the clerk, he said: "There is the end of the Nebraska leasing bill so far as I am concerned. The big cattlemen say it does not give them enough and the little cattlemen are arming to resist it." Senator Dietrich, who introduced and stood sponsor for this bill, might have gone further and told of the contents of the papers he handed to the committee clerk. They contained protests against his bill which ranged from a joint resolution of the Nebraska Legislature to the kick of a single cowman. And thus died the Nebraska leasing bill.

Judge Van Devanter, the outgoing Assistant Attorney-General, has stated that he does not believe a law can be drawn for leasing the great area of public domain which will be just to all interests affected. Perhaps this is true, but there is a wide-

spread belief that there must be some way out of what is apparently a hopeless tangle. In time a system of grazing licenses will be evolved which will permit of the scientific as well as the practical administration of the tremendous landed estate of the people of this country. Such a measure will create no vested rights for temporary occupants, will give no shadows of titles, no monopolies, and will help rather than hinder settlement by homesteaders.

All legislative battles are not fought on the floor of House or Senate, in the pages of the Congressional Record or even in the committee room. Many really serious and important contests never come close enough to the surface to receive official recognition even in the preliminary stages of Congressional procedure. For years past there has waged a relentless campaign for the control of the great landed property of the United States. Beginning with an area of over one billion acres of land held in trust for the people by their representatives in Congress, these vast possessions have been decreased year by year through sale, grant, gift, and other innumerable ways in which land can be transferred from one owner to another, until the unappropriated public domain today amounts in round numbers to about five hundred million acres.

After a struggle, only equalled in the history of land legislation by the great fight which resulted in the enactment of the homestead law in 1862, Congress passed the national reclamation act of a year ago and created a revolving fund which will shortly amount to about twenty million dollars to reclaim the fertile but arid territory of the Western States.

President Roosevelt in his first annual message laid down the principle that "successful home-making is but another name for the upbuilding of a nation." In his message of last December he again called attention to the notorious and outrageous use of the present land laws. Great, however, is the political power of the landed interests of the sparsely settled Western States.

In the years of the great trek to the West, when thousands upon thousands of native-born Americans and incoming foreigners were pushing the line of settlement west of the Mississippi, where the earth needed but tickling with the plow to pro-

duce sure harvest, it was then believed that the land business of Uncle Sam had reached its highest point. This belief was justified by the events of the few years following the eighties, for instead of alienating twenty-five or twenty-six million acres of land a year to settlers, grantees and others, the amount disposed of annually fell to not over one-half, or even less.

In the year 1900 public attention was first thoroughly aroused to the great value for the future of the remaining public land as an outlet for increasing population, a remedy for social disorder, and as the future source of a food supply, which, from present indications, will become absolutely necessary within a few brief years. Speculation and discussion became rife as to how best to conserve these values for present and future home-makers. The owners of large herds and flocks, land and timber speculators, and others who saw benefit direct or indirect in controlling large areas of real estate, recognized in this agitation a serious menace to their operations and set about the task of anticipating any action Congress might be induced to take.

The land grabbers found it easy to accomplish their purpose under the present land laws and the methods of administration which prevail in the Land Office. In the first place, the Government requires only that the legal forms involved in securing land shall be letter perfect, and the receivers and registers of the land offices in the various Western districts look no further into the practical application of the law than might be included in a view from their office windows. Under the present system they are machines for filling out blanks and not conservators or guardians of the people's interests.

The principle underlying all land legislation of the United States from the beginning has been that each citizen should be given a farm in return for which he was to live upon the land or so improve it as to benefit not only the new community of which he thus formed a part, but the country as a whole by increasing the aggregate wealth. That this principle has ceased to govern the Land Office in its disposal of the public land, except purely in theory, is a notorious fact proved by figures startling and compelling.

Of all the thousands of desert land entries, for instance, which have been filed in the past ten years, the Land Office only investigated four hundred and seventy-two, and out of these two hundred and ninety-seven were found fraudulent and eventually cancelled. The highest number of fraudulent claims investigated were upon the one point of speculative intent on the part of the settler, and in this respect Wyoming holds an unenviable position at the head of the list. Of twenty-three cases investigated in Wyoming nineteen of them

were found fraudulent, or about eighty-five per cent of the filings. When it is realized that no land filings are investigated except those in regard to which special contest or information is filed, and that in most cases there is no one so interested or so adventurous as to contest his neighbor's claim, the percentage of fraud in the cases actually investigated becomes of startling significance.

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During the past winter quiet but effective work has been done by those who are aware of the pernicious use to which the present land laws are being put, and, as public sentiment has been aroused to the real situation, the demand for a change of method is becoming more general. The situation is such to-day that it would practically be impossible to get any bill through Congress which violated the now well-established principle of the conservation of the public land for home-seekers so clearly set forth by President Roosevelt in his two messages to Congress.

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Much has been written of the signals employed by Indians immediately prior to the Custer massacre, and it has been repeatedly claimed that the fires lighted by the redskins on the hills were for the purpose of summoning re-enforcements. Such was not the case. The fires lighted burned high and bright and were symbols

of jubilation, of rejoicing on the part of the Indians that the soldiers had ridden into a trap.

Had any signaling been intended, it would have been done in daylight, by columns of smoke, and that practice became very rare after the white men came to the country. In all my experience, I never saw a hostile signal. I saw frequently "smokes" that indicated the presence of game, and very often along a trail we would come upon piles of stones that conveyed intelligence to the Indians who might see them. But when hostilities were contemplated, there was always time to send a mounted courier for re-enforcements.

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Previous to the advent of civilizing influences the Indian had an elaborate system of signs and signals, some of a friendly character, but the majority having reference entirely to war.

The "smoke" signals were probably the most universal and best known. Many of the early settlers, who located far from the confines of civilization, were fully competent to read and interpret the most of them. "Fire" signals were also quite commonly employed, especially by the tribes inhabiting a mountainous country. Signals by means of the branches of trees, arrows, stones and sticks were less frequently used, though by no means rare. Their meanings varied considerably, so much so that few whites ever became



Cultus Peter—A Yakima



thoroughly conversant with them. Many were in reality purely local and belonged particularly to the tribe using them. This was not true of the "smoke" and "fire" signals; they, with a few others, were understood, generally, by all tribes of Indians.

"Smoke" signals were made by means of a small fire, built of some material that would produce a quantity of smoke with very little active combustion. The highest accessible butte or mountain was selected from which to send these or the "fire" signals. The commonly accepted statement that smoke rings were caused to ascend is wrong; properly speaking, they were balls or puffs of smoke, or, rarely, on still days, columns of smoke, the latter form being principally used to attract attention. The ball or puff of smoke was produced by covering a small fire, momentarily, with a buffalo, elk or



Geronimo—Celebrated Apache

deer hide, removing it quickly, permitting the smoke to ascend and immediately recovering the fire. In this way quite a variety of signals could be given. One ball of smoke, at comparatively long intervals, meant "an enemy is near." Two puffs indicated "camp here." This signal was not infrequently used to lead the enemy into an ambush. Three puffs, quite near together, with a long space between each set of three, denoted "great danger" or "attacked by the enemy." Four puffs in pairs, with an appreciable interval between the two pairs, signified "large band of enemy, help wanted." Some tribes varied

this method of signaling by building the number of separate "smokes," as they were termed, required to express their meaning, as one, two or three. Such signals could be distinguished at from ten to thirty miles, and they were rarely or never confounded with camp fires. The lookout or scout, that was a necessary adjunct of every war party, especially when in a hostile neighborhood, seldom failed to see and report all signals given within the limit of his vision.

"Fire" signals were used at night for the same purpose as the "smoke" signals by day. With from one to four fires built in a line at approximately equal distances apart, the same information was readily conveyed. In the vicinity of the section of country claimed as home, or where the largest number of the tribe were accustomed to spend the winter, there was usually some high butte or mountain called Signal hill, or, in one Indian language, "We-wa-toz-po." From this eminence fire signals were always made by order of the chief and were largely of a peaceful character, though, occasionally, signals having reference to war were given from the signal hill; but the principal use was in calling the people to council meetings, dances and feasts. The method of making them was as follows: A large cylinder, six or eight feet in diameter, and four or five feet high, was constructed by covering a framework of light willows with tanned hides. A bright fire was built in the usual situation and this cylinder placed so as to completely surround it. The signals were then made by alternately raising and lowering the cylinder, temporarily exposing and concealing the light from the fire. A steady light on the signal butte signified "enemy, gather for war." This signal was well understood by many of the early settlers, and frequently pre-saged grief and horror for them. The fire alternately exposed and darkened at short, regular intervals, denoted a council meeting for the ensuing evening. Fire exposures at short intervals, with a considerable space of time between each set of five, signified that the buffalo had been discovered by the scouts. As these burly beasts furnished the principal food supply of the red man in that day, this signal, in seasons of scarcity, was welcomed with every manifestation of delight, and a hunting party immediately dispatched in pursuit of the game. Long periods of light followed by brief spaces of darkness were the invitation to a dance or feast at the tribal dancing circle. If it was to a dance, many of the more experienced among the people could clearly distinguish if it was a war, scalp or sun dance.

Numerous tribes employed a system of signaling at night by means of burning arrows that was identical with the "smoke" and "fire" signals elsewhere mentioned. These fire arrows, as they were commonly





Goes-to-War—Sioux Chief

called, could not be seen at any very great distance, but they could be quickly and easily given, even when the party was in motion. One, two or three "fire arrows" had the same significance as an equal number of "smokes" or "fires," with the addition that a number of burning arrows shot rapidly into the air conveyed the information that they were greatly outnumbered and help imperatively required. These fire arrows were very ingeniously made by wrapping the head of the shaft in a variety of soft, slow-burning bark, which produced quite a bright flame. In replying to any of these signals, it was the usual custom to make the same that had been received; but in times of war no answer was ever returned, for obvious reasons, but the requested aid was dispatched as soon as possible.

In mountainous countries signals, or, more clearly speaking, signs, were made by the use of stones. A party of Indians traveling and wishing or expecting others to follow them would frequently turn over good-sized stones, selecting those with a comparatively rounded base, with the other extremity as sharply pointed as possible, placing this point in the direction they were traveling. If they had found and were following the buffalo, three smaller stones were placed on the surface of that which had been overturned. Two small stones indicated that they were pursuing the enemy, while one stone in a similar position was given the same interpretation, with the further import that assistance was required. A number of small sticks stuck in the ground near the stone

represented the number of the party. A stick split in half was used by at least one tribe, to express the number 10. As an illustration of the Indian's ability to read and correctly interpret these signs an instance is recalled that took place some years ago. A party of white men on a hunting trip met an Indian. Inquiry was made as to the probability of finding antelope at a butte distant some 60 miles. He confidently replied in the affirmative and upon being questioned as to his reasons for supposing game existed there, replied that he had just seen an Indian sign so stating, and at a little distance he promptly showed a pointed rock, weighing probably 20 pounds, with its pointed extremity directed toward the butte in question. It was quite evident that it had been recently turned over and three small pebbles were lying on its surface, with nine small sticks fixed in the earth by its side. The information conveyed to the Indian by this sign was subsequently found to have been absolutely correct.

Information corresponding to the above was also given by means of the boughs of trees. A large, low hanging branch was partially broken off, turned horizontally and fixed with its top pointing in the direction taken by the travelers. One, two or three of its smaller branches, when broken so as to hang perpendicular, had meanings identical with the small stones. Signs made in this manner were quite commonly employed by tribes inhabiting a heavily timbered country, particularly



White Hair Flying—Chippewa Type

the sign denoting the finding of game. The green boughs of trees were almost universally regarded as emblems of peace. A party approaching a hostile camp bearing these tokens were received with all the honors of war. When their errand was finished, whether successful or not, they were given safe conduct out of the camp of their enemies. Many years ago a young brave, overcome by hot blood and violent personal enmity toward one member of a party who were seeking to negotiate peace and bury the tomahawk under this aboriginal flag of truce, wantonly shot an arrow through the heart of his enemy. His tribe was so incensed at this cruel breach of Indian etiquette that he was completely ostracised, eventually banished and is to-day an adopted member of another and totally distinct band of Indians.

In the early history of the Indian the arrow held a position, as a sign, second only to its use as a means of securing food, aggression and defense. It, however, seems to have been discarded as a sign at a period coincident with the introduction of firearms to the Indians, due, probably, to the fact that after this date the arrow was not so conveniently found to be used for sign purposes. The older members of many tribes give various signs accredited to the arrow, their interpretations being widely divergent. A broken arrow was always laid outside the door of a lodge where a death had just taken place, seemingly a

perfectly superfluous procedure, in view of the fact that the vociferous wailing would furnish the desired information to any one within at all what might be termed a reasonable distance. The arrow was and is to-day used to point out the path or road, much as civilization makes use of the hand and pointing index finger. The reception of a bundle of arrows, with the barbs broken from them, by the hand of an enemy, was, metaphorically, burying the hatchet. This sign was common with a number of small tribes.

These represent but a few of a long list of signals and signs that were in every day use in the happy, halcyon days of the red man, the days before he was confined to certain metes and bounds by an advancing civilization. Many of these survive even to-day. The sticks against the lodge door, indicating "no one at home"; one or more red willow sticks fixed in the ground near the door, denoting the number of "sleeps" that will elapse before the owner returns; the tops of the sticks denuded of bark for a short distance, implying that some member of the family is ill and has probably been taken to a "medicine man"; the flying "medicinal flag," giving evidence of sickness, are all familiar examples of the minor signs of the present. A great host of these might be enumerated, many of them in active use to-day, especially among the less civilized Indians, and doubtless serving a very convenient use.

## VANQUISHED

By NINETTE M. LOWATER

Sometimes when, weary with the storm of  
life,  
Faint, spent, and breathless, I withdraw  
awhile  
To calm myself with Nature's benign  
smile,  
And gain fresh courage for oncoming  
strife,  
Cleaving the lonely stillness like a knife,  
Strange, sweet, and full of many a curious  
wile,  
Like faint, far-shaken bells beside the Nile,  
With melody the listening air is rife.  
With my heart's heart I hear it, and it  
seems  
Like something heard on that forgotten  
shore  
From which we launch to sail, where life's  
seas roar,  
That Maelstrom which wrecks all Youth's  
fondest dreams;  
What it may mean I dare not guess at all,  
But rise refreshed to battle till I fall.

## TRAILED BY THE DEAD

The Mystery of White Bear Island

By ALEX HERON

"There she goes! Great Scott! It's a woman!"

Harry Brown, John Scott, Sam Davis, an old guide, and I were camped on the island, a pretty place on White Bear Lake, Minnesota. This was twenty-five years ago.

It was a delightful summer evening. The glow from the camp fire penetrated the shadows cast by the majestic trees that sentinelled the island, and here and there the moonbeams formed embrasures in the leafy fortress through which they shot their shafts of silver light, making a fairy land of that bit of forest. Stump and root and broken stone took on fantastic shapes and features, and the densest shade could readily be imagined peopled with other than earthly inhabitants.

Startled by the cry, we hastily arose and saw a woman leisurely passing long, about thirty rods from our fire. What was a woman doing there? Was there another camping party at the island? These were some of the thoughts that came to us.

Suddenly she passed out of sight, as if she had gone into the ground. The dog we had with us paid no attention to her.

We had just completed a hearty supper after an exciting day's fishing, and were sitting around the fire talking over the events of the trip, and enjoying a smoke, when Harry Brown made the exclamation that opens this story.

Pointing with his finger to where three giant trees made a deep shadow, he continued: "It's a woman! It's a woman, as sure as fate!"

Next evening she came again, and as mysteriously disappeared. So far as we could determine, she was wearing a "gossamer" waterproof cape, with the hood drawn well over the head and face. She passed along slowly, directly between our fire and the lake, and was in sight for about fifty yards, when, coming to the roots of an old pine, that had fallen in some forest cyclone, she disappeared.

Each night we watched her come and go; always the selfsame shape; always the selfsame path terminating so far as we could determine at the old root.

Scott said: "To-morrow night we'll lay for her. If she comes we'll stop her some way. I don't believe in ghosts. It is some of the woodsmen or poachers fixed up in this fashion to frighten us, or trying

to steal something. If it's a man, we'll duck him in the lake!"

"Don't be too sure about this being a poacher," said the guide. "I've hern tell of this 'ere curi's spook fur ther past year, en I don't think ther lumberjacks would keep up sech foolery fur so long. Ter morrer night we'll ketch 'er. It's mighty funny ter me that Pilot don't bark when it comes. He 'pears to be afereed of it!"

Next day we discussed the matter several times, and every thought was centered on what the evening would bring forth. Were we to have a touch of the mysterious, or would some shanty-man's hide suffer for his attempt at ghost making?

After supper we placed ourselves around the fire, and kept a good lookout. Not a word was spoken; all were absorbed in studying the work on hand.

Silently and slowly again that figure merged into the firelight.

"The Black Gossamer!" exclaimed Davis, and we darted toward the visitor, so as to surround it. We rushed into each other's arms—the woman had disappeared.

"There it is!" "There it is!" said Brown, pointing to the old root.

Turning, we saw the object, whatever it was, standing in a beckoning attitude, and then, as we approached, pass into the shadows as evanescent and mysterious as they.

We were not actually frightened, but we had had enough of this uncanny business, and next morning packed our belongings and at evening were at St. Paul, to take the boat.

We told our story, and the proprietor of the hotel said: "You are the third party that has seen the woman in gossamer at the island. Last week a party went to investigate, and so far as I have heard, their experience was about the same as yours. There is something strange about it, certainly!"

Our party broke up, and the boats hurried us away to our homes and accustomed duties.

All through that autumn and winter my thoughts centered on White Bear Island and its peculiar occupant. What was it, and what could it signify? Was it of the earth or not? Are there such things as ghosts or spirits, and was it one of these?

So I thought and dreamed and conjured up strange ideas and peculiar notions

working out several theories that books or my own imagination prompted. How I longed for summer and vacation.

In July I wrote to Davis to meet me at St. Paul, and soon we were at the island. In my eagerness to get to the scene of mystery, I forgot to take gun or rod, and found myself at the sporting resort rather badly equipped. But I had not gone there to fish or shoot. I wanted to meet the woman in gossamer, if it was a woman. If I met her she would not get away easily.

Davis said: "She allers goes to ther old pine. I'll stand right ther. When she comes I'll get her en she'll be a pretty good rastler if I can't hol' 'er till you git in yer help!"

The shadows of evening fell over the lake and island. Again did I see the camp fire, the towering elms, and all the accessories to the mystical drama. Would the principal character be present?

How the minutes dragged themselves along. The ticks of my watch appeared to have an eternity between. The chirp of the tree-frogs, the crickets' song, and all Nature's voices were slow, dreamy, and long drawn out, as if they in some way would avert an impending catastrophe. I was wrought up to the greatest pitch of excitement. Davis sat near the pine as unconcerned as a bounteous supper and no cares in the world could make him. Nine o'clock came, and I had just about decided that my errand was to be fruitless, when the woman appeared. She followed the selfsame path, and the loud cry of Davis: "There she comes!" did not perturb her in the least.

As she passed I rushed after her, and yelled to Davis to catch her, but our efforts were vain; she reached the old root and there, apparently, sank into the ground.

We got the lantern and examined the ground around the pine thoroughly. There was quite an excavation where the large spreading roots had gathered up the moss, sods and earth, and torn them from where Nature had placed them. But there was no hole nor cavity—nothing whatever that could contain a human being; no place where a person could hide. We returned to the tent much perplexed, but contented ourselves with the resolve to carefully examine the place of her disappearance next day.

I did not sleep. I counted the long hours, as the hands of my watch pointed them off one by one, in the flickering firelight. I was in a very fever of unrest.

In the morning early we went to work at the root. We had not dug far when Davis said: "Some 'uns been diggin' here before!"

A few more shovelfuls, and a piece of cloth was exposed. Then the outlines of a person appeared, and to our horror, we uncovered the corpse of a man, that had evidently been in the ground about eigh-

teen months. There was no mystery as to how he had died. A large cut through coat and vest, and still plainly visible between the ribs, showed how the victim had been ushered into the unseen and unknown.

We sat on a log by the remains and tried to solve the riddle. We had looked for a living woman and had found the corpse of a man. A search through the pockets revealed nothing. They had been rifled. Then the body had been thrown into the grave hurriedly. One arm was under the corpse. We took the remains out of the ground, and noticed the closely gripped hand that had previously been hidden from us. It was with difficulty that we unclasped it, and found a telegram, almost obliterated by damp and mould. It read:

John Ashby

House. P. I.

Will be at island noon Thursday.

Henry Preston.

Instead of solving the mystery we were getting deeper. Instead of reaching the shore, the tide threatened to overwhelm us. What had the murdered man and the telegram to do with the woman in gossamer?

I decided to stay and keep watch while Davis went to Minneapolis for help. That night as I watched beside the corpse no ghost nor spirit in gossamer came to relieve the tedium of my very lonely vigil.

Davis, with the coroner and others, came, and the body was wrapped up carefully and an inquest held.

Evidence was readily forthcoming that Ashby and a party from Helena had been at the island at the time the telegram was dated. When they returned to the city without Ashby they said he had got a guide to take him through to Bald Eagle. From there he would return to Minneapolis and to Helena, Montana, where he was engaged in mining.

At the inquest a telegram from the chief of police at Helena showed that Ashby did not return there; and the description of him forwarded proved conclusively that he and the murdered man were one and the same. A verdict was rendered to the effect that "Ashby had been murdered by a knife in the hands of some one unknown, but evidence pointed to Henry Preston."

Now to find Preston. I went to Minneapolis and cold learn nothing.

What about the woman in gossamer? What had she to do with the corpse? Had she done the killing? If not, what was she, and why did she lead us to the grave in the forest?

"Go to Helena," said my thoughts, and I obeyed. There I was told that Preston and Ashby had been partners in mining; that when Ashby did not return, Preston had sold out their claims and gone to Australia.

I followed.



Away up in the Ballarat diggings I found him, dying of disease and remorse.

He told his story: Amy Pearson was the prettiest girl in Helena, and she loved Ashby. Preston was also a suitor, but received no encouragement. Amy went to Minneapolis, where she had an aunt, and with a party, had gone to White Bear. There they were joined by Ashby. Preston determined to put Ashby out of the way, and followed him to the island, sending the telegram found in the hands of the corpse. For some reason Ashby had not told the party that Preston was coming, but when they went on the lake to fish he had remained at the tent.

There they met and Preston stabbed him to the heart and buried him at the old pine root. Then he forged a note to Amy that Ashby had been hurriedly called to the West.

Amy went back to Minneapolis and, three days later, when driving in the rain, wearing a gossamer cloak, was killed in a runaway.

It was evening in the Australian forest

as I stood beside the murderer's bed and heard his confession. The glow of the camp fire lighted his glassy eye, played on his wan cheeks, and outlined the bony hand he outstretched towards the entrance of the tent.

"There she is now!" he exclaimed. "There is Amy. Every night she comes and stands there and weeps! Amy! Amy! I was mad, crazy for love of you! Forgive! forgive! crazy! crazy!" and he had risen from the bed and then, with a sigh, settled down again.

I stood transfixed. There was the woman in gossamer, that I had seen thousands of miles away, at the camp fire at White Bear Island, now in the Ballarat hills.

Like a vapor, she passed away. I turned to the repentant wretch on the mattress of weeds. He, too, had passed away. He and the woman in gossamer had disappeared forever.

The White Bear Island mystery was explained.

## WRONG CONNECTIONS

By KID McCULL

Justice Prancer of Winona was a merry scribe,

And he loved a little lady of the "hello" tribe.

Yes he loved the pretty damsel of the "Central" booth,

For her face was very pleasing and her voice so smooth.

He was always very busy—she was none the less—

So they courted o'er the wires, and with great success.

When he wished to court the lassie he would simply call

"Hello Central, give me Heaven," and she'd know it all.

Then they'd sit and coo and cuddle till some cruel ring

Called away the little damsel, with a sudden spring.

Well, thus passed the dreary Winter, Spring and Summer came,

And by Fall the pretty lassie wore Judge Prancer's name.

One year passed and then another; Honey moon was o'er,

So was some of their affection which they'd had before;

And up in the Central office sat another tall.

Lively blonde to whom old Prancer called the same old call.

Now one morn this "Central" fairy happened to be ill,

And they called on Mrs. Prancer quick her place to fill.

Scarcely was she in the office when from "hubby's" den

Came a call so joyous, throbbing—"Oh, those faithless men!"

"Hello Central, give me Heaven," came in loving tones;

Then a long, sweet scented babble rippled through the 'phone.

And the irate Mrs. Prancer listened long and well—

And, Gee Whiz! instead of Heaven, she just gave him H—!



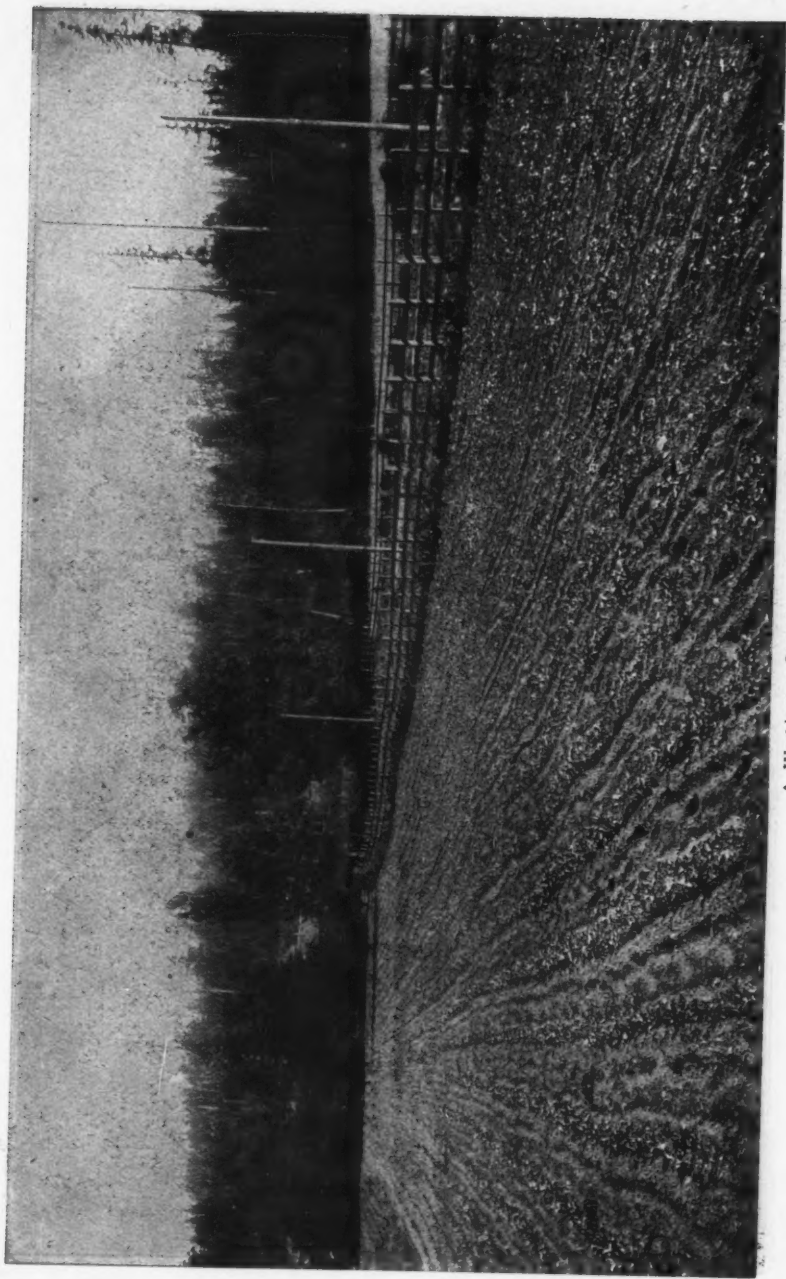
MIRROR SCENE ON LOGGING LAKE—FLATHEAD COUNTY, MONTANA

The Effect of this Reflection can be More Readily Noted if Page is Inverted, when it Appears as if  
Man and Boat are Perched on the Mountain Side





Mount Stephen, near Field, B. C.



A Washington Strawberry Patch

A Washington Strawberry Patch



Where Corn is King—a Typical Scene in Nebraska



The Picturesque West—Indians Camping on Flathead Lake, Montana

## THE GROWING OF ALFALFA

A Factor in the Agricultural World

By R. A. HASTE

There was a time, and that not many years ago, when King Corn held absolute dominion over a wide realm from Chicago to the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. His has been a benign reign and withal profitable to his devoted subjects. But if the signs of the times are to be relied upon; if the acclaim of the multitude means anything, the dynasty is in danger. A new claimant to the throne has arisen, and already, west of the Missouri River, is hailed "King" not only by the people but by the courtiers in the train of the one-time popular monarch. In Illinois and Missouri and Iowa the people are still loyal and drink to the health and long life of King Corn, but west of the Missouri River the primal toast proposed at the banquets is "Long live King Alfalfa."

It takes the ordinary man ten years to learn his limitations, and another ten to discover his inherited tendencies. He spends twenty years experimenting with the forces about him. This is true also of communities and States. So far as Nebraska is concerned, although it ranks third among the corn producing States, the days of corn-dominance are numbered. I do not mean by this that the yearly production of corn in Nebraska will diminish. On the contrary, I think it will increase with the development of the State, for the State is young and there is yet much land to come under cultivation. What I do mean is that the adaptation of the State to the growth of alfalfa will soon induce such a production of that crop that in considering total values and net profits, both corn and wheat will be compelled to "go way back and sit down." Nebraska has learned to appreciate her limitations and at last has discovered her inherited tendencies.

What is alfalfa? I fancy someone asks at this point. Alfalfa is a member of the clover family. It came from Spain, was introduced into Mexico and thence came to California and Texas. The regions where it flourishes are limited. It has not been a success east of the Missouri River. It winter kills in the North and is apt to burn out in the South. It depends more on certain conditions of soil than on climatic conditions. Being a deep rooted plant, a loose friable soil is essential to its highest development. It can stand almost any amount of drought, but there must be subterranean water—a damp subsoil which the roots may reach. These roots pene-

trate to a depth of twenty feet. Wherever there is sheet water within the range of an ordinary pump, alfalfa goes after it with the instinct of witch hazel and the intelligence of the beaver.

The physical condition of the soil and the presence of sheet water from five to twenty feet below the surface over a large part of the State, renders Nebraska the ideal home of alfalfa. It is a perennial growth, and when once a good stand is secured flourishes with little care. So rapid is the growth that three, usually four, and sometimes five crops are cut each season, the total yield being from four to six tons per acre. Like the other members of the clover family it is rich in nitrogen, but unlike its relatives it is a universal forage for all kinds of stock. Horses thrive on it, growing both fat and strong. As a beef ration it is not excelled, while as a milk producer it has few equals. Hogs eat it, not only eat it but thrive and grow fat on it. Green or cured they like it and squeal for it—will not be happy without it, winter or summer. This conversion of the hog is a wonderful triumph for alfalfa but not so wonderful as the conversion of the festive hen to a hay diet. I quote—"Alfalfa is highly valued as a poultry food and is relished very much both green and as hay. If well cured the hay keeps its greenness and fowls devour it greedily."

It is not only as a food for beast and bird that alfalfa is valuable. Its blossoms furnish nectar for the honey bee and that in no stinted quantities. Being in bloom the entire season it furnishes an exhaustless field for the exploitation of the honey-makers.

The Colorado Farmer, speaking for alfalfa as it is produced under irrigation in that State, says: "Alfalfa is the big thing in Colorado agriculture; it makes flesh, bone, and muscle for the farmers' horses; it makes flesh and fat for the stock feeders; it makes milk for the dairy; it makes nectar for the honey bee; by rotation of crops it fertilizes the soil and makes the larger profits in our wheat; it makes money for the farmer and beauty and wealth for the State."

The cattle interest in the State of Nebraska will be perhaps the greatest beneficiary from an extensive cultivation of alfalfa. Although the entire State is well adapted to the production of beef, the western or semi-arid half is essentially a stock country. The introduction of alfalfa into this region both in the valleys



where the plant can sustain itself from sheet water and under the still more favorable conditions of irrigation, furnishes the only remaining essential to this ideal stock country. It supplies an abundant forage for the short winters when the stock can not secure sufficient range food, and a ready and sure means of multiplying the capacity of every limited ranch, by affording almost unlimited pasturage.

Experiments with alfalfa-fed calves show a decided advantage over those sustained on the wild grasses of the range. And a combination of alfalfa and skimmed milk with a little meal to give it body, will do the duty of a milk ration direct from the udder supplemented by prairie grass.

As an example of the pasturing capacity of alfalfa, I find that on the Huff-

interests can be readily seen. By increasing the pasturage capacity of the farm and ranch it enables the farmer and ranchman to increase his herd. By increasing the flow of milk it enlarges the monthly revenue from that herd. By furnishing an excellent food for calves it enables the farmer to increase his herd while receiving a monthly check from the creamery for his butter-fat. Alfalfa makes the combination of dairying and beef-raising not only possible, but the most profitable thing to do. It fills the gap—supplies the missing link—between the mixed farmer and the stock raiser.

When Nebuchadnezzar was condemned to eat grass, we are led to believe he objected to the diet. Not so the omnivorous quadrupeds of Nebraska. They like it and grow fat on it. We are told that alfalfa



Stacking the First Alfalfa Cut

man and Rollins ranch in Antelope County 165 steers and 250 hogs were pastured on a sixty-five acre field from April 25th to October 1st and were not able to keep down the grass. Another field of four acres supported eleven head of cows during the season and yielded in addition one crop of hay.

From a careful examination of the reports of experimental stations and from information gained by conversations with alfalfa farmers, I am convinced that, as pasturage, one acre of alfalfa is worth five acres of other grasses. In milk producing capacity one ton of alfalfa hay is worth three tons of prairie grass. When this estimate is considered in connection with the fact that alfalfa yields an average of four tons a year, per acre, the influence of its cultivation on the beef and dairy

has made the big black hog of Nebraska a grazer in summer and a hay-eater in winter. Hogs thrive and grow fat on a pasture of alfalfa. With a slight corn ration for three weeks, an alfalfa-fed hog can be finished off for the market.

In this connection I will quote from a letter of a Nebraska farmer who knows his business and therefore speaks by the card. "No farm on earth can raise hogs and cattle, hogs especially, in competition with an alfalfa farm. We raise hogs here on alfalfa at a cost of not over a cent a pound. Three hundred head of hogs can not keep down a three-acre alfalfa field and try all the time; so it is plain that not many acres are needed. Alfalfa is Nature's hog food, and no other known article of food comes so near satisfying the wants of the animal. They do not root



for it as they do in clover and blue grass, for every element needed to satisfy the appetite grows in the top. The alfalfa hay itself with no other food will carry stock hogs through the winter in good condition. The idea of feeding hay to swine is almost incredible to the Eastern farmer."

From the Secretary of the Agricultural Department of Kansas I quote the following on alfalfa as a hog ration:

"There is no way in which more net profit can be secured from an acre of alfalfa than by pasturing young hogs upon it. One acre should sustain from ten to fifteen hogs from spring to fall. If they weigh one hundred pounds when put on the alfalfa they should be able to make another hundred from it during the season. Ten hundred pounds at \$5 is \$50, and there is no expense to be deducted. Six hundred pounds of pork from an acre of corn would be a good yield, and then the expense of cultivating and harvesting and feeding would make a big hole in the profit. Pork making from alfalfa is one good road to success.

"The worth of alfalfa for hogs is not confined to its use when green, as the dry hay is very valuable. The Kansas Experiment Station fed fattening hogs grain and alfalfa just thrown in the pen in forkfuls as compared with grain alone and secured 868 pounds of pork for every ton of alfalfa hay. The hogs fed grain and alfalfa hay made a gain in nine weeks of over ninety pounds per head, and the hogs fed on the grain alone for the same time gained fifty-two pounds per head."

A long line of experiments, conducted by both individuals and State Experiment Stations, show that alfalfa as a hog-food is superior to barley or corn, but that the best results are obtained by a combination of alfalfa and corn during the finishing stages.

As a profit producer when sold from the field, alfalfa seems to have no rival. After the first year the yield will average four tons to the acre. This will sell in the stack for \$5 per ton. The cost of curing and stacking is not more than \$1 per ton, leaving a net profit to the land owner of \$16 per acre. A pretty fair income, and this is the least profitable way of disposing of the crop. If fed to beef cattle, dairy-cows, sheep or hogs, the profit will be greatly increased.

Alfalfa has another value not considered in the output of the farm and ranch. As a soil renovator it is not excelled. Its long roots, which penetrate the subsoil, store up the nitrogen gathered from the atmosphere. Red clover has redeemed many a worn-out farm. Some of the greatest potato producing counties of Wisconsin were practically abandoned twenty-five years ago. The light soil had been exhausted by over-cropping. The introduction of nitrogen through the medium

of red clover rejuvenated this prematurely old soil, and to-day it yields from two hundred to four hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre.

I find among some remarks on this phase of alfalfa, the following from a Colorado authority: "As a renovator and enricher of the soil it is conceded the equal, if not the superior, of red clover; for, as has been well said, it is a nitrogen gatherer of the first magnitude, and the long roots draw ash elements from depths where no other crops can feed, storing them up until, by their own decay, they again give them up to succeeding crops. Good examples of alfalfa as a soil improver are seen in Colorado where are raised the largest yields of superior potatoes which have made 'Coloradoes' almost a synonym for potato perfection. Although naturally theirs are the finest of potato producing soils the growers have discovered, their gains are greatly enhanced by planting on land previously in alfalfa."

The most important as well as the most expensive proceeding in alfalfa culture is securing a stand. The ground must be prepared as for corn and twenty pounds of seed per acre sown, preferably broadcast. This should be harrowed in. The seed costs on an average of \$6 per bushel and is very light. The best results are obtained from spring seeding without a nurse crop. The grass should be cut when it is ten inches high and left on the ground for a mulch. This should be repeated twice the first year. The second year the returns begin to come in. The consensus of opinions secured by the Lincoln Experiment Station from several hundred alfalfa growers is to the effect that disking the field in the spring increases the yield.

Good stands of alfalfa have been secured on sod breaking and on corn fields without plowing, in both cases a disk harrow being used to prepare the surface. A fair stand of alfalfa has been secured in some instances by using a disk harrow on the prairie sod, the seeding being followed by a thorough harrowing. This, however, at best secures only a mixed stand of alfalfa and wild grasses.

The expense of seeding to alfalfa will delay its general introduction for a time. But the advantages are so marked that even the very poor can not long afford to neglect such an opportunity to get even with the world.

If one-half of what is reported on the best authority be true, within ten years, through the medium of alfalfa Nebraska will be the leading cattle, hog, sheep and dairy State in the Union, and that too, notwithstanding the fact that it will be producing 100,000,000 bushels of wheat and 250,000,000 bushels of corn.

## THE CHIEF ENGINEER

A Character Sketch

By J. OSGOOD BASHFORD

"Well, I am sorry, Ruth. Sorry for everything and everyone; myself in particular. I wish you had a kind word for me once in a while."

"Well, don't I? Now you are acting unreasonable. I admire you ever so much."

"As a friend?"

"Yes, as a friend, Mr. Winslow, if you choose to express yourself in that manner."

"Pardon me, Ruth. I did act a little uppish, that's a fact; but you know how it is. I always am saying or doing something to hurt the feelings of the dearest little girl in the world."

"Oh! hush, Fred! They will hear you."

"Suppose they do. It might prove fatal to your friend Shields. He hath a lean and hungry look."

"Now, Fred, you want to quarrel, and I only see you once in a great while, so please let those few moments be of peace."

"All right, little girl; you know how I am possessed of the green-eyed monster."

"Yes, I know you don't admire Mr. Shields, and I can't say that I blame you very much."

"Ruth!"

"No, I was going to say that he is somewhat conceited—like yourself."

"Yes, there it goes again. Who wants to quarrel now? You little tormentor. Keep on laughing, if you want to. You look your prettiest when that little smile holds sway—"

"Fred; you are getting personal now. But honestly, I did not mean that last remark. Mr. Shields has several disagreeable little traits that I cannot bear."

"Well, it might as well be a Shields as someone else. It's never myself that finds a secure place in your affections."

"How do you know?"

"Actions speak more to the point than words, sometimes."

"I do love to tease you, Fred; but here comes mamma and Mr. Shields."

Let's go across and avoid them. There is a shady spot up there near the wheelhouse. I won't see you again for three weeks; no telling what will happen in that time, with Shields around, and I want to be the target a few minutes for your sweet darts."

"You complain enough though as if my sweet darts had a trace of poison on them."

"Well, poison administered by you

would make me face death in a happy frame of mind."

"Brave, brave boy. You would go as unprepared as you engineers and sailors usually are."

"Yes, perhaps. Though we never complain. Ships and sailors go down to the deep and never return. No one knows how they die, or care very much. Many a hero is asleep in the deep. Shore folks have an idea that we are a dreadful, dis-solute lot, but we are not always as bad as we are painted."

"I know, Fred; I believe in you, and sometimes—not very often—I think of you when you are away at sea, and I tremble when I hear the awful tales of disaster, that are reported by shipmasters when they come into port. Really, Fred, I wish you would give up this hazardous calling, and try something else more to your tastes. You have talent in many lines. Mother admits that. Try and make something of yourself that will make them all proud of you."

"Well, haven't I tried? You have faith in me, and because of that confidence I should make a success of anything undertaken. I'm not rich, like our friend Shields. That is the rub, I'm afraid. You know for three years I never set foot on ship-board, and worked hard at the conservatory. I have a voice, a good one, full of promise—grand, so Steiman said; but I lacked that which makes a master of some men, and, without it, a fizzle of others. I had not learned to care so much then for a little woman in blue."

"Oh, there! But listen to what they are saying. Who are they?"

"One is Gus Nelson, a quartermaster, and the other Jack somebody—a seaman."

"An Jack, you know, I ups and goes up the gangway, and just outside her stateroom hangs her colors, and they figures out something like this, the best I could make out. Madam Myers—France something, Seer, and tells you all about courtship and some stuff I couldn't make out, and all this stuff costs a dollar. That is from your cradle to your grave. So I ups and calls the high signer and she comes and I asks her about this deal, cradle and grave biz, and she tells me she can spin me all about myself, and when I'm going to go under. So I ups and says, 'Spin away old girl. I'm your man.' And she says, do you prefer this or that, and I didn't exactly make out, and so I

says the best you've got. She sets down and rolls her eyes around. She had eyes like a search-light, took in everything; and then she begins. Says she, 'Everything is dark around you, very black.' 'Twas clear daylight, and a clear sky, so I couldn't make out my course exactly, and she says, 'You're a sailor, and your name is Nelson.' 'Th't is right,' says I, 'and you've had a very cold life, and are in great danger, in fact, death. You will only make one more trip to sea. It will be your last. It is so black—so black.' 'Tha't all right, old girl,' says I; 'you've told me enough.' 'You'r guessing now,' says I. 'The Warrior is just as solid a craft as ever steamed, and the devil himself can't hurt her.' 'A great wall falls onto you.' She got a little daffy then, 'and I can't see you. It is water—water everywhere.' 'Oh, come, now, old woman,' says I. 'What do you want for this stuff,' and I shied her a dollar, stripped me cable and made a run for it."

"Now, how do you figure it out? That's the question. Have we got a hoodoo on us? You know such things has happened. The old spook got me kind of fishy, for a fact."

"Oh, Fred. Come away. Maybe that is a bad omen. I wish I hadn't listened now."

"Now you do care a little bit about me, don't you? But don't believe such things, Ruth; rest contented. Those are only a sailor's yarns, and I'd like to hear another if it would bring into your blue eyes that sweet look again. We will go out, come safely back, and that quartermaster will go up and have another test of the seer's powers. If I had worried over ghost stories, told for the benefit of doubting ones, you would see me now a decrepit old man, ready to die from fright when my shadow fell on the deck."

"Maybe this time you will have a dreadful storm."

"That would be nothing strange, either, for this season of the year. If we should I can imagine myself taking a moment to watch through that port yonder the ragged sea and sky until I can imagine you looking in, hovering like a guardian—"

"Well, Ruth, isn't it about time to go?"

Mr. Shields has been complaining of the cold for a half hour."

"Cold, mamma? On this beautiful afternoon? I'm not the least bit chilly."

"That's not surprising. You and Fred Winslow could entertain one another on an ice-floe without the slightest regard for the feelings of others."

"Perhaps I have a higher regard for Mr. Winslow's feelings than I have for some others. Au Revoir, Mr. Winslow; a safe trip, and we'll have a longer chat next time."

"Bye-bye, Miss Morchant—Mrs. Morchant, good afternoon—Shields, so long. Come again on our next trip in."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And you are sure he is lost, Mr. Shields? I know the storms have been dreadful, and the night he went to sea I shall never forget. Why, the very waters were terror shaken; but I shall hope for the best."

"But hope will not bring him back, according to last reports. The owners have given the Warrior up, and when owners give up others might as well. You are worrying yourself to death over—well, it's foolish. I am going away to-morrow, and would you consider—"

"Consider nothing, Mr. Shields. The owners may have given up their ship, but I—I shall never give up my friends. Let me see that paper! You need not be so concerned; I know how he died, if he had to die."

"Look for yourself, then. Here is the headlines: 'Warrior Lost. The British Ship Kellowdene, Captain Mallory, put in here last evening much the worse for the heavy storms that have swept the coast. Capt. Mallory reports that on the fourteenth of the month, he picked up at sea Gus Nelson, quartermaster, and Fredric Winslow, chief engineer, of the collier Warrior.'"

"He is safe. Mr. Shields, you deceived me. You—"

"He is here. A welcome surprise, I hope. Houd yeh do, Shields—and Ruth—"

"Oh! Fred, you dear—you've been listening—and—I don't like you one bit. Don't you dare to kiss—"

## AT THE ROBIN'S CALL

"Rare odors of a new-born Spring

With sweetness lade the atmosphere;

The bluebird and the robin sing,

The sparrow's note sounds soft and clear.

A subtle something stirs within;

An impulse strong to be afield.

My mates are calling—I begin

To find excuse, that I may yield.

And tramp the woodland, dale and hill

Once-more, with my old mates of song;

To feel the wild exultant thrill

That makes the pulse beat quick and strong.

Yes, I am coming—sound the call

Adown the echoing forest aisles;

Sing, robin in the elm tree tall,

Till sleeping Nature wakes and smiles.

And when she wakes I'll greet her—so,

And let her lead me where she may;

The impulse stirs—I fain would go,

The robin-calls—I must obey!"

# THE 20TH CENTURY INVASION OF CANADA

By R. A. HASTE

## IV. Alberta—The Land of the Warm Chinook

To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. This is the law of life, both moral and physical—the law of evolution. Moreover, it was the law in the beginning when the infinite fiat went forth—the fiat that created the heavens and the earth, that reared the mountains, that clothed the valleys, that spread out the waste places of the earth.

North of the international boundary line and immediately east of the Rocky Mountains lies the territory of Alberta—a land blessed of the gods—a land over which bending nature ever smiles and into whose cradle she emptied her golden horn.

Between the forty-ninth and fifty-fifth parallel of latitude and between the one hundred eleventh meridian and the Eastern crest of the Rockies, lie one hundred ten thousand square miles of unmeasured possibilities. No other political division of this great virgin empire of the Northwest contains so much that is necessary to modern civilization, and so little that is useless. Here are mountains and plains, foot-hills and valleys, rolling prairies with wooded stretches between, dense forests and grassy meadows, clean-shored, timber-girded lakes and winding brooks, cold mountain streams and navigable rivers, and a soil, rich in the alluvial and vegetable accumulations of centuries. And as if not content with these outward signs of her favor, nature hid beneath the surface vast deposits of iron and coal; she filled the subterranean reservoirs with gas and oil,

and sprinkled the sands of the mountain streams with gold. That no living thing should go athirst, she gathered together the waters of the mountains and brought them to the plains to be directed by the ingenuity of man to the use of the grazing herds and the planted fields. Then to crown her effort, and leave nothing incomplete, she brought the Chinook, warm with the breath of May, to temper the north wind in the absence of the sun. Southern Alberta is adapted to ranching and to farming under irrigation; Northern Alberta, to grain culture, dairying, and mixed farming. Both are wrapped about by the same wonderful climate, modified by the difference of latitude; and under the surface of both lie the unexplored deposits of mineral wealth.

The natural grasses grow luxuriantly during the spring months and then are cured on the stem by the summer drouths, affording the finest possible feed for range stock during the balance of the year. The winters are so mild—snow seldom covering the ground for more than a week at a time—that live stock needs no shelter. They rustle for themselves, thrive on what nature affords, and come out in the spring not only in good condition, but fat.

By reason of these conditions Southern Alberta early gained a reputation as a ranching country—a reputation that is always difficult to shake off. A rancher hates a settler and does all in his power to discourage the homesteader. While the ranching influence has been able to keep the actual settler out of even the humid portions of Southern Alberta, it has not been able to keep in the dark the magnifi-



On Fourth Division of Irrigation Canal



cent possibilities of the country under proper systems of irrigation. Capital has become interested, and the railroad companies holding large grants of land have awakened to the fact that their finest agricultural land lies in that portion of the semi-arid belt embraced in Southern Alberta, and heretofore regarded as good for nothing but stock ranges. The Canadian Northwest Irrigation Company, a corporation allied to the Alberta Railway and Coal Company, has already completed and in operation over one hundred miles of main canal in the region south of Lethbridge. This is but the beginning of a system which will cover the larger part of the south half of Southern Alberta.

There is water sufficient in sight and yearly running to waste to irrigate ten million acres in Southern Alberta. I do not wish it understood that irrigation systems can be devised to bring water to every foot of these ten million acres; that

not used last year, but it is there a standing guaranty against failure.

It must be understood that some parts of Southern Alberta have a humid climate, where irrigation is unnecessary. In the foot-hills there is usually abundant moisture, but the latitude renders agricultural pursuits precarious by reason of the danger of early frosts. Land is to be had from the Dominion Government under the homestead laws and from railroad land departments by purchase. The Canadian Northwest Irrigation Company offer the finest land along their canals for from ten to twelve dollars per acre, on ten year payments. The cost of irrigation is about one dollar per acre for water actually used.

Northern Alberta is the ideal dairying region of the Canadian Northwest. It is the natural home of the cow. The wild grasses, blue joint, and red top grow here as nowhere else; the streams afford a never failing supply of pure cold water;



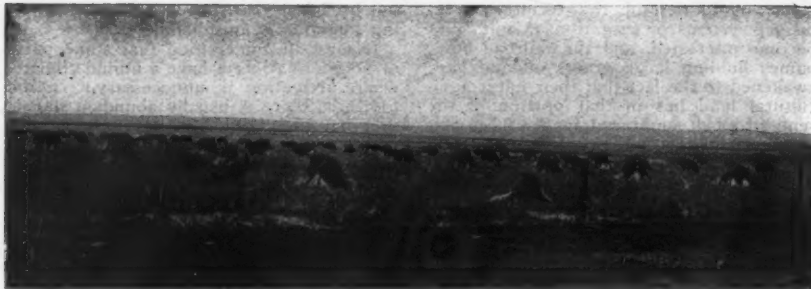
Dumb Appreciation—A New Stock District

would be unnecessary, even if it were possible. In the highest development of an agricultural country, either under natural conditions or irrigation, a certain amount of pasturage is necessary. The topography of Southern Alberta is such that there will be practically no waste land when the irrigation possibilities have been fully developed.

Raymond, the youngest of these colonization ventures, is a fair illustration of what can be done. Last March the first tents were pitched on the prairies near the canal and the first sod broken. To-day there is a community of eight hundred people with a well-laid-out community town, possessing stores, a bank, a hotel, a flour-mill with a daily capacity of one hundred fifty barrels, and the foundation of a large sugar factory, and with one hundred sixty thousand bushels of grain to their credit. All this was accomplished within the space of eight months. The irrigation canal which extends through the center of the town was

there is an almost total absence of flies. The timber affords protection from the winds in winter and the heat in summer. The winters being somewhat colder than in Southern Alberta, live stock must be kept up and fed for three months, but that is rather a help than a hindrance. The abundance of grass for the cutting and the enormous yield of all root crops renders the accumulation of fodder for a dairy herd, a comparatively easy matter. In dairying possibilities Northern Alberta is equal if not superior to Ontario and Wisconsin.

In Northern Alberta you come again into the region of berries and small fruits. Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and blueberries grow wild as they do in Minnesota and Wisconsin. Cherries and wild plums are also found in the woods. The soil of both North and South Alberta is adapted to the growth of the sugar beet. Sorghum and even corn can be grown with success under irrigation in the southern section.



A Two Year Old Farm

The mineral resources of Alberta are equal to its agricultural resources. Both are undeveloped, the mineral resources as yet scarcely explored. Beds of coal doubtless underlie a great part of the territory. It outcrops along the bluffs of the rivers, showing veins from three to thirty feet thick. The coal in the regions of Edmonton and Lethbridge is a superior grade of lignite, a good domestic and steam producing coal, but indifferent for cooking purposes. As we go west the grade of the coal improves until in the mountains a first-class anthracite is found. The extent of these coal deposits is of course unknown. At Lethbridge where the Alberta Railway and Coal Company have been operating for a number of years, the deposit runs about eight thousand tons per acre, and has been traced for eighteen miles along the river. The output of these mines averages five hundred tons per day and is marketed as far east as Winnipeg.

The Saskatchewan River as it cuts its way through the plateau which forms the eastern approach to the Rocky Mountains, reveals many secrets of the under-earth. Down the river from Edmonton the channel cuts through a bed of soft iron ore in apparently inexhaustible quantities. It is an ore closely resembling the famous

soft ore of the Mesaba iron range in Minnesota—an ore that can be loaded into cars with steam shovels. Specimens obtained at random, on analysis, show fifty-four per centum pure iron.

For years miners and Indians and any one who wished to work have been able to make good wages washing the sand of the Saskatchewan River near Edmonton for gold. Where this gold comes from no one as yet has discovered. One puzzling feature of this proposition is that the quantity seems to grow no less, but is renewed wherever the current of the river forms a sand bar.

The market of the agricultural products of Alberta will ultimately be to the West—to the Orient, as it is now in the mining districts of the mountains. Her coal and iron will be shipped east—down grade, to the plains of Assiniboia, the prairies of Manitoba and the great valley of the Saskatchewan. The home market of Alberta will be one of the controlling factors in her future problems. A country so isolated and with such rich and varied stores of raw material is bound to develop manufacturing institutions. The tariff of transportation will always act as an ample protection to her "infant industries." Between Ontario (Upper Canada) and Alberta there is a haul of two



A Second Years's Crop



thousand miles, and to the Pacific coast it is only five hundred.

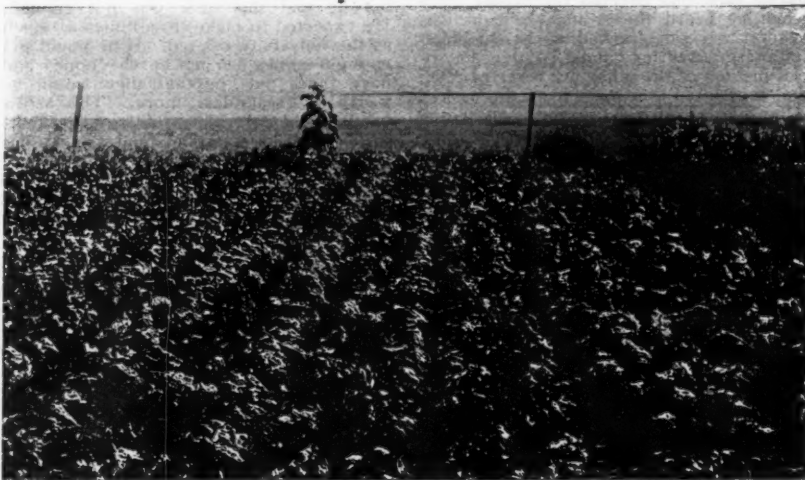
Alberta stands in the very gateway of railroad development in the Northwest. The transportation facilities of the territory are now represented by the main line of the Canadian Pacific and the Crow's Nest Pass Branch which bisects the southern section on its way to the Kootenai district. From the south the Great Falls & Alberta road, owned by the Alberta Coal & Railway Company, reaches Lethbridge. This road built as a narrow gauge and operated to open up the coal fields of Lethbridge, has recently been widened to the standard, and is now operated by the Great Northern, thus connecting that great system of the United States with the Canadian Pacific system. What this movement on the part of the management of the Great Northern system means, will probably develop later. At present the bare fact alone appears on the transportation map. The Alberta Railway & Coal Company have another narrow gauge branch extending from Sterling on their main line to Cardston, through Raymond and McGrath.

To the north from the Crow's Nest Branch at Fort Macleod, the Calgary & Edmonton extends through Calgary, where the main line of the Canadian Pacific is crossed, to Edmonton. This road although owned by a separate company is at present operated by the Canadian Pacific. There are rumors, however, of a change, as the lease held by the Canadian Pacific has expired. As to new railroad projects, the air is full of them. This is the age of transcontinental lines and Canada proposes not to lag in the procession. The Canadian Northern which

has been making rapid progress in the last two years proposes to go to the coast by way of the Saskatchewan valley and the Yellow-Head Pass. Already the main line has been located to Edmonton and five miles of the road from Edmonton to Strathcona completed. The Grand Trunk has been forced by competition and the desire to participate in the development of the Northwest to prepare to build from its terminals at Northwest Bay in Ontario to the Pacific coast. The route outlined, and for which a charter is asked, traverses Northern Alberta north of the Saskatchewan River. Branch lines will extend to Calgary and northwest to the Peace River country.

The most interesting as well as the most important characteristic of Alberta is its climate. Here, north of the forty-ninth parallel is a land with an average annual temperature as high as that of Southern Minnesota—a land where the summers with their long bright days are cool, and the winters moderate. Little snow falls in Southern Alberta, and wheat, oats, barley and all kinds of vegetables flourish in the Peace River valley, three hundred miles northwest of Edmonton. And why? It is all owing to the Chinook, the warm wind that blows from the west.

The development of Alberta has been along the lines of transportation; first along the rivers and then along the railroads. The Hudson Bay posts and the Mounted Police stations were the nuclei about which the anti-railroad communities gathered. Now there are many small bright towns—local centers of trade—springing up wherever the railroad trains stop.



Field of Sugar Beets, near Stirling

## THE GRUNDY CENTER BOOM

An Archeological Swindle

By B. W. REYNOLDS

After six months of fitful existence the "Grundy Center Breeze" blew itself out. The type went back to the foundry and the sheriff seized the press; but Haskell, the editor, stayed. After borrowing ten dollars he paid up the back taxes on a three acre strip of pasture near the village. One bright morning after the last village loafer had seated himself on the long bench in front of the grocery, Clyde Haskell came down the street with a stranger. Had Haskell been alone Jim Webster would have finished his fish yarn, but the attention of his audience had shifted to the basket Haskell and the stranger were carrying between them. As the two neared the store there was much craning of necks and speculations on the part of the idlers. Sam Blake wiped his glasses with his handkerchief, shaded his eyes, and exclaimed, "Preacher!" Curiosity seized the whole group and the face of each became an animated question mark. A minute passed and curiosity reached its climax as Haskell and his friend approached after setting the basket down on the further edge of the walk. The loafers continued to look with their eyes full of wonder and had Haskell not introduced the Rev. Mr. Snyder at this juncture Webster would have asked him to remove the gunny sack that covered the basket. But when he heard the stranger's name, his request was side tracked, so he shambled up and grasped his hand. At this the social instinct of the other five asserted itself and they lifted their eyes from the basket. After a brief "Howdy'e" or a civil "Good morning, parson" they resumed their gaze. Sam Blake nervously wiped his glasses the second time and gave Haskell a beseeching look. Clyde walked back to the basket and unfastened the sack. The bench creaked and the six bolted forward with more spryness than is accredited to those of their calling. With heads together they gazed at the two small skulls and half bushel of crumbling bones and broken pottery, in silence, yet Jim Webster wanted to see more, so he poked at the debris until he uncovered several arrow heads.

Grundy, the storekeeper, stepped from his door and became interested at once. "Where did you get them, Haskell?" "Well, Mr. Grundy," replied Haskell, "it's this way. A month or so ago I wrote to my friend Snyder here telling him about

that mound in my pasture. He is a crank on such things and couldn't sleep nights until he came down and dug into it. We found these this morning."

Here Snyder took up the conversation. "Yes, I am sure they are remains of the Mound Builders. You know they lived centuries ago and relics of them are rare." Sam Blake forgot his rheumatism and hustled off to tell his wife.

That afternoon the good people of Grundy Center thronged about the store, eager and excited. Grundy closed up his store and the crowd followed him to Haskell's pasture. A shovel was taken along and in two hours more relics were found. A hollow granite block and a chunk of copper and more bones were lifted to the surface. The people became silent and the Rev. Dr. Snyder addressed them. His enthusiasm seemed to pour from a lofty mind, to be absorbed by his eager listeners. When they went away they had caught his fever and to them Grundy Center was no longer an obscure hamlet. In two days the news of the discovery had spread to every town in the county and many came to stare and wonder. Haskell handed Grundy a letter from a State University offering \$15,000 for the land if it proved to be all that was claimed for it, but he said this offer was not enough. He expected to make three times as much as the university offered. If he could get enough money to dig up the bones and have them put together they would be worth a great deal more. The arrow heads could be readily sold to relic hunters. What he wanted Grundy to do was to look after his property while he and his friend went to the city to get \$5,000 to carry on the investigations. He then turned away, naming the next Thursday for his trip. Early the next morning Haskell was awakened by Grundy. Grundy had \$5,000 to invest. After a half hour's talk Haskell unfolded his plan of incorporating the "Silas Grundy Archeological Investment Company" and issuing five thousand shares of stock at \$10.00 each. Grundy was to have five hundred shares and be president of the company. Haskell would keep one thousand and be manager. The Rev. Mr. Snyder would be temporary treasurer with another five hundred shares. In two weeks by the grace of the law the "Silas Grundy Investment Company" issued certificates for the re-

maintaining three thousand shares of stock to eager purchasers. Some one suggested that the village buy a few hundred shares as an investment. Accordingly a town meeting was called and addressed by Silas Grundy, the president of the village and president of the "Investment Company." When he had finished the people called for Mr. Snyder and Mr. Snyder arose. He said that since his term of office was only temporary and that he was a non-resident, he would sell his five hundred shares at the original price although they had increased in value. He said that the income of five hundred shares would pay the expenses of the village government and thus exempt the people from taxation. He suggested that each property owner give the amount of his tax assessment toward buying the five hundred shares. When he sat down the audience applauded long and loudly.

In a few days the canvass was made and Grundy Center owned five hundred shares of stock. About this time the directors of the Company became conscious of the great wealth they had stored in their safe and sent Haskell and the Rev. Mr. Snyder to the city with a deposit of \$28,000 for the National Bank.

Two weeks after the manager and the

treasurer had said good bye to the directors at the railway station, they were enjoying themselves in a New Orleans hotel. "How did you ever run on to that scheme, Clyde," asked Snyder. Clyde looked at Hookey and smiled. "When my paper went broke I tried to think of a scheme to create a little sensational advertising so that I could float the sheet again, but one night after I had written my last editorial for the 'Breeze' I happened to think that I was not made for an editor, and then I thought of you. I went to work and dug up a lot of stuff they planted in the graveyard years ago and sent for you to get those arrow heads and that pottery for me"—Haskell became silent, gazed at Snyder's loud checked vest and smiled again.

Tho' the people of Grundy Center burned Haskell and Snyder in effigy and bemoaned the loss of \$45,000 of their hard earned money, they were so thoroughly duped that they were content that the affair should be kept out of the newspapers. But every time a man comes to the town looking for suitable rooms for a newspaper he is promptly notified that Grundy Center is getting along nicely without a newspaper and is requested to leave at the earliest opportunity.

## HIS LAST RUN

By ROY W. McREYNOLDS

No stops to make—

"Old Ninety-two" is nearly in;  
'Bove the roar the engineer shouts,  
"Ned, we're 'bout home again."

His hair is gray,  
For many years he's made the run.  
He loves to hear the engine throb  
And the machin'ry hum.

He thinks of home,  
His face is brightened by a smile;  
"Father's whistling" his wife will say  
After a little while.

He looks ahead;  
The train has sped around a curve;  
With paling face, he grimly stands  
And summons all his nerve.

A train he sees  
Rapidly coming very near;  
There is no chance—he cannot stop,  
But still he has no fear.

Ned runs to jump,

The engineer stays at his post,  
His hand the lever firmly grasps,  
He is fully engrossed.

The fireman warns  
And jumps; the engineer's alone,  
The lever's centered and brakes clamped,  
The wheels sorrowfully moan.

He sees his doom,  
But on his face the smile still plays;  
He thinks of wife and folks at home  
And of happier days.

His life's events  
All rise before him one by one,  
His schoolboy days and youthful joys,  
And triumphs he had won.

The trains collide,  
Brutal force wields its awful power.  
A score of men their lives give up—  
Oh, unfortunate hour!

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The wreck is cleared,  
The vet'ran was found at his post,  
A last triumph his face portrayed,  
For duty he loved most.

## From the Editor's Note Book

We thoroughly understand the motives which prompted the Virginia Legislature to pass a bill providing for placing a

Honoring  
Robert E.  
Lee

statue of General Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall at Washington. Of the many illustrious Virginians, it is doubtful whether Jefferson, or even the Father of his Country himself, is more beloved and honored by the inhabitants of the Old Dominion than is Robert E. Lee. Memorable was his service to Virginia, and never will she cease to cherish his memory. He was a great man and a good man. He did not wish to see his State secede from the Union, but, when she did, he followed her. The conviction that his State had a right to secede if she chose, and that, she having done so, it was his duty to uphold her, was shared, not only by almost all the contemporary statesmen in the Southern States, but also by Josiah Quincy and many New England statesmen in the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century. It will, therefore, be as impossible for the future American historian, however devoted to the Union he may be, to dispute the rectitude of Lee's motives as it will be to belittle his military abilities. The truth, however, is not always timely. There is some reason to apprehend that the hour has not yet come when the organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Republican majority in Congress, will welcome the erection in Statuary Hall of a statue of Robert E. Lee, or of any other eminent generals who fought for the right of secession. Congress has to act upon the acceptance of the statue, and it may heed the protest of the Grand Army of the Republic, should one be made.

Irrigation enterprises in Montana seem to be increasing in number to a most encouraging degree. But a few days ago a large co-operative enterprise was launched in Northern Montana, and now another extensive project is under consideration in Montana, in the immediate vicinity of Billings. When it is considered that under our present laws over 600 acres of land have been reclaimed in the last ten years,

largely through co-operative enterprises, the need for an immediate change in the law is not apparent. Co-operative enterprises of this kind have proved most successful in Montana, and they have been carried on under the present laws. While these irrigation projects have been in the main successful, a large number of joint stock operations have proved failures, some of which have been taken over and completed, and successfully accomplished through co-operative efforts of actual owners and occupants of the lands. These two new enterprises now under consideration will, if carried to completion, add about 50,000 acres to the productive lands in the State, and there are other propositions of like nature that will follow in the near future. There is every reason to believe that early in the spring the great work of building the canal to divert the waters of the St. Mary into Northern Montana will be commenced by the general Government and pushed as rapidly as possible, furnishing facilities for reclaiming several hundred thousand acres in that section of the State, which will give productive and profitable homes for several thousand more inhabitants and increase the taxable property of the State to a large extent.

Those Englishmen who imagine and assert that in the United States the dollar is almighty overlook the profound respect, amounting at times almost to reverence, with which Americans regard men, like Ralph Waldo Emerson, who believe in plain living and high thinking. Emerson has had many disciples in public as well as in private life, and the position which they occupy in the esteem and confidence of their fellow-citizens is one unapproached by any of our multi-millionaires. A few years ago the annual income of one member of the Federal Senate was reputed to exceed \$14,000,000 from one source alone. So far as we know, that gentleman's voice has never been heard but twice in the Senate-Chamber, and were he to speak oftener he would be listened to with more surprise than respect. On the other hand, there is no Senator who deserves and commands

The Dollar  
Not  
Almighty



so much attention when he rises to discuss a public question as does the Hon. George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts; indeed, we do not hesitate to say that, since the death of Daniel Webster, there has never been a Senator whose utterances bear so well the searching test of type. Yet this man, who for a quarter of a century has worthily represented the commonwealth of Massachusetts in the Upper House of the Federal Legislature, has never known what it is to possess so modest an income even as two thousand dollars a year, outside of his salary. Up to a twelve month ago, he had been unable to rent even an humble dwelling, but had lived in boarding-houses, some tolerable, some intolerable, during the whole of his useful and honorable career in Washington. Has the fact impaired his social dignity or his political weight? We reply, not an iota. That is a truth well known to men who have lived in the Federal capital, and it is a truth as creditable to the American people as it is to Senator Hoar himself.

The day when society rested on brute force, when nations were only powerful according to the number of mailed men

**The Modern  
Feudal  
Lord**

they could put in the field, has gone never to return. And with the disappearance of that day disappeared the feudal lord. His place has been taken by the lord of commerce, who is not born to his title, but wins it by the force of intellect, his courage, and his capacity. Nations to-day are only great that are great commercially. The factory, the mine, the shop are the things that count; they exercise a much more dominating influence on the world than ever did men in mail or archers with their cloth-yard shafts—and those were the forces that propped up tottering thrones or tore down proud crowns. The age of a Machiavelli, of a Richelieu, of a Wolsey has been engulfed in history. A Napoleon no longer fits in with the scheme of things. What the world needs, what the world rewards most lavishly, is constructive, not destructive, ability; the master mind that eliminates friction, not he who increases the resistance. These men are found to-day in commerce and in finance. It is there that their genius finds full play. They make millions for themselves, but they can only make them when they add to the comfort of all mankind, when they raise the general scale of civilization. We were told in our younger days that the man who made two blades of grass grow where before there was only one was a benefactor; to-day these men are not content with two poor little blades; nothing less than an entire field will suit them, a field rich with its ears of golden corn; a field that feeds the white man in the temperate zone as well as the yellow man in

the tropics; a field that puts wealth in the pockets of hundreds.

After all, why should the historian attempt to wipe every blot off the characters of the world's heroes? It does not

**The Truth  
of  
Biography**

make their lives more attractive or inspiring. Cromwell insisted that the painter should not leave his wart out of his portrait, and the history or biography that leaves the warts off its characters is not a history, or biography, but a bundle of inconsequential lies. Let us have men of flesh and blood in our biographies and history. If Hamilton was of a libidinous disposition, let us know it. If Washington at times had uncontrollable fits of rage, let us know it. If Webster got drunk, Clay played poker, and Lincoln told smutty stories, let us know it. The faults and weaknesses of great men, if placed in the proper perspective along with their nobler qualities, bring us into closer and more loving contact with them. No man of sense will admire or imitate the fault, while a knowledge of it gives us a clearer insight into the character which it marred. No biographer that ever lived so ruthlessly plied the scalpel to lay bare the shortcomings of his hero as did Boswell; and yet there are few people who would say that his life of Dr. Johnson has accomplished anything but good in the world. It is one of the noblest of English literary productions, not despite of the fact, but solely because of the fact, that it tells without reservation or equivocation the whole truth about the habits, the frailties, the virtues, the eccentricities, and the life of a very great man.

The increase of the president's cabinet by the department of commerce and labor brings nearer the day when an "inner cabinet"

**The Increase  
in the  
Cabinet**

fact. Even now there are some members of the cabinet who are closer to the president than others, and whose advice on questions outside their own departments is the more sought. The larger the cabinet becomes, the more powerful must be this wheel within a wheel. In England the cabinet now consists of some twenty members, and the result is that a full cabinet conference amounts to no more than a mass-meeting. The real bossing is by three or four men, who meet quietly by themselves and then tell the others what to think. Our cabinet will evolve in much the same way, as its numbers increase; and, what is more, the increase of the cabinet will tend to cheapen the honor of belonging to it, excepting three or four leading places, such as the state, treasury and war portfolios. How our own cabinet has diminished in politi-

cal importance as a whole is shown by the appointment of Mr. Cortelyou as head of the new department of commerce and labor. Mr. Cortelyou is a good fellow and has excellent administrative ability, but he represents nothing whatever in politics, and he brings to the administration of Mr. Roosevelt no fresh political strength. But if he exhibits the qualities required in organizing the new department, that is the business in hand, and the really important matter.

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The looting of public lands may prove a "settler" to the question of immigration. The startling statement is made that of

**Looting of Public Lands** domain of 2,000,000,000 acres but 500,000,000 are left. President Roosevelt's warning, in his message, was timely; for the evil is working out. Under the present Land Acts system, it is calculated that in five years the public domain suitable for settlement will be exhausted. During the first ninety days of the fiscal year over 6,000,000 acres were filed upon. It is charged that wealthy men and corporations are instrumental in taking up all the best lands for grazing ranches or to hold them in land monopoly. Improvements in agricultural implements have made great tracts—rivaling the famous Dalrymple wheat farm—possible of cultivation. The introduction of automobile farming machinery promises to work a revolution in farming, both East and West.

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During the last forty years the center of largest grain and grass production on the North American continent has been gradually moving north and west. Men now in middle life can easily remember the time when Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin took the lead in grains and grasses, and that later Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and the Dakotas gradually superseded them. The grain and grass zone, constantly expanding by settlement and cultivation, soon extended beyond our northern boundary, and being still on its irresistible march it is apparent to all that the "Bread and Meat Basket" of the continent will in a few years be located on the fertile plains of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca.

**Reciprocity With Canada**

The large areas of land in these provinces recently acquired by our capitalists and the many hundreds of farmers from the "States" who have settled in this Canadian Northwest furnish patent evidences of the faith of our people in its future. The cities of Superior and Duluth would be greatly benefited if at least a share of the wheat, barley, oats and flaxseed from this naturally tributary territory was handled in our elevators and ground in our mills; the cattle slaughtered here, the dressed meat packed and shipped from here. And no doubt the people of that fertile land would like to consign their products to us, and to buy here, with the proceeds of their lumber, building materials, agricultural implements and machinery, hardware, furniture, boots and shoes, clothing, groceries, and supplies of all kinds, in fact to look to the head of Lake Superior as their wholesale trading point. But tariff barriers erected by ourselves prevent. The thing to do is to change these laws. Let us change them. At least let us start an agitation for their repeal. These tariffs are no longer an advantage to us. In fact they work injury. The country has outgrown the need of them, if it ever needed them. Let us agitate for reciprocity, or free trade, or whatever name it may go by, that will lead to free exchanges with our northern neighbors.

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Senator George Turner of Washington, whose term will expire on March 4, is understood to have been selected by President Roosevelt as one of the members of the Alaska boundary commission provided for in the treaty ratified by the Senate yesterday. The ratification of the treaty without opposition is due to the fact that it was understood in the Senate that Senator Turner would be one of the commissioners. As he is regarded as a representative of the Northwestern sentiment against any concessions to Great Britain, Senators who might otherwise have opposed the treaty refrained from doing so.

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Common sense is at the bottom of all really wholesome conventions. The extravagances of courtesy are mere pinchbeck pretensions. We still insist that the taking off of hats in an elevator, when a lady enters it, is as foolish and unmeaning as the same thing would be in a street car or any other public vehicle or place. It signifies nothing. It serves no useful or instructive purpose.





## Western Humor

A few weeks ago, four dozen Indiana girls went to North Dakota for matrimonial purposes. It is said their press agent announced their arrival by saying to the assembled bachelors at the station: "Here they are, Hoosier choice?"

"Well, well," remarked Farmer Korntop at the zoo, "this here lion 'pears to be real good-natured."

"Mebbe," suggested his good wife, "it is one o' them social lions ye read about in the papers."

It is told of a Western Kansas man elected justice of the peace that at his first marriage ceremony he became so badly rattled that after he had pronounced the couple husband and wife he remembered one phrase that he had forgotten and said: "Does any one know of any reason why this couple should not wed? If they do, it's too late now."

An Episcopal clergyman, of Cincinnati, was being shaved by a barber who was addicted to occasional sprees, says a writer in "Saxby's Magazine." The razor manipulator cut the parson's face quite considerably.

"You see, Jackson, that comes from taking too much drink," said the man of God. "Yes, sah," replied Jackson, "it makes de skin very tendah, sah. It do for a fack."

An Irishman, being annoyed by a howling dog in the night, jumped out of bed to dislodge the offender.

It was in the month of January, when the snow was two feet deep.

As he did not return, his wife went out to see what was the matter, and found him in his nightshirt in the middle of the road, with his teeth chattering and the whole of his body almost paralysed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail.

"Good gracious, Pat!" said she, "what would ye be after?"

"Hush!" said he, "don't ye see I'm trying to fraze the baste!"

He had a bundle of papers under his arm, and was standing near a railway station weeping.

"What is the matter, my boy?" said a pleasant faced gentleman.

"If I go home without selling my papers me father and mother will beat the life out of me."

"That's bad."

"Yes, sir, but the worst of it is that I am an only orphan."

"Yes," replied the philanthropist, allowing a coin to drop back into his pocket, "it doesn't often happen that a boy has such bad luck."

"You say you were a guest at the dinner-party where this army officer is said to have exhibited marked indications of intoxication?" inquired the president of the court-martial.

"Yes, your honour," replied the witness. "Did you see anything that would lead you to believe that he was drunk?"

"Yes, your honour; his legs looked very unsteady. They seemed to waver at times and knock together."

"Were you in a position to form an accurate opinion regarding these suspicious indications?"

"Yes, your honour; I was under the table at the time."

"Yes; I am from Minneapolis," said a Minneapolis traveling man, "and I suppose that it is up to me to tell some story indicative of the hostile feeling existing between my burg and St. Paul, our neat little rival across the river. The latest one I know is of the Minneapolis Norwegian who was being prevailed upon by an importunate book agent to buy a Bible. The flaxen-haired man from the cold peninsula was all but persuaded when he happened to glance within the volume and ran across the name St. Paul; he threw the book down in disgust, saying, 'Aye tank you can't fool me into buying a book that has anything to say about St. Paul.'"

"But, that is not so old as the tale of the Minneapolis minister who was fired by his congregation because he took his text from St. Paul."

Mr. Jones kept a toy shop and among various things sold fishing rods. For the purpose of advertising them he had a large rod hanging outside, with an artificial fish at the end of it. Late one night, when most people were in bed, a man who was

rather the worse for his night's enjoyment happened to see this fish. He looked at it and then went cautiously up to the door and knocked gently. Jones did not hear this, so after the man had knocked a little louder he responded at the window up above.

"Who's there?" said Jones.

"Don't make a noise," said the man, in a whisper, "but come down as quietly as you can."

At this request our friend thought there must be something the matter. So after dressing and coming down as quietly as possible, he proceeded to ask what it was.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"Sh!" said the man. "Pull your line in, quick; you've got a bite!"

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A number of years ago suit was brought against the cashier of the State Bank of Iowa Falls to recover an alleged deposit, which deposit the bank denied, according to a story in "The Green Bag." During the trial at Eldora the defendant's attorney made a very convincing argument for his client, and took pains to tell the jury of his client's high social and religious standing and of the confidence of the people which he enjoyed, and endeavored to impress upon the minds of the jury that the defendant was not the kind of a man to make a mistake in the handling of other people's money. T. H. Milner, a witty as well as a very shrewd lawyer, represented the other side, and in addressing the jury, said:

"Gentlemen, I heartily concur in what my brother has said of the defendant; I agree with him in each and every statement that he has made pertaining to Mr. ———'s good self; but I would have you consider deeply this one fact—Canada is full of just such men."

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A recent storm did considerable damage to the roof of a certain Board school, and a local builder was given instructions to attend to the matter. Taking one of his men, a typical Irishman, to the spot, the builder pointed to the dome, where certain slates had been displaced.

"There, Pat," he remarked, "that's your job. Just pop up and put those slates right."

Pat, however, begged to be excused.

"What!" shouted the builder, "are you afraid?"

"Sorra a bit av it," declared Pat, "but it's no scholar Oi am!"

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded his master.

"A mighty lot," retorted the son of Erin. "Shure, av an ignoramus loike meself attempted to cloimb to such dizzy heights o' larnin' it's a fall he'd be after getting! Be the powers, it's a scholar ye wants for that job!"

A young man living in the East End had an experience last night which he is not likely to forget.

He had been out late, and came home thoroughly tired, and with wet feet. His mother, who was anxious about him, heard him come in and softly close the door. Ten minutes later the atmosphere resounded with snores.

Finally the mother decided that he must take some quinine, and, after preparing three three-grain capsules, she sought his bedside.

"Wake up, Roy!" she cried; but there was no response, and a vigorous shaking ensued, which brought the youth up in bed.

Roy was given the quinine, and told to swallow it. He placed it in his mouth, nodded, and turned over to seek his lost dreams.

Ten minutes later, the household was awakened by sounds like the bursting of a water pipe, and, upon investigation, Roy was found with his head out of the window. The air was blue with strong words.

He hadn't swallowed the capsules, and they had dissolved in his mouth.

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"Tommy," said Tommy's father, as he caught the boy counting a roll of bills, "where'd you git all that money?"

"Playin' poker," answered the boy.

"Tommy," said the old man sternly, "you follow me out back o' the house."

"But dad—"

"Ain't I told you never to tackle no game of chance till you—"

"But this wan't no game of chance," protested the boy. "Why, dad, I run acrost a couple of tenderfeet from the East that didn't know no more about poker than to buck agin a pat hand in a jack pot with only a pair of tens."

The old man had picked up a strap, but now he dropped it.

"Fact, dad," replied the boy. "An' on the very next deal one of 'em had three queens an' let me bluff him out on ace high."

"Didn't know no more about playin' poker than that?" asked the old man.

"They sure didn't, dad."

The old man began to show signs of excitement.

"Have they left town yet, Tommy?" he asked.

"No, dad."

"Well, this here poker is a bad thing fer boys, an' I don't stand fer it nohow," announced the old man, "but if you'll just steer your poor ol' dad up agin them suckers, Tommy, we won't bother with the strap this time. Somebody ought to git that money that can take care of it, fer it would be a cryin' shame to leave it with two sech careless fellers as that."

## Western Life

"Our wife owns a horse and a dozen chickens. She has owned the chickens since last Christmas, but up to this week the hens apparently had not laid any eggs. The other day she discovered that when a hen cackled the old horse would immediately wake up, go to hunting for the egg, and eat it. Now she has a foot race with the horse every time a hen cackles in the barn lot. Sometimes the wife wins and sometimes the horse wins. But the funny part of it is, sometimes a neighbor's hen cackles, and when the wife rushes out to the barn lot the old horse stands demurely until she makes a futile search for the egg, then he gives her what is known as the horse-laugh."

Probably one of the most curious sights to be seen in the West of America is presented in the submarine petroleum wells at Summerland, in Southern California. Along the seashore and for a considerable distance out to sea are many derricks which look like windmills without sails; these support the drills which bore into the oil-bearing stratum stretching out under the bed of the Pacific Ocean. Even at the lowest state of the tide all the borings are in the water, and at high water they are entirely surrounded. Wharves have been built to support the drilling and pumping machinery. So far, the structures have not experienced the severe test of a violent southeasterly storm, but it may be expected that some damage will be done when one occurs.

Indians of Northern Alaska travel oddly in the spring before the warmth of the short summer has broken up the ice on the rivers. These Indians belong to the Porcupine River region, and are paying a visit to a party of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey at Camp Colonna, near the one hundred and forty-first meridian of longitude and on the edge of the Arctic Circle. The Indians' provisions are carried in the sled drawn by the dog team, but, as the season is spring, and the ice on the rivers may break up before their return, they carry on the sled a birch bark canoe, which, while water tight, is very light. On the return journey, if the river is free from ice, or "open," as the term is, the Indians will put their sled and snowshoes in the canoe and will paddle home. In Northern Alaska the natives rarely get

far from a river, as there are no roads, and they depend for food for themselves and their dogs mainly upon the salmon supplied by the river.

Out in the Philippines a curious pair of dwarfs have been found whose combined height is something less than forty inches. These little persons have attained their full growth, and but for the size of their heads are perfectly proportioned.

The woman is twenty-six years old and towers to a height of nineteen inches. The other member of this remarkable combination, who is her brother, is twenty-nine years old. The man wears a seven and one-eighth hat.

The pair were born in the island of Panay, and since their earliest childhood have earned a very comfortable income by exhibiting themselves in the theaters and museums throughout the Philippine islands. They are decidedly accomplished in their way. They can both sing and dance acceptably, and give several "turns," which are highly appreciated by the Filipino audiences.

Recent geological research has discovered a series of wonderful fossil fishes among the shale deposits of Wyoming. Their original forms have been somewhat flattened and changed. They measured from twenty to thirty feet long, and were in life exceedingly ravenous and dangerous. That they fought among themselves is almost positively known, for a specimen has been taken from the rock the stout back plate of which had been completely crushed in two, bearing in its solid bone deep imprints and gashes which fit the jawtips of this species, which had jaws set with a bristling row of teeth. These formidable creatures are found along with others in what are known as the "Bad Lands" or fossil beds of the West. This whole section was, ages ago, a great lake, which, through changed geological conditions, was drained, leaving the mighty monsters of the deep to sink and become buried deep, away from the destructive elements of the air and flesh eating animals. By piling up successive layers of sediment nature has thoroughly embalmed and preserved their remains these millions of years, until the pick of the fossil hunter has cut and chiseled out their petrified forms.

## THE REAL GOLD MINES

A Nature Study

By JOSEPH COVER

I have just received a copy of the February number of your magazine, says Joseph Cover, of Ashland, Wis. The cover is a beautiful thing, as well as appropriate. Your illustrations practically bring the West—its farms, fields, towns and mountains—within the horizon of the eye, and give the readers of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE a realistic panorama of the great West and Northwest. You cover a wonderful range of country in your write-ups, and the articles are all interesting.

While I live in the timber country, here in Northern Wisconsin, my home used to be in Southwest Wisconsin—in Grant county—probably the richest agricultural county in the State. When I left there, some thirty years ago, the best price for improved lands was \$25 an acre; and lands had to be "near town" (Lancaster, the county seat) to bring that price. I was down there this past summer, and had a good chance to compare present prices of land with those of thirty years ago. The regular going prices for improved farms are from \$175 to \$200 per acre. Large farms change hands on this basis. I don't know what such lands in other portions of the State are worth, but I know Grant county is one of the biggest farming sections in the State, and I have quoted correctly the present range of prices per acre.

Think of the fortunes such an enormous rise in values has brought to the farmers in that region! It goes without saying that most of them are independently rich. I heard many stories on this subject while there, but needless to repeat them here. This county of Grant was first settled by lead miners, who thought their fortunes were under the ground instead of on top of it. Therefore they followed mining to the neglect of farming. A good deal of the country was then covered with hardwood timber. As stated, I was in that region this past summer, and along when the wheat fields were turning to gold, and some of them in shock, I rode about the country, sometimes on excursions of a dozen to twenty-five miles over the "prai-

ries" (I was about to say where used to be prairies and timber) and found one unbroken succession of farms. The cattle grazed "on a thousand hills." The timber was gone, and so was the mining—everything had given way to the more important and valuable business of farming. A thought occurred to me while thus riding through the country, and viewing the golden fields, and on my return I placed it in writing, and while I have used figurative language I have expressed a truth, I think, that is nowhere better illustrated than it was on my trip mentioned. I submit it for your readers:

The fields in the spring are picked by the plow and the harrow. The farmer gets a return in autumn in gold. The returns are sure. The miner in the rock-ribbed hills of the West, delving for gold, is in the dark. He may or may not get his harvest. The farmer works in the sunlight. He sees the green change to gold, and he reaps a sure harvest! No groping in the dark for unseen riches. The mills and mints of Nature, working steadily day and night, turn gold into the hands of the farmer. He is not delving in a dark hole in the ground for riches; but in the open, in the sunshine, under the beautiful blue dome of heaven, breathing the sweet air of the hills and the fields, the fragrance of flowers, fanned by the winds from fields and woods, and drinking water from the cool, clear spring. His ears are saluted by Nature's music—the humming of bees, the wind's lullaby, the singing of birds, the grand chorus of Nature welling up from everywhere. That great artist, Nature, has painted the sky in changing color and beauty—passing with the wind's breath, it may be; anon, dark, rolling clouds and the lowing of cattle announce the coming rain storm that sweeps by with all the magnificence that Nature can portray, and leaves the fields revived and freshened, and the farmer's harvest is assured. Yes, the real miner—the farmer—lives and mines above ground, and his partner is Nature.



# The Northwest Magazine

## PUZZLE PICTURES



No. 1



No. 4



No. 2



No. 5



No. 6



No. 3



No. 7

Each of these Pictures represents some well-known city of the West. To the subscriber sending in the correct list of these cities together with the names of states in which they are located before June 1st will receive a prize of \$5.00. Five \$1.00 prize will be given to the five next best answers. Address "PUZZLE EDITOR," THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, St. Paul, Minn.



## Of Interest to Farmers

This department is devoted to general information for the agriculturalist. Contributions are solicited

The government expended \$3,500,000 in collecting the agricultural statistics for the twelfth census, of which forty per cent is chargeable to live stock.

One of the nicest ways to plant early potatoes, is to put them in the ground as soon as it is dry enough and then cover them over, piling about six to eight inches of straw over the ground. They will need no cultivation, and a large, nice crop will be raised.

The history of every farmer is written on his fields. There is satisfaction in growing crops in improved fields and having intimacy with nature. Let each man bestow his heart and brain upon his labor and radiate with virtue after each day's work is done. This is the history of which we are proud.

In selling farm products appearances will have a great deal to do with the price. It is better to have a good

appearance and low quality than to have these reversed. City people like appearance and they buy largely on looks. They like a rough-coat'd potato and medium size. They do not like to buy a medium yellow apple but if they can buy a large, red apple, they like it.

The department of the interior was disappointed over the failure of Congress to amend the land laws. Grazing areas are being perpetrated constantly in the public domain of the far West. During the first 90 days of the present fiscal year over 6,000,000 acres of public land were taken up, a rate that would exhaust these free lands within five years if kept up. The point is this: Men and women are said to be hired to take up homesteads, their object being to sell out to the syndicates that are then in filing the claims.

In these days of soft corn we are hearing a great deal of praise for it. The Iowa Experimental Station is carrying on some experiments to ascertain its value. A claim is made that it is proving as valuable as sound corn, barring the excess of moisture contained in the soft corn. I never thought any immature crop was as good as a mature one. In wet years we have a condition that is comparable. A wet season may be as good as a dry season if we get the wet out of it. Getting rid of the wet, there's the rub.

There are large sections of the country that are past the "straw burning" habit, that have not reached the higher plane of farming that runs the whole output of straw into manure either by drawing it into the feed lot to be trampled over and worked over by the horse or using it as bedding for stock. Straw used for the latter purpose not only keeps the stock warm, and clean, but helps to absorb and hold the liquid manure till it reaches the manure heap or is drawn to the field. In either case it increases the amount of manure made. Be liberal with straw in the stable.

For some years the help on the farm has become a problem that is far from a solution. There are many things that are working together that cause the help on the farm to become limited. One of them is probably due to the fact that not enough boys "stick to the farm." There are many problems that one ought to work out that would call for less help and this would help matters. More grass, more live stock and less cultivated land. Renting to advantage to neighbors who are willing to pay good rent will be far preferable to attempting to get along with inefficient help.

More than ever before farmers are realizing that paying crops can only be raised from vigorous, plump and well preserved seed. The old idea that any seed which would germinate will answer was a delusion, and the cause of many unprofitable crops. When buying seed, insist that your seedsmen guarantee it will germinate promptly, as this will indicate seed from vigorous, healthy plants. Then, too, the seed must be large and plump. They will have enough plant food to start the young plant early, getting it out of the way of late drouths and early frosts. If you use seed produced on your own farm discard all but the very best, test it for vitality, and be satisfied with nothing which has the least indication of lack of vigor.

Alfalfa is not a difficult crop to raise, being sown in the spring. The preparation and seeding are done in the same manner as for wheat or oats. Only one crop can be secured the first year, and that is not always a good one, but once started there is no limit to the time it will thrive and produce. It sends its roots down to moisture, ten or more feet below the surface, and is little influenced by climatic conditions, which everywhere have a bearing on every other crop. The effect on the soil has been fully demonstrated by plowing up the alfalfa and sowing to other crops—corn, wheat, po-

## I Will Cure You of RHEUMATISM Else No Money is Wanted

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer.

I am a specialist in Rheumatism, and have treated more cases than any other physician, I think. For 16 years I made 2,000 experiments with different drugs, testing all known remedies while searching the world for something better. Nine years ago I found a costly chemical in Germany which, with my previous discoveries, gives me a certain cure.

I don't mean that it can turn bony joints into flesh again; but it can cure the disease at any stage, completely and forever. I have done it fully 100,000 times.

I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism, and I will mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure. Take it for a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is only \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself—and your mere word shall decide it.

I mean that exactly. If you say the results are not what I claim, I don't expect a penny from you. I have no samples. Any mere sample that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met. And in all my experience—in all my 2,000 tests—I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

Write me and I will send you the order. Try my remedy for a month, as it can't harm you anyway. If it fails it is free.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 459, Racine, Wis.  
Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

Please mention The Northwest Magazine when writing advertisers.

tatoes. The increased yield of these crops is phenomenal, showing that the alfalfa roots have nourished the soil.

Large profits have been obtained during the past few years where sheep ranching has been carried on intelligently, especially where the aim has been to raise a high class of stock, using the best rams and giving careful attention to the business. The profits derived from large sheep ranches of Texas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Oregon during the last year were enormous, and as a result the industry is receiving a wonderful impetus.

The garden should be the best tilled part of the farm. Rotation should be practiced as well as in the case of farm crops, because all plants will grow better when they are not made to succeed themselves on the same soil each year. Some provision should be made so that the horse cultivator can be used for weeding purposes, otherwise the garden is apt to run wild with weeds. Every family should have an abundant supply of small fruit as well as vegetables, for the reason that these are healthier foods than too much meat. It often happens that the garden can be made to be the source of considerable income in addition to supplying the family wants.

A barn door blown from the barn was left on the grass of a meadow some weeks before returning it to its place, and the grass became yellow under it. The next year the grass where this door shaded the soil was better than on any other portion of the field. A brush heap in grass land will have the same effect. Land turned often to the sun will produce good crops. Why will shading do the soil good in one instance and sunshine a similar amount of good in another? I cite this to show that there are many things in farming with which we are familiar and good results come, but we do not know why. We want rich land and yet an old barnyard broken up and

put to crops will not produce good crops. We want moisture and yet we get too much of it sometimes. We then wish for dry weather and we get too much of a drouth. So it goes.

The decimal system has been tried in our monetary affairs and has been found satisfactory. Therefore, why should it not be applied to our system of weights and measures? An attempt to pass a bill was made in 1886 by Congress, but this was voted down. Nothing could possibly be more awkward than our system of grain measurements and weights. Not only are the various grains unequal in weight per measured bushel, but the standard for any one grain is not uniform throughout the United States. Some idea of its advantages may be obtained when the system of dollars and cents is compared with the old pound, shilling and pence method of reckoning.

The farm shop is just as necessary a part of the farm's equipment as many forms of machinery. One need not have a fully equipped blacksmith shop, but certainly the tools should be kept on hand for doing part of the wood and iron work. Whether the shop is on the farm or not, the tools necessary accumulate. It will be conducive to economy if there is some special place where these may be kept. During the year one can effect a great saving in blacksmith bills and carpentering if only the equipment is at hand to do the work. Wet weather and broken time generally can be spent to advantage in repairing implements, harness and in making little conveniences for the house and farm buildings. If for no other reason, there should be a shop on the farm so that the boys can spend time there that would otherwise be wasted running about.

Tile draining will undoubtedly be given more attention in the future than it has been during the past. On land that is naturally wet the drains will pay for themselves in two years, providing there is a good outlet and they are properly put down. It frequently happens that a thorough system of drainage is not necessary, providing the sloughs are under drained. These are generally the most productive parts of the farm when they are brought into condition by removing the water. On level lands one can make considerable fall by cutting the drains more shallow at the upper end. Tiling out land under any conditions is expensive work, and it will generally pay to employ the services of a surveyor, providing the owner is not expert in the use of the level. In the past there has been considerable waste on account of using small tile. Four-inch tile seem to be the smallest recommended for lateral drains. Outlets should be built up with brick or stone so as to keep them in good shape.

The Manlove Self-opening Gate, which is illustrated in this issue, is one of the oldest and is still the most practical and without doubt the best self-opening gate on the market.

When the wheel of carriage or wagon passes over trip the gate, which is hung on ball-bearing hinges, swings open smoothly, without any noise, and locks back until rig has passed over inside trip which frees gate and swings it shut. The machinery cannot get out of order, broken, lost or stolen, and will last a lifetime. It will soon pay for itself in the saving of time and the addition it lends to the appearance of a place.

It is the best, cheapest, and most attractive high-grade gate in use that we know of, and we can heartily endorse it, and insure fair and honest treatment to any of our readers who may do business with the Manlove Gate Co.

In preparing stock for the market, too much stress cannot be laid upon rapid development of the animal. Experience has shown that in proportion of the food consumed by young animals, there is more growth the first year than the second, and more the second than the third, and with each increasing year the increase in weight gets smaller in proportion to the amount of food consumed,

### MEAL TIME DRINKS

Should Be Selected to Suit the Health as Well as the Taste

When the coffee toper, ill from coffee drinking, finally leaves off coffee the battle is only half won. Most people require some hot drink at meal time and they also need the rebuilding agent to build up what coffee has destroyed. Postum is the builder, the other half of the battle.

Some people stop coffee and drink hot water, but find this a thin, unpalatable diet, with no rebuilding properties. It is much easier to break away from coffee by serving strong, hot, well-boiled Postum in its place. A prominent wholesale grocer of Faribault, Minn., says: "For a long time I was nervous, and could not digest my food. I went to a doctor, who prescribed a tonic, and told me to leave off coffee and drink hot water."

"I did so for a time, and got some relief, but did not get entirely well, so I lost patience and said: 'Oh, well, coffee isn't the cause of my troubles,' and went back to drinking it. I became worse than ever. Then Postum was prescribed. It was not made right at first, and for two mornings I could hardly drink it."

"Then I had it boiled full fifteen minutes, and used good cream, and I had a most charming beverage."

"I fairly got fat on the food drink, and my friends asked me what had happened, I was so well. I was set right and cured when Postum was made right."

"I know other men here who use Postum, among others, the Cashier of the Security Bank and a well-known clergyman."

"My firm sells a lot of Postum, and I am certainly at your service, for Postum cured me of stomach trouble." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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consequently it is very essential that all young animals be kept thrifty and growing; especially is this true with all animals intended for market. This is seen in the production of baby beef, which is one of the most profitable businesses to engage in. A quick growth, and an early maturity, returns the best profit among cattle, swine, sheep and poultry. The intelligent farmer, in preparing his stock for market, should always bear in mind the importance of pushing his stock from the time they are born until placed on the market. Every day should see a gain in weight along the lines of profit, yet at the same time, this crowding should not be overdone. There is danger of injuring animals by over-feeding, especially when young. If, however, the feed rations are properly made, looking toward just enough and not too little, or too much, good results may be expected in the end.

American farmers and newspaper men are very likely to become the joint beneficiaries of a great scheme of co-operation in making the most of the corn crop. Not of the grain merely, but of the whole plant, stalk, leaves, pith, tassels, husks, cobs and kernels, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. After a long course of experimentation, carried on at Kankakee, Ill., under the encouragement of the national agricultural department, it is found that high-grade paper can be profitably manufactured, in different varieties, from different parts of the plant. One kind is made from the hard shell of the stalk, another from the pith, and a third from the husk. "From the pith is turned out the finest grade of oil paper, almost equal to linen paper," so it is claimed by experts at the department.

A machine has been invented, and is now being manufactured, which will take the cornstalk, with the ear still on it, husk the ear, separate the husk from the stalk,

and then remove the shell from the pith. Sending the machine into the fields, the paper manufacturers will propose to farmers to buy their corn crop as it stands in the field. If the farmers wish the corn after it has been husked, it will be passed back to them; otherwise it will be marketed by the owner of the machine, who will convert every remaining part of the plant into some form of manufacture.

The records of the U. S. Land Office at O'Neill, Neb., show that there are approximately 388,000 acres of free government land in the counties of Laup, Garfield and Wheeler that is now open to free homestead under the U. S. land laws. The numbers of this land by quarters can be secured from the U. S. Land Office, O'Neill, on payment of a small fee for the compilation of the information. I am unable to give description of this free government land, but will have it examined later in the season when weather conditions are right for doing so.

The best way to locate is to go on the ground in person, but I would not advise doing so until later in the season when the snow is off the ground, in order that you may judge of the quality of the land.

When you arrive at Sargent, Burwell or Ericson, make your business known to our local agent, who will direct you to a locator that can show you these free government lands for a reasonable fee for his services. The names of the following parties are given me as being engaged in locating settlers on these lands:

J. N. Larson, County Clerk of Wheeler County and Clerk of the District Court, Bartlett, Neb., ten miles from Ericson.

E. M. Tunnick, County Clerk of Garfield County, and Clerk of the District Court, Burwell, Neb.

J. G. Wirsig, County Clerk of Loup County and Clerk of the District Court, Taylor, Neb., twelve miles from Burwell.

L. M. Moulton, County Judge of Loup County, Taylor, Neb.

The filing fee on 160 acres of land is \$14.00, plus charge of \$1.00 made by Clerk of the District Court who is ex-officio officer of the Land Department, for receiving homestead applications and transmitting same to U. S. Land Office at O'Neill.

In the December report of the Treasury department bureau of statistics covering exports of domestic breadstuffs and provisions for the month of December 1 showing is made which is well calculated to illustrate one of the principal directions in which the 2,500,000,000-bushel corn crop of 1902 moved. Exports for that month aggregate 8,600,000 bushels, as compared with a movement of 1,216,000 bushels the corresponding month in 1901. The value of this enormous quantity of corn exported increased from \$848,000 in 1901 to \$4,796,500 in 1902. One significant fact is that during the month of December only slightly over 35,000 barrels of cornmeal were exported, as compared with 29,200 barrels a year ago.

These figures illustrate an enormous consumption of American corn and to a certain extent may be construed as making good the claims made for many years in behalf of the cereal as a foodstuff. While there are no figures at hand to show the countries in which this corn was consumed after it reached the other side, it is considered altogether likely that large quantities were used in countries where maize is already the principal agricultural product. The argument is that the merits of American corn, as propagated by "Corn Murphy," are becoming appreciated in foreign countries. Exports ever since the beginning of the present year have been on almost an unprecedented scale. For the last two months nearly 2,000,000 bushels have been exported weekly.

Exports of wheat, on the other hand, were only 7,541,000 bushels during December, 1902, whereas in the same month last year considerably over 10,000,000 bushels went to Europe. Evidently a desirable and inexpensive breadstuff is finding its way into foreign consumption. Corn is the one grain of which the United States has

## You Must Get the Book

You who are sick and are waiting—you must get my book.

Must, if you hope to get well; for I know that these diseases, when chronic, are seldom cured in common ways.

Must is a strong word, but it's true. You will know soon or late that a permanent cure demands my help.

I will mail you an order—good at any drug store—for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month on trial. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself—and your mere word shall decide it.

No other physician ever made such an offer. No other remedy could stand such a test. For your own sake, don't neglect it, when you risk not a penny, and success means health.

I have spent a lifetime in learning how to strengthen weak inside nerves. My Restorative brings back that power which alone operates the vital organs. I treat a weak organ as I would a weak engine, by giving it the power to act. My way always succeeds, save when a cause like cancer makes a cure impossible. And most of these chronic diseases cannot be cured without it.

You'll know this when you read my book.

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 439 Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia,  
Book No. 2 on the Heart,  
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys,  
Book No. 4 for Women,  
Book No. 5 for men (sealed),  
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

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an abundant supply, and the American growers will doubtless be pleased that it should find favor with Europeans. The movement is in every way to the advantage of the man who grows the corn.

The old saying that there is an art in everything is especially applicable to the said business, which has developed enormous proportions in the last few years. The purchasing of seeds is a serious proposition to the average farmer, for he must necessarily trust to the seedsman's honesty and reliability. The latest catalogue of the N. W. Buckbee, the old and well-known seedsman of Rockford, Ill., should certainly appeal to all prospective seed buyers. It is the most replete and exhaustive catalogue of its kind in existence and not only covers the entire seed domain, but also possesses the stamp of high-class printing and illustrations, a very attractive combination.

Every person who is the head of a family, including all males twenty-one years of age or over, all single women twenty-one years of age or over, widows, and minors under twenty-one years having anyone dependent upon them for support, may take a homestead. Term of service in the United States Army or Navy during the Civil War and during the Spanish War may be deducted from the five years residence required on a homestead. Widows of such soldiers or sailors, who had not taken a homestead during their lifetime, are entitled to the same benefits as noted above, with the additional privilege that cultivation only and not actual residence, is required on their homestead. All applicants for homesteads must make affidavit that they are citizens of the United States or have declared their intention to become such, and that they are not the owners of more than 160 acres of land in any state or territory.

Settlers have six months from the date of filing in

which to establish their residence upon the homestead. Continuous residence and cultivation is required, and final proof can be made five years from date of entry. Title can be secured after fourteen months of continuous residence and cultivation from date of entry by payment of \$1.25 per acre. This is called commuted proof.

The counties in which these lands lie are traversed by Beaver Creek, Cedar Creek, Calamus River, North Loup River and tributary streams. Plenty of hay is raised in the valleys for feed during winter. Throughout the greater part of the territory flowing wells are made by simply driving down a gaspise with a point some fifteen to twenty-five feet. There is therefore no expense for windmills or pumps in the flowing well district.

Application for homestead may be filed before the County Judge or the County Clerk in any of these counties, thus doing away with the necessity for a trip to the land office at O'Neill.

Many people have grown rich in this territory during the last few years by raising stock for the South Omaha market. This land is only 150 miles from Omaha as the crow flies.

If you are a farmer and would have your work count, put yourself into it. You can put your character, originality, individuality into your farming just as well as the business men can in the building up of his business or the doctor, lawyer and teacher can into their professions. Determine that whatever you do on your farm shall be a part of yourself and will be better than that of any one else. Devotion to your work will also pay you. Here is a secret for success—superiority of method, aggressiveness and up-to-dateness, leavened with your own individuality.

The agricultural conditions in Montana have now reached that stage of development whereby the state can rival the greatest feeding states in the Union, for within its borders are to be found the sheep, hay, grain, water, climatic conditions, and men of enterprise to develop the industry. Montana now leads the states of the Union in numbers of sheep, the census of 1900 reporting 6,170,483 within her borders. Valleys, which ten years ago produced little or no hay, except some timothy or wild hay, are today furnishing thousands upon thousands of tons of legumes, especially suited to the fattening of sheep. The climatic conditions are such as to render the fattening process rapid and economical. Sufficient grain can be produced to give the meat products a good finish. The feasibility of shipping these finished products to the great markets has been successfully demonstrated.

The range sheep was bred primarily for wool production, though during later years an attempt has been made to improve their mutton qualities. These attempts at improvement along the latter line will no doubt result in the establishment of a dual purpose sheep, probably through the use of Rambouillet or Delaine rams on the native stocks. Experience has already taught many sheepmen that the heavy mutton breeds, such as the Downs, will not answer on the range. Because, therefore, of the peculiar range conditions feeders will have to be content with a dual type of sheep rather than a special mutton type for feeding. Tests have shown that there is little difference in the returns secured from the two types. Recent experiments showed that where the mutton type lambs produced 100 pounds increase in live weight at a cost of \$4.39, requiring 8.74 pounds of food to produce a pound of gain, those of the dual purpose or range type produced 100 pounds increase at a cost of \$4.62, requiring 9.07 pounds of food per pound gain. These figures show the range sheep to be not far behind the special type in mutton production, while they excel them in wool production under range conditions.

While lots of otherwise sane and sensible persons are howling themselves hoarse over "combinations" and "mergers" and the "throttling of competition" in railroad

## BUILT OVER

### Food That Rebuilt a Man's Body and Built it Right

By food alone, with a knowledge of what food to use, disease can be warded off and health maintained, also many even chronic diseases can be cured. It is manifestly best and safest to depend upon food to cure rather than too much drugging.

A case in point will illustrate. A well known man of reading, Pa., Treas. of a certain club there, says: "I have never written a testimonial letter, but I have been using Grape-Nuts about a year and have recovered my health, and feel that I would like to write you about it for the case is extraordinary.

"For five years I was a sufferer from a dreadful condition of the bowels; the trouble was most obscure." Here follows a detailed description, and the condition certainly was distressing enough (details can be given by mail).

"Nothing in the way of treatment of drugs benefited me in the least, and an operation was seriously considered. In May, 1901, I commenced using Grape-Nuts as a food, and with no idea that it would in any way help my condition. In two or three weeks' time I noticed an improvement, and there was a steady gain from that time on until now I am practically well. I don't know how to explain the healing value of the food, but for some reason, although it has taken nearly a year, I have recovered my health, and the change is entirely attributable to Grape-Nuts food, for I long ago quit medicine. I eat only Grape-Nuts for breakfast and luncheon, but at my night dinner I have an assorted meal." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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traffic, it is well to pause a bit, take a fresh breath, and note a thing or two:

For instance, a passenger train schedule went into effect yesterday by which you can leave Manhattan Island say at noon today, and set foot in the city of Seattle at noon of Friday next—only four days, with a promise that the running time will probably be less than that a little later on. Think of it—a complete spanning of the great American continent, from ocean to ocean, in ninety odd hours! What will the old "Argonauts of forty-nine" think of that? What would Pathfinder Fremont say of it, were he alive today to witness this feat of rapid transit? Whatever else they may be doing—and nobody cares very much—the railroads are surely working wonders in conquering space.

President Harriman of the transcontinental lines farther south is on record as predicting that before the close of the year 1906 you can travel from New York to San Francisco in eighty-four hours. We haven't the slightest doubt about it—if anything, we would cut down the Harriman time-prediction by an hour or two. Lots of us now living will probably see the transcontinental time reduced to three days. The American railroad manager never stops at trifles. If the cutting down of a mountain will reduce the cunning time an hour, we wouldn't give a picayune for that mountain's life.

And what is behind all this effort to reduce time? Competition—that is all. The very keenest sort of ambition to outtime all rivals in getting to Pacific tidewater. Behind that, too, is the great prize of oriental trade—a something worth competing for, surely. Railroad competition in this country isn't dead or drugged or asleep. It's about the liveliest thing among us today. And the Spanish war, that helped immeasurably to show up trade possibilities in the far East, wasn't such a fool of a job as some anti-imperialists would have us believe.

+

The Iowa Agriculturalist in a recent issue sets forth the pros and cons of the farm separator as follows:

"There has been much discussion as to whether it pays the dairy farmer best to haul the whole milk to the factory and have it separated or to buy a separator and separate the milk on the farm and deliver the cream.

There are advantages and disadvantages in both methods, but the latter mentioned seems to be coming more and more into use is no doubt in most instances the most economical method to adopt.

By the use of the former method it requires the hauling of the whole milk to the factory and returning with almost an equal amount of skim milk. This trip must be made daily during the summer months and during the winter months from three to four times a week. By using the home separator the cream need not be delivered more than three times a week during the summer and many factories collect the cream, thus saving this expense to the farmer. In the winter it is not necessary to deliver it so often. A wholesome and cool place is necessary in summer to hold the cream for any great length of time. This is often a difficult problem, but one that must be solved by every dairy farmer.

The home separator not only lessens the number of trips where the cream must be delivered, but it lessens the load both going and coming. The time spent at the factory waiting for one's turn is also reduced, as no skim milk has to be hauled back.

The greatest objection to delivering the whole milk is that often in the summer on returning with the skim milk it is found to be tainted and fit for nothing but the pigs. There are a number of conditions that cause this. It may be that the skim milk was not heated sufficiently before leaving the factory to sterilize it, or it may be caused by the use of utensils not properly cleansed. By the use of the home separator this difficulty is eliminated, as the skim milk is fed fresh, at which time it is nearest its natural condition.

The greatest drawback in the home separator method is that often there is a lack of power. This can be provided by artificial means, but many times it is neglected and thus the task falls upon human energy. But the time has come when the leading farmers of our state

are depending upon the gasoline engine for power to turn most of their farm machinery. The water is pumped, the corn is shelled, the fodder is shredded and the grain ground by the power from the same little engine. Why not attach the churn, the dish-washer and the separator to this tireless little machine?

Thus, after considering the two methods, we find that the home separator method can be operated the most economically. The time of man and team on the road and at the factory is lessened by lightening the load and reducing the number of trips and at the same time the wear and tear on the wagon, horses and harness is reduced. But its greatest advantage is that the skim milk can always be procured fresh and sweet, which gives it a much greater feeding value for all young stock.

The home separator method is also practical on farms that are not considered dairy farms. The superior value of the skim milk alone will often justify its use where but six or eight cows are milked. Each farmer should study the subject for himself and he will no doubt reach the correct conclusion.

## \$500 Reward for Women Who Cannot Be Cured

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they can not cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

Their financial responsibility is well known to every newspaper publisher and druggist in the United States, with most of whom they have done business for over a third of a century. From this fact it will readily be seen how utterly foolish it would be for them to make the above unprecedented and remarkable offer if they were not basing their offer on curative means having an unparalleled record. No other medicine than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription could possibly "win out," as the saying goes, on such a proposition. But they know whereof they speak. They have the most remarkable record of cures made by this world-famed remedy ever placed to the credit of any preparation especially designed for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments. This wonderful remedy, therefore, stands absolutely alone as the only one possessed of such remarkable curative properties as would warrant its makers in publishing such a marvelous offer as is above made in the utmost good faith.

"I want to tell you of the great improvement in my health since taking your 'Favorite Prescription,'" says Mrs. H. S. Jones, of Forest, N. C. "When I began to use it I was a physical wreck, and had despaired of ever having any health again. Could not sit up all day. I noted a great improvement before the first bottle was used. Was suffering with almost every pain that a woman is subject to; had inflammation of ovaries, painful and suppressed periods, and other symptoms of female disease. After taking six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' I felt like a new person. Can ride horseback and take all kinds of exercise and not feel tired."

If you are led to the purchase of "Favorite Prescription" because of its remarkable cures, do not accept a substitute which has none of these cures to its credit.

If you are looking for a perfect laxative try Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors,  
663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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# Who Pays the Freight?



Farmer Fredricks: "Well, there she is, all safe and sound; wonder if I got what I ordered."

You do and always will. Every article brought into your town has had the freight paid on it by somebody so if you don't pay it who does? Goods sent "prepaid" or sold in your home town have the freight charges and a profit included in the price to you. When you buy your supplies from us you pay but one small profit. We save you the profits of the agent, jobber and dealer. You pay the freight and get the lowest rates.

## NOW IS THE TIME TO THINK ABOUT

Mowers, Hay Rakes and Feeders, Sickle Sharpeners, Hay Carriers and Stackers, Waterproof Canvas Covers for Haystacks, Implements, etc. Wagons, Cameras, Groceries, etc. Don't wait until the last minute. Think what you will need soon, and write us TODAY. If you will tell us what you want to buy we will send you a special catalogue on that article or articles free of charge.

## SEND FOR CATALOGUE No. 71

Containing 1100 pages with pictures and wholesale prices on practically everything you eat, wear or use. Send 15c to partly pay postage (the book itself is free). Write name and address on slip at right and mail to us today.

Watch this space next month and see if Farmer Fredricks was disappointed.

### Montgomery Ward & Co.

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Enclosed find 15 cents, for which please send me Catalogue No. 71

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## THE AMERICAN NILE

The great cost of such gigantic irrigation systems as would be necessary to utilize the Columbia river or the Coeur d'Alene lakes and the Spokane river, places them entirely beyond the scope of private enterprise in any way, but as government projects they are entirely feasible and practicable. Suppose that it did cost \$50,000,000 to dam the Columbia and lift the water up to the level of the plains, and carry it out upon them in great main line canals for distribution to farmers and settlers. One million acres of land so reclaimed would be worth the whole cost of the irrigation system.

The very reasons why our national government should build these great irrigation works on the Columbia and Spokane Rivers are the reasons why there has been such an unusual demand for irrigated lands in Eastern Washington, and such a strong and steady influx of settlers into that section. The climatic and physical conditions of the country, and the marvelous fertility of the land

wherever irrigated, give it an established value and insure its rapid settlement whenever water for its irrigation is made available. There is no advantage which can be claimed as an inducement to settlement by any irrigated section of the earth's surface which cannot be claimed for Eastern Washington. The climate is ideal. It is destined to be one of the greatest fruit growing sections of the country. The enormous and practically unlimited mining and lumbering resources of the surrounding country give the farmers of this favored region a local market for their products, which insures profit in production. The proximity to the Pacific seaports, and the establishment of the great lines of steamers which will carry our farm products to the markets of Asia, are a further guarantee of an assured market to the farmers of Eastern Washington, and give an added value to every acre of farm lands in the state.

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## THE PROPOSITION OF NORTH DAKOTA

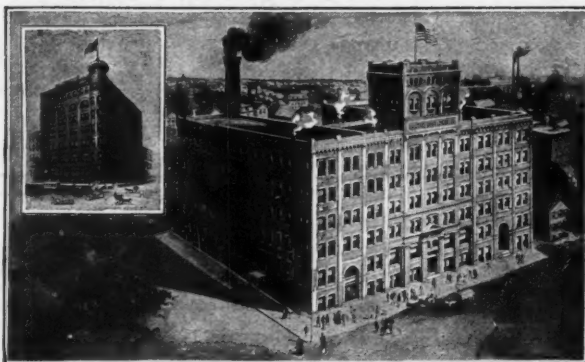
Pretty much everything in North Dakota is a "proposition." Elsewhere men speak of plans, problems, opportunities, and so on; here they speak of "propositions." And justly—in consonance with both etymology and fact—for North Dakota is a proposition displayed to the children of this world and the children of light. The former are not slow to catch the meaning and to act upon it. The great freight trains of thirty and sixty cars are now rushing through—each car holding the tools and live-stock and family of some farmer who has located his "claim." They are coming, not by hundreds but by thousands, from Illinois and Iowa, from Missouri and Tennessee. And for what?

I met a man, the other day, who answered this question—a man of some sixty years, driving a good team along the road near Rugby. He said he came a year ago from Indiana. I asked why. "Well," he responded, "I had fifteen acres there; I'm growing old, and so is my wife; when we are past work, that fifteen acres couldn't keep us. So I came here; took up a quarter section; put in a crop last year, which has paid all the expenses of removal, built our 'shack,' bought a new team, and left enough to see us through this year if the crop should fail." Yes, that is it; this man is one out of ten thousand. Is North Dakota an earthly Paradise? Not at all. It is simply a vast plain, with very few picturesque features. There are no mountain ranges—the highest hills do not top five hundred feet—its only great river is the muddy Missouri; its lakes are shallow and brackish; its trees, except as planted by human hands, are a thin line along sluggish creeks. There are no mines of gold or silver, copper or iron.

In some sense this State is purely artificial. North and south and west the boundary lines are the mere product of Legislation. No physical facts determine this vast rectangle. And that Red River dividing it from Minnesota, once a water-way for small steamboats, is, ex-

cept in the spring floods, merely a big ditch, which one would almost think it possible to wade across. And yet already the North Dakotans are a distinct species of man. Their regiment in the Philippines made its own and gaudy mark. It was something by itself and was recognized as such. So said the splendid General Lawton. While at home—Well, few are the lands displaying such varieties of humanity, on such sameness of soil, so rapidly melting into a new homogeneity. There are colonies—little villages—of Frenchmen and Norwegians, of Russians and Icelanders, of Germans and Poles, of Assyrians and Swedes and Bohemians, and Indians. There are all sorts of queer religious settlements—Mennonites, Dunkards, Mormons and so forth. There are scholars from most universities and nobles from most courts—British earls, French counts, German barons—men entitled to the hoods of Oxford and Leipsic and Harvard. Yet, with all this mixture, the State has its own identity and character. All these people are—at least are rapidly growing to be—North Dakotans. They feel it, they boast it. Soil and climate and circumstance are doing their work. The boundless stretch of prairie from sunrise to sunset, the cloudless sky, the long winter nights, and long summer days, the ever-ringing wind, the prodigious wealth of wheat and flax—all these mould and color humanity. So in the North Dakotan one finds a man prompt, generous, speculative, ready to learn each new thing, hard to tie to anything, but, when tied, staunch, sturdy and loyal. Such is the Proposition of North Dakota to the Church, to which, what reply? Well, the finest band of missionary clergy I have ever seen—picked men, gentlemen, students, preachers, men who, each in his vicinity, rank at the very summit. But only twenty of them! Only twenty, when there should be, at the very least, fifty. And laboring at great personal sacrifice—living on less than a carpenter or bricklayer earns—often cooking their own meals, making their own beds, building their own houses, or, worse than that, seeing their gentle born and bred wives doing these tasks. All without one word of com-

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But we also make an extremely good medium weight every-day shoes from Oil Grain, Kangaroo Kip and Calf for the Farmer, Mechanic and Miner. Send for samples or write us and we will have our salesman call on you.

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plaint or discontent. It makes my heart ache with pain, to get swell with pride to see what I do see constantly in the homes of the North Dakota clergy. Is it asked, Why do not the people recognize and mend this state of affairs? They do, as fast as is possible. But all of the folk, speaking generally, are poor out here. That is why they have come. North Dakota is still a "proposition."

May our Church speedily perceive and respond to it. Otherwise, somebody else will, and once more the chance for a great accomplishment will have been offered and neglected. For these people want the Gospel and are willing to take it from the Church. "How long shall I preach?" I asked a man in a school-house a few weeks ago. "As long as you can," was the answer. "We are hungry for God's Word." Yes, they are ready, even if sometimes they need a bit of urging. "Are you going to church to-night?" said a man to a bright but dissipated looking youth, out in the "Bad Lands," while I stood by, unrecognizable for a clergyman in my fur coat and cap. "Yes, if I don't get drunk before the time," was the reply. "All right," I interposed, "I'll see that you don't. Come with me; I'm the bishop." And come he did.

Yes and yes! North Dakota is making a great "Proposition." Will our Church accept it?

This little town was highly excited a night or two ago, and some of us are not over it yet. News was started that the bank was being robbed, and for a time citizens were panic stricken. Strong men trembled and women fainted. It was a "ticklish time," indeed. It came about in this way:

Town Marshall Knudson and a reporter for the morning paper were in the Wasatch Club room enjoying the effects of a Gem cigar, when the stirring news arrived.

"Wanted at the bank immediately," was the startling message that came from the 'phone.

Marshall Knudson has represented Mt. Pleasant's entire police force for years, but generally there is not "much doing." Now was to happen the crowning event of his whole life. "This is bad business," said he to the pale young reporter, "but I must do me duty or lose me yob."

The brave officer reached to his belt and drew forth a brace of six-shooters.

"This emergency calls for these," he exclaimed, "and, by yimminy, I'll not hesitate to use them. Come on!"

Tightly the marshal grasped both weapons and shutting his eyes, he rushed madly down the crowded thor-

oughfare, the plucky reporter clinging to his coat tail. Down, down, they went, marshal, pistols and reporter.

Cold facts often make a man hot under the collar. Whatever you pray for you might also try working for. No man can ever understand why women cry at a wedding.

A girl isn't ashamed of her old shoes if she has small feet.

The average woman has no earthly use for a bachelor physician.

It is easier to be a philosopher than it is to make a living at it.

If women fondle dogs more than they do men, it's because dogs can't talk.

A man isn't necessarily a lover of the beautiful because he orders fancy drinks.

Some girls seem to think that the more powder they use the sooner they will go off.

If a woman cast her first batch of bread upon the waters it would doubtless obstruct navigation.

There are times when even a poet does not turn up his nose at a juicy beefsteak smothered in onions.

Trace back the history of men who have accomplished something and you will discover they were once called cranks.

Of course it was a Boston clergyman who rose to the occasion by declaring that Lot's wife was transformed into a monolith of chloride of sodium.

Two or three years ago the Department of Agriculture began distribution of trees in addition to garden, field and flower seeds among members of Congress. These saplings were divided into two classes, ornamental and useful; and it was hoped that those who received the young trees would report from time to time to the department, but those hopes were not realized. Now a new department is contemplated. This is to supply parks in the cities and towns that are willing to aid in the investigation. Superintendents of such parks will be supplied with young trees of species foreign to that neighborhood and they will be asked to report progress. It is believed that this will bring about the acclimatization of a number of beautiful foreign growths which will add much of beauty to city breathing places and that possibly valuable nut and fruit bearing trees will be added to the list of native growths.

## SPRING STYLES IN

## GORDON SOFT AND STIFF HATS

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## GORDON HAT AGENCIES

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## Of Interest to Women

Note—A number of inquiries and answers must unavoidably be laid over until a later issue.

We trust the following answer to our correspondent of the distant West may prove satisfactory. The best way to reach a "critical analysis" of Mrs. Ward's work, is to read her life, and thus one understands why her various and varied books were written.

Mrs. Ward has created for herself such a position in literature, with her appeals to the intellect and sensibility, that few dare confess themselves uninterested in anything she writes. It is said, the lighter aspects of life interest her but little. She must have a problem, and to the solution of it she applies with unremitting industry all the energies of her soul.

Her first book *Robert Elsmere*, was a hostage to fortune. It was an intellectual adventure into the religious and ethical institutions and social traditions of her time. *David Grieve* was an adventure into the ethical grounds of marriage, and was by no means a sequel to *Robert Elsmere* as many hoped it might be. In *Marcella*, Religion was given place to Socialism. Her heroine, Marcella, is a Socialist more from impulse than conviction; and in this respect we trace the stamp of the author's own individuality. Socialism or social reform in some shape, was the problem which presented itself daily to her at that time; therefore she interests herself in what interests others, and deserves the term an "opportunist in literature." *Sir George Tressady*, still allows the politics of the period, to determine another adventure into the spirit, which has taken possession of all European minds, Socialism.

In *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, we still find religious tradition; but the leaning toward romance is dominant. It is the result of great resource, great energy, great courage to portray this lasting word picture.

In *Eleanor*, the light and shadow of a human life, the denial of self, the reading "between the lines," casts the spell that makes us almost wish *Eleanor* had less conscience and a simpler intellectual endowment.

In *Lady Rose's Daughter*, the story is still told with direct sympathy, and dramatic appeal. Her characters impress their reality with convincing friendship in a company of men and women that distinguish the social aristocracy of England. One questions at times, the conflicting ideals, the moral unrest, the social ambitions of Julie Le Breton—*Lady Rose's Daughter*.

An account of Mrs. Humphry Ward's life would be not only instructive, but a helpful criticism on her books. A knowledge of her early life, the influences that mold mind and character, are necessary to an understanding of her intellectual development. She was born in 1851 at Hobart, in Tasmania, as Mary Augusta Arnold. Her father was the second son of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and a brother of Mathew Arnold. During her childhood her father became a professor in the Roman Catholic University at Dublin. She was educated at boarding schools in the Lake District and at Clifton, and upon leaving school was transplanted to the classic shades of Oxford, where she met Mr. Humphry Ward, to whom she was married in 1872.

We note she has always lived amid literature and literary influences. Her family were literary; she was always among books. Her husband is a man of letters and of art, and we may therefore think of her as matured by all that constitutes the best modern culture, which is the very breath of her genius.

We wonder why this great success did not come to her earlier in life. Perhaps it is because this gifted author is herself serious and strenuous for self culture, before sharing her ideals with a critical audience. The critics and general readers who have heretofore denied to Mrs. Ward the highest attributes of the novelist, cannot now deny the creative gift of dramatic agency in her latest book. She has been accused of attempting to "substitute a sense of duty for the movements of the

## \$7.90 DRESSES — YOU LIKE A QUEEN FROM HEAD TO FOOT

In order to secure new customers, we make **The Most Wonderful Offer** ever known, consisting of a **Complete Ladies' Outfit** which we will send C. O. D. on approval.

**Outfit Contains Ladies' Man-Tailored Russian Blouse Suit**, exactly like cut (or with Eton Jacket) made from the new and beautiful Colonial cloth and made especially to your measure. Also a stylish spring hat (like cut); 1 pair latest style shoes; 1 pair Lisle thread fancy hose; 1 pair fancy garters; 1 mercerized or lawn shirt waist; 1 lace trimmed handkerchief; fancy gold stick-pin. Total value of outfit is over **\$35.00**.

**Free**—Cloth samples, measurement blanks, tape and full description of outfit sent to anyone on request. Outfit will be sent C. O. D. subject to your approval. **Bright Representatives** wanted everywhere for all our goods.

We start you in business with all printed matter, catalogues, stock, etc., **FREE**.

We sell **American Sewing Machines** at from \$3.25 to \$12.85, latest styles, drop-head, ball-bearing. **American Bicycles**, \$4.75 to \$11.50. **American Puncture Proof** self-healing bicycle tires, written guarantee for 3 years with every tire, price \$3.95 per pair. All catalogues **FREE**. Address

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## SOLVES THE SERVANT QUESTION O-HI-O STEAM COOKER WITH DOORS



Cooks an entire meal over one burner. Food cooked by steam cannot be burnt or spoiled by waiting meals. Each course can be served steaming hot. Saves a lot of pots and pans.

The "Ohio" is the only cooker made with two doors, steam condenser and copper tank. Doors perfectly tight. First months use pays for cooker, saves 50 percent in fuel, food and labor. Steam cooked food is healthier and more digestible than boiled or baked. We also make Round Cookers, large sizes \$5 and \$6. Agents Wanted. We guarantee good agents \$30 to \$40 a week and expenses. Let us know if you are once in a business of your own. Don't delay until your territory is gone. Handsomely illustrated catalogue sent free.

**Ohio Steam Cooker Co.** Jeff Sts., Toledo, Ohio.



### PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanse and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.



heart," when Marcella accepts a lover whom she does not love; and thus it is said, teaches a false lesson in love. In direct contrast is her new heroine, where we find the culmination of ambition, passion, beauty and peace, as they are metamorphosed in the nature of Julie Le Breton. We offer sincere homage to the talents, gifts, and qualities, of the author who has secured for herself a permanent place in the literature of today, as one who affords the highest intellectual satisfaction and stimulation emanating from the superior mind of a superior woman.

#### AMBITION

Perhaps the greatest weakness Americans have, is their ambition, not only to equal but excel in every thing, so that the word "push" has been applied strictly to American ideas and inventions and ambitions. This modern idea of push is a mistaken one, the kind that overworks, that exhausts nervous energy, that wastes vitality. But the kind which regulates the amount of nerve force, which has a storage battery, as it were, is most commendable. We advocate that certain kind of push, which is applied by working with a definite purpose, a set will, a persistency that will make stepping stones out of obstacles.

You have only to note the details of the lives of successful men to see that fortune rarely favored them in the beginning with more than a keen perception, a willing pair of hands, and determined application. They were not forced to greatness. Rather they forced themselves to greatness by steadily applying themselves to a fixed purpose, and pushing on over boulders and torrents until they reached the end.

When Napoleon was told that the Alps were in the way of his army, he replied, "There shall be no Alps," and that is how the road across the Simplon Pass came to be built. The great botanist Linnaeus was once so poor that he had to mend his shoes with folded paper and beg his food from his friends. Faraday was another instance of moderate means and noble independence. Lagrange was accustomed to attribute his fame and happiness to the poverty of his father, the royal astronomer of Turin. "Had I been rich," he said "probably I should not have been a mathematician."

To Milton's and Dryden's narrow means we probably owe the best part of their works. Shakespeare was originally a poor man. "It is a question," says Carlyle, "whether, had not want, discomfort, and distress—warrants been busy at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare had not lived killing calves or combing wool?" Johnson was a poor man, and a brave one. His mind was always greater than his fortune. "He bedded and boarded for four pence-half-penny a day, and when too poor to pay for a bed, wandered with Savage whole nights in the street."

America's wealthy men have gained their riches by the cultivation and adaptation of this American word push. America's great men have nearly all been poor boys who practiced their virtue of thrift. Incident to these remarks the following fable may prove appropriate:

#### A FABLE

A grasshopper, half starved with cold and hunger, came to a well-stored bee-hive at the approach of winter, and humbly begged the bees to relieve his wants with a few drops of honey. One of the bees asked him how he had spent his time all the summer, and why he had not laid up a store of food like them. "Truly," said he, "I spent my time very merrily, in drinking, dancing and singing, and never once thought of winter." "Our plan is very different," said the bee; "we work hard in the summer to lay by a store of food against the season when we foresee we shall want it; but those who do nothing but drink, and dance and sing in the summer, must expect to starve in the winter."



*Roach*  
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Chocolates

#### "TO BE OR NOT TO BE,"

That is the question. To be comfortable at night; to enjoy a calm, peaceful sleep and wake up in the morning fresh and rested. It all depends on the kind of mattress you use. If its a **Union Mattress** your comfort is assured, so why take chances. Our mattresses are unexcelled. And please remember, if its a **Union Mattress** it will have our trade mark "THE BIG BLACK U." Ask your dealer.

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#### GEE WHIZZ WASHER

(Double reflex). Unlike any other machine, does what it is intended and guaranteed to do. Adjustable to wash from handkerchief to heavy blankets, etc. Noted for its easy running, easy on clothing, fast unexcelled work and durability. (No more use for the wash board). If not handled by your dealer, take no other, but write to us for our special low wholesale price to introduce. Sent on 30 days' trial. It will pay you to investigate the merits of this machine. Address Dept. A, **HANDLEMAN & SONS, Des Moines, Iowa.**



It is the satin Tuscan straw with the Tam O'Shanter crown that will serve for the dainty muslin gown of summer. This may have the cream ostrich plume and a rosette on the outer edge of the brim. Hats turn up at the sides, and others are quite flat, following the lines of the hats of the past season; but the sailor hat is no more. There is still a shirtwaist hat, and it is simply trimmed with a band about the crown and one or two quills, but it is not the sailor, nor related to it in shape. The Maline hat also holds its own. Maline is more familiarly known as the shirred chiffon hat, and has been in active service now for several years, following the various shapes introduced in the changing seasons.

Burnt lace straw is a new feature in the millinery market, so called on account of orange tint which is to be found in the very material from which it takes its name. Natural husk straw is another popular color; natural satin Tuscan straw another material, all quite indescribable in words, but familiar to the milliner, in whose stock there are terms as technical as any in the scientific world. The Argus quill is a decoration which responds to its name quite as promptly as the ostrich plume, and the latter, by the way, is one of the most popular trimmings of the early spring. On the large English turban the ostrich plume fastens itself to the outer edge of the brim and coils about the side, turning off on the hair at the back. Surely nothing is so universally becoming in millinery as this same plume, and the woman who has one in her stock has the rallying point for her Easter hat at hand. Bands of black velvet are very smart on the cream-colored spring straws, and black and white wings perk up saucily, all on the outside of the brim. There is an embroidered Japan fiber facing and also natural Hinoki straw, both a tribute to the art of the country which they suggest.

The shirt-waist was never more elaborate and expensive than now. Then again it was never plainer than at present. The woman who wants a waist for half a dollar can have it by making it herself. And the woman who wants to invest \$35 in an embroidered linen that comes from the manufacturer in a regular pattern, each section designed separately, can find it on the shop counters. The woman who is skillful with her embroidery needle can have a waist as fanciful and elaborate as even the manufacturer can produce, and at a merely nominal figure, too. Silk chevrot and linen so coarse as to resemble canvas are the materials used in the making of these waists. The embroidery is heavy, sometimes a conventional pattern, more often bunches of grapes with clusters of leaves, worked so heavily that they stand out in real clusters. The linen or silk chevrot is purchaseable for seventy-five cents a yard, the best qualities costing a dollar more. Two and a half yards are sufficient for the waists. The waist fronts are embroidered after the lines of the Gibson waist, broad in pattern at the shoulders, and tapering off toward the belt. The cuffs are embroidered, and also the dainty linen stock for the neck. The stock is a popular neck decoration for all sorts of waists, and launders so well that it is a most economical decoration. Handsomely embroidered stocks cost \$1.50, and are cheap at this price, for they are so shapely as to give satisfaction to the wearer. One good, well-cut stock serves as a model for the clever woman to work from and produce the required number at a nominal cost.

Ever see a certain type of woman buy a railroad ticket? She flutters into the waiting room six minutes before train time. She carries a grip, three paper bags, a hand satchel, an umbrella and a handkerchief. She presents herself at the ticket window and cries:

"Give me a ticket, please!" And she nervously dumps all her possessions in a heap on the window ledge and dives into her pocketbook for money.

The ticket seller glances coldly at her. She looks at him unthinkingly, wondering why she doesn't get the ticket. Finally she says:

"Will you please give me my ticket?" Without relaxing or changing his expression, the man says:



Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. An elegant dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and glossy. A high-class preparation in every way. If your druggist cannot supply you, send \$1.00 to R. F. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

The prize competition on the conclusion of Mr. Smalley's story "The Tremble of a Hand" closes May 10. No stories will be accepted for competition mailed later than that date. In the June issue will appear Mr. Smalley's sequel, and in the July issue will be published the names of the prize-winners and their stories.

## The Northwest Magazine

For Ladies' and Children's Garments

THE MODEL SLEEVE IRONING BOARD

PAT. OCT 24 1894

35c buys the Model Sleeve Ironing Board a wonder of usefulness. Clamps firmly to table, no housekeeper can afford to be without it, costs only 35 cents and saves endless worry. Agents wanted, sent to any postal in the U. S. upon receipt of 25 cents. Findley-Davis Co., 184-S Dearborn St., Chicago.

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"Oh, I forgot! I want to go to Humdrum. There's lots of time, isn't there?" And her voice becomes anxious. She hurls a bundle of uncounted bills thru the window, and then snaps her purse, hangs it at her side and begins to tap on the floor impatiently with her foot. The man deliberately selects the pasteboard, scans it closely, reads it all over on both sides, and then he brings a rubber stamp down on it, punches it slowly and methodically, counts the money, to do which he has to separate the bills, that are in a lumpy mass. Then he pushes the ticket thru the window. The woman grabs it, sweeps all her belongings in both arms and makes a run for the train track.

"He!" calls the ticket seller thru his grating. She doesn't hear, but the "Hey" is passed along till one of the porters touches her on the arm. She cries "Oh!" rushes back and gazes eagerly at the ticket seller.

"You didn't give me my change!" she gasps.

He hands her the money. This time she counts it, laying umbrella, parcels and other truck in front of the window while she does so, causing a line of waiting people to glare at her and dance nervously, fearing they will miss their trains.

"All aboard for Humdrum!" sings out the station master, and with a shriek she runs for the gate. But a grinning porter has been watching her, and he picks up umbrella, parcels and other truck, and after a short sprint reaches her and thrusts her belongings upon her.

She looks at them as if she never saw them before, but concludes to let her grasp close on them, altho she darts a severe look at the gallant porter. Suddenly, three feet from the train gate, she stops as if she were shot and clutches wildly at her skirt, dropping her umbrella, which an old gentleman picks up for her.

She opens her purse in great excitement and begins to tremble and shake as she dives first in this pocket, then that, finally turning her gloves inside out.

But the gateman knows a thing or two. He grins to the policeman by his side and then calls out to the woman:

"It's in your mouth!" Up goes her hand, and she clutches the ticket, presses it into the hand of the gateman, slips thru just in time and finally gets seated, out of breath, heart palpitating, cheeks flushed and umbrella sticking point up. As she sinks into a seat, her property dropping around her, she says to the nearest passenger:

"Is this the train for Humdrum?"

## If You Love Your Wife

BUY HER A

## GAS RANGE

Although the cost of GAS RANGES has been advanced to us we will continue, until further notice, to sell an 18-inch oven range for **\$15.00**

And will make connections on our present mains **FREE OF CHARGE**

**St. Paul Gas Light Co.**

## 98¢. BUYS THIS

Stylish New Shirt Waist, made of best black Mercerized Italian Cloth, in the latest Bolero effect, with 3 clusters of dainty tucks down the front, 3 clusters down the back, also tucked around edge of lapels, has the latest Bishop Sleeves and a detachable stock collar to match.

**OUR OFFER** Send 98 cts., also 16 cts. for postage, give true measurement and we will send one of these handsome Waists by mail. Try it on, examine it carefully and if not highly pleased return it and we will refund the purchase price. Sizes, 32 to 44.

**OUR CATALOGUE** contains low prices on Dry Goods and General Mids. Mailed FREE if you send address of ten heads of families who order goods by mail, or 50 postage.

**SCHUNEMAN & EVANS,**  
THE NORTHWEST'S GREATEST STORE.



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## Bohn Siphon System Refrigerators

Maintain Lowest Temperature

With the least ice consumption, temperature is from 32 to 42 degrees. Others using more ice 52 to 62 degrees. Low temperature keeps food longer; is of special sanitary value in preserving butter, eggs, and particularly milk for children. The siphon system keeps the refrigerator absolutely dry, which makes ice go 20 per cent farther.

The drip-pipe in our refrigerator is only three inches long and covered with our peculiarly constructed cap, prevents air coming in and melting ice. No accumulation to clog in the drip-pipe—another sanitary precaution. **WHITE ENAMEL LINING** and removable shelves make our refrigerator cleanable with moist cloth, and without removing contents.

Annular, Wis., April 18, 1901.

Mr. Geo. P. McAdam, Supt. Dining Service,  
Wisconsin Central Railway, Chicago.

Dear Sir:—I have had 50 years' experience in the Hotel, Eating-Room and Dining-Car business, and I have never found anything to equal the Bohn refrigerator. It is simply the best ice-box for keeping meat, fruit, butter, milk and vegetables. It is a perfectly dry box. You can strike a match in it anywhere, in any part of the box. I have kept fresh beef in this box for 15 days and none was perfectly dry the last day when I took it out of the box.

Very truly yours,  
G. W. SKERMAN,  
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Adopted by the Pullman Company; Atchafon, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry.; Northern Pacific Ry.; Great Northern Ry.; Southern Ry.; Illinois Central; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; Pennsylvania R. R.; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; Chicago & Alton and others.

Booklet is full of valuable information on care and economy of a refrigerator, **FREE**. Send for it. Any attention you make will be sent to your deposit on receipt of list price, and if in 10 days you are not satisfied it is all it is represented to be, we will refund your money. Write to-day.

**WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 405 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.**



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## Dairy Interests

An invitation is extended to our readers to contribute their experience to this department

Dairying induces a cash business.

Be sure that your separator is level.

Butter once warmed through will lose its flavor.

Butter is better when fresh than it will ever be again.

Don't feed calves warm milk one day, and cold the next.

It is a mistake to keep the big beef cows in the dairy.

The coat of an animal is a good indication of its condition.

If the cream is churned too cold it foams and refuses to separate.

A very good combination, one that is hard to beat, is dairying and hog raising.

Moderately slow churning will get more fat out of the butter than fast churning.

Good butter cannot be made on the farm unless there are good facilities.

If cream of different ripeness is churned together, there will be a loss in the churning.

To make the most out of the dairy cows there must be an even flow of milk throughout the season.

Milk with the largest globules contains the most butter, but the smaller globules are the most suitable for cheese.

The total solids in milk are dependent largely in the quality of the food given, while the ratio depends upon the breed.

The two principal causes of bad butter are keeping the cream too long before churning.

Inattention to any one detail in dairying may partially defeat the object to be attained—the most and best results at the least outlay.

The milking qualities of a cow depend more upon that of her sire's mother than upon her own.

An analysis of the milk of different cows, whether of the same or different breeds, shows a wonderful difference in the solids contained.

Bad water will make bad milk, no matter what the other food may be and bad milk will make bad butter, no matter how it is handled.

One advantage with dairying is that its products are in the line of food, and in consequence there is always more or less demand at some price.

Profitable dairying consists in making the farm products as nearly as possible the full ration needed for the cow, converting them into a more saleable product before sending to market.

The value of cream is based on the dry solids it contains, and cream from different cows, and even from the same cow at different periods of the year, has a very material difference in butter value.

While this product of the dairy is becoming quite prominent in our markets, it is hoped that the continued addition of the farm separator to the farms, and corresponding good methods of making butter, will do away entirely with this now bad practice that is causing a loss of many dollars to the farmers of our state.

In the large cities may be found for sale a grade of butter known as "Process" or "Renovated" butter. It is called dairy butter by those selling it to the trade, but the law requires that it be branded "Renovated" or "Process" butter, and this is stamped conspicuously on the package, either when sold in bulk, or in pound packages.

When creamery butter, or high-grade home dairy butter



## Notice to Dairymen

If you are thinking of buying a Cream Separator write us for catalogue and information. We manufacture the best machine on the market.

**Davis**  
Cream Separator Co.  
54 to 64 N. Clinton  
Street  
CHICAGO, ILL.

## R. E. COBB

**Butter, Eggs  
Poultry, Fruit  
Vegetables**

MANUFACTURERS OF  
**EVERTON  
CREAMERY**

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SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

## CREAM SEPARATOR FREE



This is a genuine offer made to introduce the Peoples Cream Separator in every neighborhood. It is the best and simplest in the world. We ask that you to show it to your neighbors who have cows. Send your name and the name of the nearest freight office. Address  
**PEOPLES SUPPLY CO.**  
DEPT. 74 KANSAS CITY, MO.

## CREAM SEPARATORS

All about them and other things for the dairy and creamery. A. H. REID, Philadelphia

## POTATOES \$2.50 a Bbl.

Largest growers of Seed Potatoes in America. The "Rural New Yorker" gives Salzer's Early Wisconsin a yield of 740 bu. per a. Prices dirt cheap. Mammoth seed book and sample of Testate, Spelta, Macaroni Wheat, 60 bu. per a. Giant Clover, etc., upon receipt of 10c postage.  
**JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.**

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# 400,000 FARMERS

Scattered all over the world are finding a

## DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATOR

The best investment they  
ever made in dairying

MIGHT NOT THIS BE TRUE WITH YOU TOO?

*Let the nearest local agent bring you a machine to see and try for yourself. That is his business. It will cost you nothing. It may save you a great deal. If you don't know the agent send for his name and address---and a catalogue*

## THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.

Randolph and Canal Streets  
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GENERAL OFFICES

74 COURTLAND STREET  
NEW YORK

327 Youville Square  
MONTREAL

75 and 77 York Street  
TORONTO

248 McDermot Avenue  
WINNIPEG

is being sold on the market for 30 cents, renovated butter sells for from 23 to 25 cents. There is but little excuse for this brand of butter appearing in our markets, inasmuch as it is due to negligence, or ignorance, on the part of farmers who make butter on a small scale, and trade it in for goods at the grocery or general stores, there is no excuse for this condition of affairs as so much reliable information is afforded on the proper methods in making good dairy butter.

The merchant who buys this poor grade of butter usually obtains it for from 12 to 15 cents, and finds a ready sale for it in the process factories, the concerns that make over the butter. The merchant selects the poorest butter that is brought to his store, especially that which is off color, flavor and of poor quality, and it is all dumped together into tubs and shipped to the factories. Here it is placed in a vat and melted so that the salt and casine may be separated from the butter fat or oil. The theory of the process manufacturer is that butter fat alone does not contain flavor. After being melted,

and the above separation made, the butter fat is pumped into a funnel-shaped tank which is located in a room where thorough ventilation is afforded. Air is pumped through the vat to remove taints and odors from the butter fat or oil. Afterwards the product is run into a vat of ice-cold water, in order to solidify it, or form it into fine granules. Following this operation, it is soaked in sour milk for several hours, after which it is colored, churned, salted and worked. There are different rules followed in the manufacture of renovated butter, but the two conditions entering into the process, are the removal of odors and flavors, and the addition of milk to impart flavor.

Renovated butter is a great improvement over oleomargarine, inasmuch as it contains butter fat, and is not an injurious article of food. It is, however, to be regretted, that in the first instance the butter fat was not properly cared for by the dairyman, and the profits saved by him, rather than to be made by the merchant, and in addition the factory and the fourth party who handles the manufactured product.

Please mention The Northwest Magazine when writing advertisers.



**The Dairy S.**

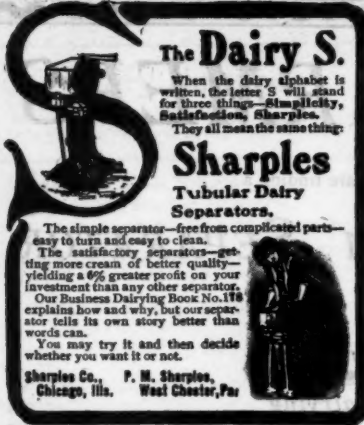
When the dairy alphabet is written, the letter S will stand for three things—**Simplicity, Satisfaction, Sharples.** They all mean the same thing:

**Sharples Tubular Dairy Separators.**

The simple separator—free from complicated parts—easy to turn and easy to clean. The satisfactory separator—getting more cream of better quality—yielding a 6% greater profit on your investment than any other separator. Our Business Dairying Book No. 118 explains how and why, but our separator tells its own story better than words can.

You may try it and then decide whether you want it or not.

Sharples Co., Chicago, Ill. P. M. Sharples, West Chester, Pa.



**Men or Women \$150 per month Salary or Commission**

Introducing our King Butter Separator and Aerator. Produces Creamery Butter from Cream or Milk, Sweet or Sour, IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES. Every owner of a cow a customer. Write for Sole Agency stating territory desired. Our **FREE SAMPLE and SALARY** proposition will interest you. **CURTIS- WILLIAMS CO., Dept. "99," Chicago, Ill.**

The adage says: "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself." That's why the cow prefers licking herself to being licked by the hired man. He hits only the bumps.

Keep milking the heifer up to the last six weeks before she is due to come fresh again. This will get her into the habit of holding out in her milk all the rest of her life.

Three weeks before cows are due to give milk we should stop giving them heavy feed. No meal should be fed during this period. Wheat bran is the best of anything at this time. If the cow is after that watered and fed carefully there will be practically no danger from milk fever.

High scoring extras have been scarce all winter in the markets. The weather cannot be blamed, and certainly patrons are taking as good care of their milk this winter as they did last. "It must be in the feed," is the conclusion reached by the men in the markets who are receiving and sending out butter every day. In the first place, the fat is not in the feed and in the next place much of the feed was injured by rain during the harvest.

You may not have the best dairy type of cow, but if you feed and handle the cow upon correct principles, and use her gently, she will do the best that she can for you, and that is often better than the best dairy cow would do if you did not feed and care for her as you should. Remember that you are responsible in a great measure for what the cow will do for you at the milk pail.

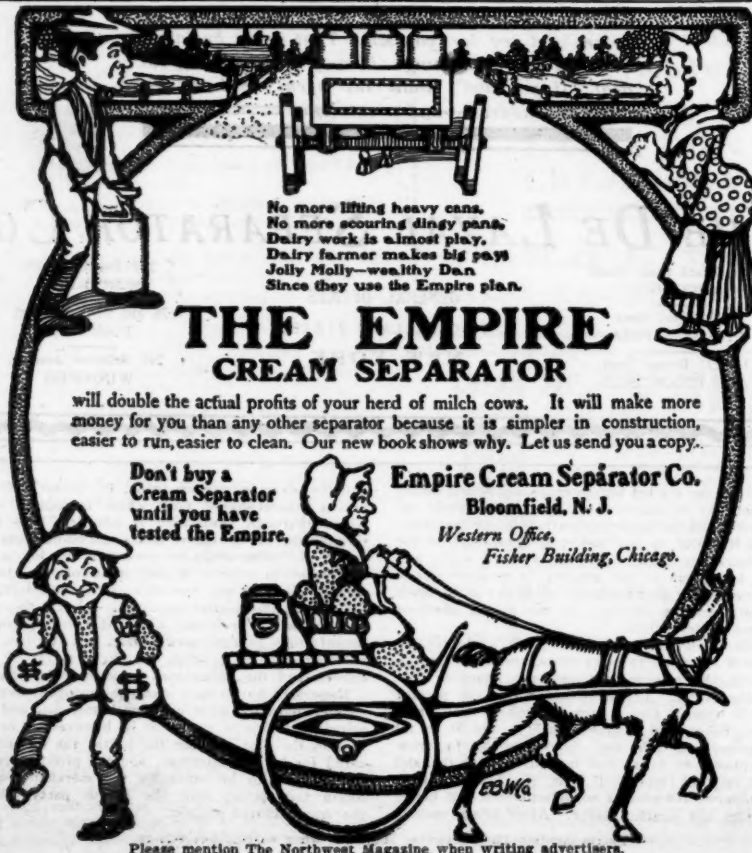
No more lifting heavy cans.  
No more scouring dingy pans.  
Dairy work is almost play.  
Dairy farmer makes big pay.  
Jolly Molly—wealthy Dan  
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**Empire Cream Separator Co.**  
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## Little Men and Women

All of our boy and girl readers are invited to contribute to this department on any subject they may be interested in. The editor will also be glad to have photographs of the boys and girls for publication.

Address, **UNCLE JIM,**  
Care The Northwest Magazine, St. Paul, Minn.

Paw he got th' checkerboard,

An says, "Now, come here, son,  
We'll spread th' pieces on th' squares  
An' show you how it's done."

So I set down, an' he moved first,

'Nen I give him a man,

'Nen he jumped me, an' chuckled out,  
"Jest beat me ef you can."

'Nen I moved one, an' he took that,

An' said not to feel sore,

Jest then I seen a zigzag line,

'Nen jumped—an' I took four!

My paw—he rubbed his chin an' thought,

An' says, "Um-m-m, lemme see,"

An' when he moved I saw my jump,

An' that time I took three.

'Nen paw he moved another man,

An' hitched upto the board,

I took that, too, while maw looked on,

An' maw—say, she jest roared!

'Nen paw—th' king row's where he wants

To get like anything,

But 'fore he knows where I am at,

I says, "Paw, crown that king."

'Nen I jest moved the way they do

Down there at Gregg's store,

An' first thing paw knows he ain't got

No checkers any more.

'Nen paw gits up an' slams th' board!

I can't say what he said—

'Twas something 'bout "smart Aleck kids,"

'Nen he sent me to bed.



Uncle Sam's naturalists have discovered some remarkable fishes in the Philippines. One species, known as the "poyo," is able to climb trees. Not only does it enjoy this exercise, but it dies if prevented for any length of time from leaving the water. Sometimes it ascends trees to the height of seven feet. It weighs two pounds, and is highly esteemed as food.

Then there is the "terebog," which is found in Lake Buhí, in the island of Luzon, and is much valued as a food fish. It attains a length of three feet or more, takes a bait (especially a frog) very readily, and will even rise to a salmon fly. But the remarkable thing about this species is that it is able to breathe air, and can walk on the land. Children amuse themselves by making the creature crawl.

The "terebog" is fond of mice and rats. It will linger on the bank of a mossy pond, with its nose out of water, taking a breath of fresh air, and waiting for an imprudent mouse or frog to come along and be gobbled. On land it progresses in a serpentine manner by means of its tail and pectoral fins. As might be supposed, it is not easily retained in an aquarium, being addicted to making its way out and assuming charge of its own affairs. The smallest fish on record has been located in a lake in Luzon. It is only half an inch long when full grown, but is valuable for food, being captured in immense numbers by means of extremely fine nets. The tiny fishes are sold by measure in the market-places of the towns, and are commonly prepared for the table in the shape of flat cakes, one of which will contain from 2,000 to 3,000.

## \$7.90 Dresses You Like a Prince from Head to Foot.



A truly great offer and the best real bargain ever known. We want customers. To secure them we offer a handsomely tailored wool, business sack suit, made to measure, and also 40 other articles of a total value of over \$400; suit alone being worth at least \$12.00.

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FREE—Cloth samples, measurement blanks, tape and full description of outfit sent to anyone on request. Outfit will be sent C. O. D. subject to your approval. Bright representatives wanted everywhere for all our goods. We start you in business with all printed matter, catalogues, stock, etc., etc. FREE.

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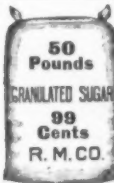
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Better groceries and  
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get anywhere else in the  
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50 lbs. Granulated Sugar	\$ .99
39 lbs. Good Prunes	1.00
5 packages Best Rolled Oats (2 lbs. each)	.40
2 lbs. Majestic Japan Tea	.50
1 gal. Rock Candy Drip Syrup	.39
1 gal. Plantation Molasses	.39
1 lb. can Justice Ground Ginger	.25
25 lb. keg Armour's Corned Beef	1.75
8 oz. Pure Black Pepper	.15
19 lbs. Pure, New York Brokewheat	.39
1 bottle Witch Hazel (pint)	.22
5 bars Fairy Soap	.20
4 packages Justice Soda (1 lb.)	.20
4 bars H. & K. Scouring Soap	.20
25 bars Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap	.75
4-lb. bar Imported Castile Soap	.52
15 lbs. New California Peaches	.95
2 packages Breakfast Food (2 lbs. each)	.19
2 cans California Pears in Syrup (3 lbs.)	.30
2 cans California Plums in Syrup (3 lbs.)	.30
10 lbs. Quinova Java & Mocha Coffee	2.50
1-lb. can Bos' Baking Powder	.25
4-oz. bottle Vanilla Extract	.35
4-oz. bottle Lemon Extract	.25

\$13.79

Your Dealer would charge you \$23.50. We save you just \$8.71 on this list of the very highest grade groceries. Send \$1.00 as a guarantee and say you want List No. 243 and we will ship by first freight every article in list. Look them over carefully and if you find that you have the greatest bargain you ever saw, pay your agent the balance, \$12.79, and charges; if not entirely satisfactory, refuse the goods and we will return the \$1.00 at once. Send for our large Grocery Catalogue No. 74.

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20-22 Michigan Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.  
Reference: Ft. Dearborn National Bank.



**THIS FINE STEEL BED**

With our \$9 Assortment of Household Goods Direct from the Factory.

**FREE**

1/2 lb. Tea.....	60	30	2 Cans Bak. powdr.	.50
1 lb. Coffee.....	30	2 Bot. Vanilla Ex.	.50	
46 Bars L'Dry Soap	2.50	1 Bot. Lemon Ex.	.25	
2 Bx Med. Cr. Soap	.50	1/2 lb. Pepper.....	.25	
1 Box Vege. Soap	.25	1/2 lb. Cinnamon	.25	
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1 Box Glyc. Soap...	.25	1 Jar Med. Cr. Jelly	.25	
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**MEDICATED CREAM SOAP CO.,**  
275 E. Madison Street, - - Chicago, Ill.

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.  
I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.  
From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.  
A whisper, and then a silence;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.  
A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!  
They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.  
They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!  
Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?  
I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.  
And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day;  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In the following verses you must supply numbers where the dashes occur. In one case, you will find, a Roman numeral is needed. Be sure not to place a figure that will injure either the rhyme or the meter. When you have finished add your numbers; they should amount to 156. This includes the numbers twelve and fifty.

When Jimmie —d was twelve years old  
He showed no —dency — work;  
His father, kind, — bore — scold,  
Till Jim, he saw, would be a shirk.  
"See here, my boy," said he — day,  
As Jim a hearty breakfast —,  
"I —der who the bills would pay,  
If no — work from morn till I —"  
"Your —tune will not come unless  
You strive, and i — told you once,  
I've told you fifty times, success  
Will ne'er at —d the lazy dunce."  
"So quicken up your g —, my lad;  
Be — they pass you in the race;  
—hibit character; be glad  
It's not — I — take your place."

## THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE

**\$1.00 per Year**

## Horticulture

Of General Information.  
Contributions Invited.

From the botanic gardens at Washington the government has recently sent a consignment of native American trees to Palestine with a view to ascertaining whether they will grow in the arid regions of that country. It is believed that the desolateness of the Holy Land is due to the absence of trees, which it is hoped will brighten the face of nature there.

In this connection it is interesting to note that at the same time Professor Chas. E. Bessey, of the University of Nebraska, has just discovered a number of foreign trees which he believes will grow on the arid plains of western Nebraska, and it is understood that the experiment of growing these trees will be made in the western counties this year.

Professor Bailey has characterized the average school grounds as being "bare, harsh, cheerless and immodest. One's training for the work of life is begun in the home and fostered in the school. This training is the result of a direct and conscientious effort on the part of the parent and teacher combined with the indirect results of the surroundings in which the child is placed. The surroundings are more potent than we think and they are usually neglected. It is probable that the antipathy to farm life is often formed before the child is able to reason on the subject. An attractive play ground will do more than a profitable wheat crop to keep the child on the farm." That the above picture is not overdrawn no one will deny. We would not advocate a system of farm life which will be expensive in its outward pretensions or gaudy and frilled. While plain and inexpensive it should be simple, convenient, attractive and above all, present an air of good cheer. Much of the drudgery and aversion on the part of young people to farm life is not on account of the work, but on account of these same characteristics which Professor Bailey mentions in the school grounds. They are uninviting and depressing wherever found. Only the more so in the home because one comes into more intimate touch with them there. Next to the home in this relation come the school grounds. The past five years have marked a growing interest in this subject. There are many willing to aid in this work if directed, and others who have become discouraged through past effort. The keynote of successful school yard planting is tersely set forth by Mr. W. H. Barnes, of the Kansas Horticultural Society. Mr. Barnes statement points out clearly the present source of failure in most efforts made along this line, and from personal experience we have no hesitancy in stating that his position is correct: "I long ago discovered that the real reason why school grounds are not made attractive is their limited area. Our people in the West, notwithstanding the low value of the land, brought with them the idea that a quarter of an acre was enough to waste (?) around a school house. Outdoor exercise (recess) is an essential part of an education, and a herd of children playing ball, duck on a rock, quails, leap frog, skipping the rope, or tag in a public road should be prohibited. If the school director should happen along with his team and the team shys at the children or their belongings he would complain as do others. If we ornament the school grounds with 'keep off the grass' signs, where will they play? In the West, where land is cheap, we should have taken five acres for grounds about each school house. Then two acres could have been parked and beautified, with the house a bower of beauty in the midst of a lovely setting."

With an area of this size the grounds between the building and road can be used for the planting of shrubbery and trees with the surety that it will not be trampled over a few scores of times each recess, as there would then be abundance of room back of the building for these games, and certainly play grounds are of sufficient importance to justify setting aside an area fully as large for that purpose.

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to any city in United States if you send the full amount with the order \$1.98. If you wish us to we will ship you these goods to your city with the privilege of seeing them all before leaving one cent, and if not found in every way as represented and the same goods as what you would have to pay your merchant \$30.98 for. They can be returned to us at our expense. If goods are shipped C.O.D. we do not pay freight. Free 32-page Grocery List.

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5 Baking Powder.....	2.50	1.50
4 Oz. Lemon Extract.....	50	25
4 Oz. Vanilla.....	75	35
5 Bars Castle Soap.....	50	25
10 Java & Mocha Coffee.....	4.00	2.80
1 Gun Powder Tea.....	80	60
3 Golden Bk Coffee Compound.....	60	30
10 Bars Laundry Soap.....	50	25
1 Qt. Pure Indigo.....	93	46
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hunting case, beautifully engraved, stem wind and  
stem set, fitted with a richly jeweled handsome and  
guaranteed a correct timekeeper with fine Gold  
plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents.  
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2 Pepper, strictly pure, ground, in tin cans	.80	.40
1 Cinnamon, strictly pure, gr'd, in tin cans	.50	.35
8 Lemon Extract, best quality	.80	.65
8 Vanilla Extract, best quality	1.00	.75
5 Baking Powder Powder	2.50	1.50
5 Coffee, pure Java & Mocha, roasted	2.00	1.50
5 Grand Pas Tar Soap	.50	.30
5 Soap, strictly pure Castile	.50	.30
1 Tea, choice Gunpowder or Java	.80	.60
10 Prunes, No. 1 California	1.20	.65
10 Peaches, choice California fruit	1.20	.95
3 cans sardines, 8 size, mustard, new	.35	.25
3 cans Peas, Early June, best	.35	.25
1 qt. Indigo, strictly pure, not water	.50	.55
25 Crackers, Soda, Butter or Oyster	2.00	.85
5 Rice, Finest Carolina, not broken	.50	.15
5 Rolled Oats, Quaker	.25	.05
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Write at once before you forget it, as this offer may not appear again. Address Dept. 193 CHICAGO MFG. & MDSE. CO.,  
ATTENTION: U.S. Exp. Bldg., Chicago.  
Metropolitan Trust & Saving Bank. Capital \$750,000.00

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately; depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Miss Francis E. Fitz, deputy United States recorder of Council City, Alaska, the farthest north mining camp on the Pacific coast, and one of the proprietors of the News, a weekly paper published in the camp, is now visiting friends and relatives in the east.

This little eight-page weekly met with success from the start, and is now in its second year. The subscription is \$10 per year and twenty-five cents a copy. Besides getting a substantial income from the paper, the partners have a job printing business which nets them a good sum.

Miss Fitz will return to Alaska with the opening of navigation next June. She has been highly successful in her business ventures, and, notwithstanding the bleak climate, and the hardships of life in the Arctic, she intends to remain there.

## The Northwest Magazine

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Friday Gold Mine, 300 Shares, at	- - -	25 "
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Bohemian Queen Gold Mine, 500 Shares, at	- - -	25 "

### HOW OTHERS SELL THEM

Washington Match, par value, is - - - - - 5.00  
Selling on market now at par.  
Friday, par value, \$1.00. Taken off the market and sold at par.  
Six Eagles, par value \$1.00, and selling now at 60 cents.  
Sunset, par value is \$1.00 and selling at 60 cents.  
International Oil, par value is \$1.00 and selling at 15 cents.  
Bohemian Queen and Ethel are not on the market.

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## Live Stock

Devoted to the Interests of Stockmen.  
Contributions Invited.

People who have not given any thought to the subject, hardly realize the extent of the Mexican cattle trade with the United States.

There are probably 450,000 head of cattle in Chihuahua, 245,000 in Sonora, 145,020 in Nevo Leon, 250,000 in Tlaximilipas. All of these cattle will find a market in Kansas City, through El Paso, Texas, Laredo, Texas, and Nogales, Ariz. 100,000 head came over the line last year.

High bred animals give better returns for feed consumed, than ordinary, or scrub stock. Even an extra amount fed to poor cattle will fail to bring that superior quality which is desirable.

Uncle Sam has his eyes open for business. A few years ago much of the fancy bacon which went into English markets came from Holland and Canada. Uncle Sam got onto the formula and now he sends just the kind of bacon the English like. The United States type of hog is a pretty good thing to tie to. The producer ought to know how to get a great deal of good from his porkship.

The state of Wyoming has long been noted for her cattle and sheep industry, but according to the returns of the county auditors of that state, she has another paying industry, viz: killing wolves and coyotes. In this industry, Crook county carried off the banner last year, her citizens having killed 1,184 wolves, for which they received \$3 per head, and 442 coyotes, for which they received \$1 per head, making a total of \$3,994. Johnson county came second, with 824 wolves and 788 coyotes, for which she received \$3,332. If the other counties keep anywhere near up to these two, wolves and coyotes will soon become scarce in that state.

The Department of Agriculture in its late report gives the total number of hogs in the United States Jan. 1, 1903, at 46,922,624 head. On Jan 1, 1902, the number was 48,098,890 head, and in 1900 there were 62,871,108. These figures show that there were 1,776,266 less hogs in the United States Jan. 1, 1903, than there were Jan. 1, 1902, and that there are 15,953,484 less hogs in the United States, than there were three years ago. No wonder that hogs are scarce in all the great market centers and that they are high and the price is advancing. This is a shrinkage in numbers of hogs in the United States of 33 1-3 per cent.

One of the largest and best feeders in the United States, is David Rankin of Tarkio, Mo. Last year he sold \$130,000 worth of cattle, and \$111,500 worth of hogs, fed on the products of his farm. He declares that no farmer can afford to sell corn, that is if he wishes to keep up the fertility of his land, he must feed out all the grain raised on the farm, and return the manure from the animals back to the soil. He says: "When you haul grain off the farm to market, you are selling the fertility off your land, and if continued long enough, the land will cease to produce crops that will pay for the labor of raising them." He makes money in his system of farming; you can do the same, if you farm as he does.

Many farmers and hog raisers declare that hogs cannot be raised in a small yard, that they must have plenty of range. Now comes the news, that a farmer in Rhode Island has succeeded in raising hogs for market at a profit. This shows that hogs can be raised in close confinement, for surely hogs raised in that state could not have had a good range, as the state is not large enough to make a good range.



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to give satisfaction.

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Montana is fast coming to the front as an Angora State, 8,000 having been taken there for breeding purposes during the last three years. In that climate the Angora grows a longer and finer fleece, than they do on the southern ranges and farms, and the animals also grow larger.

What a sire does not possess, he cannot transmit to his progeny. Remember this when selecting breeding animals. Like produces like, whether in the animal or vegetable kingdom.

Don't make changes in food of ewes near lambing time. Stick to clover hay and don't feed corn.

Do not overfeed the young pigs when they begin to eat. If they become stuffed and paddy indigestion and scours will result.

The year 1902 will go down into history as a record breaking year along many lines. The value of all kinds of live stock sold at Chicago was \$29,000,000 more in 1902, than in any former year. Value of cattle sold, \$150,114,000; calves, \$3,148,000; hogs, \$126,345,000; sheep, \$19,139,000, and horses, \$13,260,000, a grand total of \$321,000,000. Average price of cattle were the highest on record, and hogs never averaged higher but one year in Chicago's history. Native steers sold in Chicago for \$9; in August being only 30 cents below the highest record price in twenty years. Range Texas cattle sold the highest point on record; 460,000 more sheep received than ever before in one year. The total number of animals slaughtered was over 13,000,000, being 41,533 head for every working day in the year. The grand total of all animals received amounted to 16,159,000 head. The average weight of cattle was only 977 pounds, the lightest on record, and the average weight of all hogs was only 220 pounds, the lightest in many years. The conditions of the stock trade in Chicago is a fair index of the



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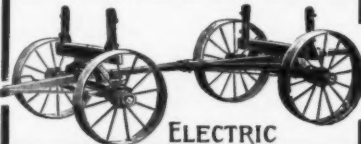
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trade at all the great markets during the year, and shows the enormous extent of the live stock industry in the United States, and the great source of wealth it is to our people.

To be successful in producing pork, one must give it constant thought and attention.

The breeder who thoroughly understands his business will always have a good demand for his surplus stock.

As a milk producing food, wheat shorts has no equal, and this can be fed to a sow without much danger of the pigs getting thumpy.

Every effort should be made to save all the pigs that are farrowed this spring, as pork prices are now high and there is no question but what pork will reach a higher level this year than it did last.

Rape makes excellent hog pasture, but great care should be used in the selection of the seed. We have had the best success with rape when sown with some kind of grain as it is not so liable to be attacked with lice and worms when sown this way as it is when sown alone.

On account of the high price of feed, the hog pasture will be of two-fold value this summer, and those who were fortunate enough last fall to sow a small field to winter rye, will reap the reward of their labor this spring. It will furnish abundance of early pasture and then make a crop that can be harvested early, and the grain fed out long before other grains are ready. Beyond a doubt, winter rye will help the hog raiser out of more tight places than any other one kind of grain.

Be sure the colts have strong well-fitted halters. If the halters are not well fitted they will soon learn to rub them off, and a habit is formed that is almost impossible to cure.

Much of the so-called hog cholera is brought on by feeding too much new corn before it is sufficiently matured. New corn should be fed sparingly; better wait until it is ripe before you use much of it. Old corn is safer, and in the long run cheaper, than new corn, even if it be worth more. Many good hog raisers and feeders now look upon new corn as being a dangerous feed. Hogs should be changed from one feed to another gradually so as not to disturb their digestive organs too much. No difference how much other feed you may have, there is nothing so good for sows that are suckling their young, and for growing hogs, as clover, alfalfa and rape. These are the cheapest and best foods, and farmers should always provide them for their hogs if they want them to do well.

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A. F. D., Liberty Bluff, Wis.: I have a horse about 8 years, in good condition, eats well, and works well; at times he will not pull a pound; when he has these spells he drops ears and tail, and no amount of whipping will do him a bit of good; have to unhitch him, even when away from home, on the road; he is never loaded or made to pull too hard; also tell me what is good for scratches.

Answer—In regard to your 8 year old, I am sorry that I can not give you any advice, as a great many things might produce these spells, as you term them. For scratches you will find the following a very useful ointment:

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Some cows hold up their milk because the milker is  
not a good one, and they do not enjoy the process. An-  
other man might milk them and have no trouble that  
way. It pays to study this characteristic in the various  
members of the herd.

We have it from more than one reliable source, that  
creameries in North Dakota have diversified farming to  
the greater profit of the patrons. This is one of the good  
features of dairying, as it calls for different forage crops,  
some of which are sure to be a success.

Generally speaking, Red Polls are of a beef breeding  
type. Over in England there are many large herds of  
Red Polls that have been milked for many years, and  
that furnish averages in milk production of about 6,000  
lbs per year. From the same herd are being sent steers  
that win prizes at the Smithfield, London.

"It is wonderful how much ignorance we can carry  
around, and not know the weight of the burden. We  
hang, like the devil, to anything that belongs to us, no  
matter whether it is good or bad. Man's ignorance is  
so clinging that it is hard for him to forsake a mistaken  
notion."—Ex-Gov. W. D. Hoard at Wisconsin state dairy-  
men's convention.

Is all this talk of a general purpose cow only so much  
wind, and that the dairymen should stand by the straight  
dairy bred cows? Or is the dual purpose cow, the com-  
ing breed for the dairymen? This is a subject that de-  
mands serious consideration, and to help solve this prob-  
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To Germany, we owe the first suggestions regarding the  
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A German scientist in 1859 demonstrated in a crude  
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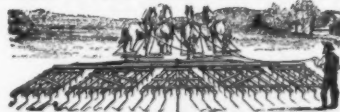
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Made of best seasoned oak. Two sizes of bars, to suit your work. Half-inch square teeth in light bars for light work;  $\frac{3}{4}$  x  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. Diamond sheer point teeth in heavier frame. Bars all mortised and riveted at teeth. Angle shape prevents teeth tracking. The best common wood frame harrow devised. Prices with draw bar) 48 teeth, 2 sections, 4 bars to section,  $\frac{7}{8}$  ft. cut, only \$3.77. Largest size, 144 teeth, 4 sections, 6 bars to section, 22 ft. cut, heavy frame and large teeth, only \$12.50. Intermediate sizes at proportionate prices. Freight to Ill. points and West, Chicago rates, or less.

## Genuine Boss Harrow (No. H 6) ONLY \$4.75



Bars 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. best seasoned oak, dressed to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. Riveted with  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. oval head rivets at each tooth. Frames of select pole stock timber. Each section independent; coupling effected without removing clevis. Teeth  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. steel, pointed and well tempered. 2 coats of paint. Price, 60 teeth, light 2-horse, cuts 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  ft., only \$4.75. Freight to Ill. points and West, Chicago rates or less.



## Only \$8.90 Tougless Cultivator (No. 8.)

This price is considerably less than the mfrs. can sell them to jobbers. We cannot get more to sell at these figures after these are gone. Arch, wheels and shovels are of steel; the gang the most approved pattern wood beam; staggered spokes; couplings adjustable either up, down or sideways. Gives perfect satisfaction. With 45-in. shovels, pin break, wood beam as shown, only \$8.90.

## O. K. 11 FOOT AGITATOR SOWER

The best AGITATOR SOWER on the market.

No. 8, 1901 ONLY

\$13.30



Accurate and reliable. Heavy steel wheels; strong, well finished.

## Cash Supply & Mfg. Co. Dept. 123, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Catalogue of ALL KINDS of Implements, Buggies, Harness, Sewing Machines, and EVERYTHING for the Farm and Home, FREE. Money saving prices on every page.

rate cream from milk. This was done by means of two glass jars attached to a spindle which revolved 500 times per minute. It required one hour to raise cream. About this time LeFeldt & Lentzsch of Brunswick, Germany, exhibited a machine in which was obtained a thick layer of cream in about twenty minutes, making 700 revolutions

per minute. In 1877 a patent was granted to the last named parties for a machine to separate cream from milk by centrifugal force. Although the device was very crude, it contained many suggestions unthought of before, and the dairy world was set to thinking. As a result, we have the modern dairy separators of today.

Please mention The Northwest Magazine when writing advertisers.



## GOING TO THE CIRCUS

The grain is in shock and out of danger and the farmer and his family can now go to the circus.

### Deering Ideal Light Draft Binders

never cause delays during harvest time. They can be depended upon to quickly get the harvest out of the way. The repair bills for users of Deering machines are light.

The **DEERING IDEAL LINE** embraces Binders, Headers, Header-Binders, Mowers, Reapers, Rakes, Corn Binders, Corn Shockers, Huskers and Shredders, Knife Grinders, Oil, and Binder Twine

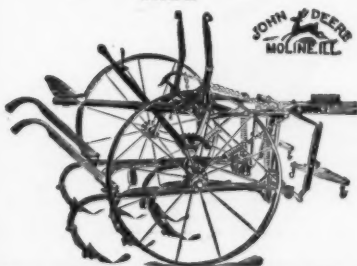
Deering Division, International Harvester Co. of America, Chicago, U. S. A.



## Ride or Walk?

You Can Do Either

WITH A



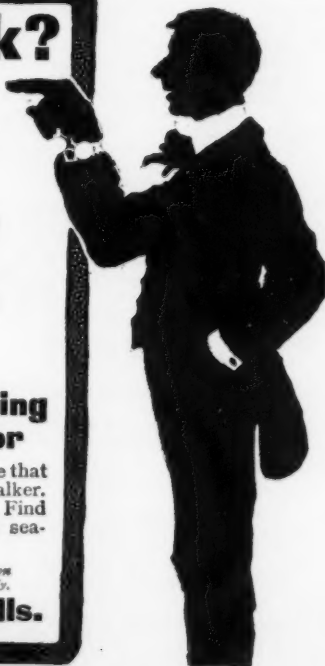
JOHN DEERE  
MOLINE, ILL.

### New Elk Combined Riding and Walking Cultivator

with balance frame. Only cultivator made that is equally satisfactory as Rider or Walker. Cut shows one of a dozen styles of rigs. Find out about it **now** before the cultivating season. Ask your dealer about it.

Send 6 cents for a souvenir and a year's subscription to **The Furrow**, a finely illustrated Farm quarterly.

**Deere & Co., Moline, Ills.**



Please mention The Northwest Magazine when writing advertisers.

## The Letter Box

The editor invites readers to use this department freely. Prizes for the three most interesting letters received each month, we offer a year's subscription each. Address,

VICTOR H. SMALLEY,  
The Northwest Magazine,  
St. Paul, Minn.

Editor of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE:—I came here last fall and took a homestead and bought land. We put in 175 acres of wheat on last year's plowing and it will produce a good crop; then we have a good garden on land that was broken this spring, which shows that the land is very productive. It seems to me that this is a good place for the Eastern man of small means to come, for he can sell what he has at a much better price than land costs here, and this would give him a chance to start here on a cash basis. I have not been here quite a year yet and we have a good crop ready to cut, besides having built a good, substantial house, dug well, put up fences, raised 300 chickens, planted an orchard, etc., so I think I have done pretty well for the first year. I used to live at Kirkhoven, Minn., and this is a better climate, the soil is easier worked, the seasons are longer and the soil richer than in the East. Yours truly,

OTTO LINDBLAD.

Wilson Creek, Wash.

Editor of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE:—After thirteen years of married life in a Southern State we found we had only saved, above our living, ten head of cattle and a team and as there was no range we had to provide food for stock just the same as for the family. Sickness was always present in our family and the doctors' visits were quite frequent, taking a big hole out of each year's gain. So when a circular describing North Dakota fell into our hands, we resolved to try the northern clime. Now after two years in North Dakota we have almost perfect health, a farm valued at \$1,200 and expect soon to homestead a quarter section (as we have not used our homestead right yet). Our herd of cattle has increased to twenty-two head and we now have four horses. Our stock costs us nothing through the summer, and in winter only the cutting of the hay. We have good schools, good water, good roads, good crops and good markets here and we would not change our northern home for any where we have ever been, our little boy aged 11 years run a herd of cattle last summer, earning \$25.00 per month.

J. L. THOMPSON.

Steele, Kidder Co., N. D.

Editor NORTHWEST MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir:—The Chicago Tribune of February 4th publishes an article with bold heading, "Rice Mills for St. Paul. Largest in the world to be established in Minnesota," in which the writer states that James J. Hill is building two ships to carry rice from Japan to America, with the object of making St. Paul a great rice center. About 2,000 carloads per month will be imported. "Most of this rice will be what is known as 'rough.' This means unmilled. The duty on unmilled is 1½ cents per pound. It costs 87 cents per hundred pounds to bring the rice from Japan to St. Paul."

It is doubtful if Mr. Hill ever inspired such an article. It appears to have been written by some journalist with inaccurate information as to what Mr. Hill proposes and a very superficial knowledge of the rice industry. First, as to inaccuracies:

1.—Mr. Hill ordered these steamers some two years since for the Oriental trade and not especially for rice importations.

2.—The Japanese do not market their rice in the rough. The hulls are removed on the farm unless especially ordered for seed.

3.—The duty on rough rice is ¾ of a cent per pound and not 1 and 1½ cents.

4.—The Japanese are not producing as much rice as they consume. If they sell, it must be at a good price,



No. 71.

## RELiance IRON & WIRE WORKS

JOSEPH ROTHWELL, Prop.

Manufacturers of Plain and Ornamental Iron and Wire Work, Iron Wire, Combination and Farm Fencing, Elevator Enclosures and Fire Enclosures and Fire Escapes.

145-147 East Ninth Street  
ST. PAUL, MINN.

## BRAND NEW STEEL ROOFING

Bought at Receivers' Sale. Sheets either flat, corrugated or "V" crimped. No tools except a hammer or hammer is needed to lay the roofing. We furnish free with each order enough paint to protect cover and nails to lay. Price per square, \$1.75. A square means 100 square ft. Write for Free Catalogue No. 305 on General Merchandise. Chicago House Wrecking Co., West 55th and Iron Sts., Chicago, Ill.

## The Superior Qualities of Our Plows is Unquestioned



ed Burch. Full line of other agricultural implements. Division N. M.

Made from best material. Best workmanship. Best plows on the market. Both right and left hand. Soft Stubble and General Purpose Mould Boards. Either Steel or Chilled Wood, Iron and Steel Beams. We make over 100 different styles and kinds of plows, including the celebrated Toledo Plow Co., Toledo, Ohio.



Established 1867

## WELL DRILLING MACHINERY.

PORTABLE and drill any depth, by steam or horse power.

42 DIFFERENT STYLES.

We challenge competition. Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue No. 4.

KELLY & TANEYHILL CO.,  
Chestnut St., Waterloo, Iowa.

## Our Clod Pulverizers have the same excellent construction which has made our rollers famous.



Made strong, durable and substantial. Pulverizes soil thoroughly. Self-oiling shafts. Revolving shafts. Low down center hitch. Steel or Wood frames. Sections made from special mixture iron. Easy spring seat. Full line other agricultural implements. We can save you money on anything in implement line. Write for catalogue and prices. Division N. M. THE TOLEDO PLOW CO., Toledo, Ohio.

**\$45** WKLY selling ALUM PUMP GOVERNORS. They make all pumps work easy and fit all kinds, (iron or wood). Mills run with less wind. Agents everywhere. PUMP GOVERNOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dpt. 4, 40 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## The Reputation of Our Rollers is World Wide



Strongest, most durable and easiest running rollers made. Self-oiling hubs. Revolving shafts. Steel and wood frames. Cheapest and best rollers made. We make over 40 different styles and kinds of rollers and can suit you no matter what kind of roller you may want. All kinds of other agricultural implements. Write for catalogue and prices. Division N. M. THE TOLEDO PLOW CO., Toledo, Ohio.



## GAIN ACRES

by clearing that stumpy piece of land. THE HERCULES Stump Puller pulls any stump. Saves time, labor and money.

Catalog FREE. Hercules Mfg. Co., Dept. 87, Centerville, Ia.

so they can replace it by cheaper rice from French Siam.

Let us examine how much business there is in such a proposition.

Suppose the rice could be bought in the rough (paddy rice) it would cost at Kobe or Yokahama from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per barrel (162 lbs.) according to quality for milling grades. The freight to St. Paul at 87 cents per hundred would be 1.41 and the duty at  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a cent per pound would be \$1.215, making the lowest grade cost \$4.12 per barrel of rough rice laid down at St. Paul, and \$4.62 for the better grade. If the rice is bought with the hull removed, which is doubtless the intention, if there is any intention about it, then it must come in the bran and is classed in the customs as uncleaned, paying a duty of \$1.25 per cwt.

This worked out and allowing for the reduction in weight by milling, amounts to practically the same as the rough rice statement. It then would stand that the millers of St. Paul would be paying \$4.12 to \$4.62 per barrel while their competitive mills in Louisiana and Texas pay \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per barrel for equally good rice.

The writer states that Mr. Hill will reduce the freight rates. Suppose he reduced from 87 cents per hundred to 50 cents—an extremely improbable supposition and one he could not make without a rate war—it would reduce the freight 60 cents per barrel and the cost at St. Paul to \$3.52 and \$4.02. If Mr. Hill transported the rice free of charge, it would not reduce the price to the St. Paul millers to a competing point.

Suppose Mr. Hill, failing to secure his rice in Japan, should send his ships to Sigon or Rangoon—(which for the best of reasons he could not do with any regular line of steamships)—the increased cost of freight would then fully offset any reduction in the price of rice. One reason he could not send his ships to these ports is that he would have freight only one way.

This rice milling enterprise at St. Paul is about the most chimerical financial scheme since Aladdin opened up business with his lamp and it will take harder rubbing than Aladdin gave his lamp to get any profit out of importing rice and milling it at St. Paul.

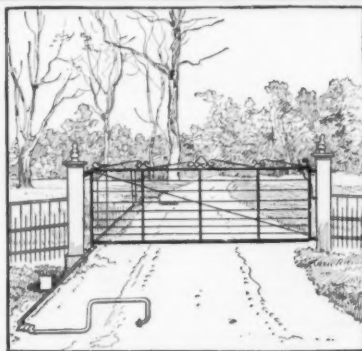
One thing I rather admire about this correspondent, he makes his story strong. Importing 2,000 carloads per month would furnish twice the amount of rice at present consumed in the United States. That amount will do for a start.

The New York mills and the San Francisco mill have tried importing and milling under the present tariff and did not succeed. Now it is fair to let St. Paul try.

S. A. KNAPP.

Pres. Rice Assn. of America.

Lake Charles, La., Feb'y 19th, 1903.



### THE Manlove Self-Opening Gate

Saves Time, Temper and Teams. Works without a hitch. See what our customers say in our Catalog. Write for it to-day. **MANLOVE GATE CO.,**  
273 Huron Street, CHICAGO.

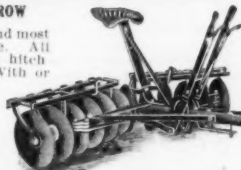
**LIGHTNING WELL MACHY**  
IS THE STANDARD  
STEAM PUMPS, AIR LIFTS,  
GASOLINE ENGINES  
WRITE FOR CIRCULAR  
THE AMERICAN WELL WORKS  
AURORA, ILL. - CHICAGO - DALLAS, TEX.

### OUR LOW HITCH DISC HARROW

Best, Simplest, strongest and most durable Disc Harrow made. All steel. Double levers. Low hitch Center draft. All sizes. With or without seeding attachment. Write for circulars and prices.

Toledo Plow Co.,  
Toledo, Ohio

Division N. M.



Write for a  
SORE EYES **Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

**DO YOU IRRIGATE?** If you have land lying above the irrigation ditch, you can make the water power pump your water. Will elevate 25 ft. for every foot fall used. **Rife Hydraulic Engine** will carry water to any distance and force it over any obstacle, at any height. No attention. No expense. Write to us. Tell us distance you wish to carry water and we will send you complete plans and estimates. All Engines **SOLD ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.** Send for free catalog. **RIFE ENGINE CO., 126 Liberty St., NEW YORK, N. Y.**

**FARMERS! A NEW WAY TO SHIP YOUR GRAIN.** INSTEAD of selling your grain at home send it to us and save middleman's profit. We have **Saved Other Farmers Thousands of Dollars.** Why don't **YOU** try it? Address for full particulars, **H. H. CARR & Co., 40 Board of Trade, CHICAGO.**

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# FOUR MACHINES IN ONE

## TEN DAYS' TRIAL FREE \$26 WORTH OF MACHINERY for \$6.50

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS is economy at every point and is especially true of farming. When you grind your sickle on a grindstone you destroy the original bevel, making your machine pull from 500 to 1000 pounds harder, resulting in greater wear on machine and horses and loss of time besides. Our Bi-Pedal Grinder overcomes this by automatically grinding to the proper bevel, assuring a clean cutting, properly working knife at all times. We know we have the BEST labor-saving device ever invented, for general farm and shop use. A general utility device worth its weight in gold. Throw away your grindstone and emery grinder and get our Bi-Pedal equipped with carborundum grinding wheels. It saves its cost in one season.

### Carborundum the World's Greatest Abrasive

A product diamond-like in its cutting properties. Manufactured at 7,000 degrees of heat, the most intense ever produced. It will cut glass easily. We ship with each machine a beautiful sample of this wonderful material with book fully describing its manufacture. Our Bi-PEDAL is fitted with wheels made of carborundum. We have the exclusive use of these wheels for hand tool grinders and foot power machines in the United States. Carborundum cuts twenty times faster than sandstone and is eight times more efficient than emery or corundum; will not glaze or draw the temper.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

CARBORUNDUM CO., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Our Grinders are equipped with  
LOCK STEEL LINK CHAIN.

1. One complete Sickle Grinder, worth . . . \$6.50
2. One perfect Tool Grinder, 5-in. wheel, worth . . . 6.50
3. One complete polishing outfit, polishes all utensils and tools, worth . . . 6.50
4. One 5-in. Saw Gumming machine, worth . . . 6.50

Any one of the above machines is worth \$6.50 and you can secure all four or \$26 value for \$6.50 by ordering our outfit. As an evidence of our great confidence in our grinder, and to prove all of our statements, can we not send you a machine in accordance with our offer below?

**The BI-PEDAL is Completely Automatic.** The foot do all the work and grind the Sickle in half the time required by any other Grinder made and without fatigue. The very high speed grinds sickles as good as when new, thus overcoming the difficulty found with slow running hand Grinders. It's like riding a bicycle and a great deal easier. A boy of eight years will grind a sickle without effort. The adjustments adapt it to grinding out nicks, sharpening at the drawhead, tool grinding or giving different pressure on the sickle. The clamping device is perfect and fits all makes of sickles. The Bi-Pedal is supplied with a large, flat face Carborundum wheel for tool grinding which supplants completely the old sand stone, and it will grind any tool or utensil used on the farm in one twentieth of the time, with little effort. Our polishing outfit will be found invaluable and there will be no excuse for rusty tools or utensils on the farm. Our Bi-Pedal contains many new and valuable features and has none of the complicated defects of other makes. It may be ordered with the assurance that we absolutely guarantee it in every particular and it must not be compared with any hand or foot power emery grinding device ever sold. It is the easiest running, fastest cutting portable grinding device ever offered, and for rapid grinding nearly approaches the power-driven machine.

### WHAT THEY SAY.

I am very well pleased with it, much better than I expected to be. OLE LARSON, Valders, Wis., Feb. 5, 1903.

Though I had often heard of Carborundum, I had no idea that it had such marvelous cutting qualities. I am certainly more than pleased with it. Yours truly, Jan. 18, 1903. DAVID TAYLOR, Laurel Hill, La.

From the use I have had from it so far, I must say that it is one of the best machines a farmer could buy. It will pay for itself several times over, simply from the time saved. R. C. GEANNIS, Crouse's Store, N. Y. Feb. 8, 1903.

As I am too well pleased with it to think of returning it, I am sending you draft for \$6.50, which please place to my credit. F. E. PRICE, Nokomis, Ill. Feb. 2, 1903.

Your machine is worth its weight in gold. Nov. 15, 1902. WELBY LARABE. I have received the grinder and it is all right in every respect. My boy, eight years old, grinds sickles with it easily. QUINN HOMERICH, Byron Center, Mich. March 7, 1903.

I am very much pleased with it and find it cuts down steel as easy as wax in a fire. Thanking you for attention and living up to your advertisement. Feb. 14, 1903. A. SIMPSON, Cambridgeport, Mass.

I am very glad I was lucky enough to get one of your grinders. No more old sand grindstone for me. Mar. 6, 1903. L. B. MCLEAN, Zeleville Cross Roads, O.

Received ten days ago and I find it to be all you claim it to be and more. It is surely a fine machine. March 10, 1903. CHAS. DIMON, Kimira, N. Y.

It is a wonderful machine. The grindstone is no comparison to it. ROSCOE TROXELL, Cameron, Mo. March 16, 1903.

It is one of the finest tools for the farmer that I ever saw. Any farmer knowing about Carborundum would become dissatisfied with his sand grindstone. Jan. 21, 1903. PETER E. RUDE, Ashland, Wis.

The Bi-Pedal Grinder which I have received and given a severe trial, I find is the best grinder on the market. Would not take ten times the price if I could not get another. POTTER DYBALL, Ayer, Mass. Feb. 14, 1903.

### OUR REMARKABLE

Keep it for ten days, test it in every conceivable manner. Let your neighbors try it. Give it the most severe tests either you or your neighbors can think of. If you are satisfied you want the machine send us \$6.50. If you are not ENTIRELY satisfied that it is the BEST investment you can possibly make, return it to us at our expense. We leave the matter of whether you pay for it or return it, entirely in your own hands. You are the sole judge. As to our responsibility, we refer you to any bank or business house in Milwaukee.

**C. Y. LUTHER BROS. COMPANY,** North Milwaukee, WISCONSIN

## Poultry and Bees

Of general interest to poultry raisers.  
Contributions invited.

An ounce of prevention is worth several pounds of cure when it comes to poultry diseases.

Iowa raises almost as many dollars' worth of eggs and poultry as it does of either hogs or cattle.

The song of the hen is not very sweet, nor has it a wide range of notes, but the good poultryman never gets tired of it.

At the Academy of Science in France experiments were made to test the relative food value of the flesh of birds, as well as of their eggs.

This is the time in a year when a flock of hens relish a feed of fresh cut bones. This is the genuine egg food and should be used when bones can be obtained at a reasonable price.

Don't crowd your chicken-house too much. Hens that have only room enough to turn around cannot do well, and besides, disease is very likely to make its appearance and thin out your flock.

One dollar and sixty cents per hen—that is the profit of a Connecticut man made with a small flock of chickens. Any farmer or farmer's wife can make a dollar per hen per year if they wish to do so. They have to give the business some attention.

There are really no "little chores"—that is, unimportant ones—in the care of hens. There are certain things to be done, and all are little, or large, or important, or unim-

portant in equal degree, just as you view them. None of them can be left undone without damage to the flock.

If your hens are kept in confinement you can make a good dust bath by filling a box with fine loam and when thoroughly dry throw into it a couple of pounds each of carbolic powder and sulphur. Mix the whole thoroughly together and you will have a dust bath that is some good.

Don't say it is too much trouble to take care of your chickens, when you have no place for them to roost, or in which to lay. If you had a good place for them, it would take but little time, and that time would be well paid for by the increase of eggs which your hens would lay.

On most farms, the receipts from poultry products are clear gain; but there are plenty of farmers throughout the northwest who can well afford to make poultry raising more than a mere incident or side issue. And more and more farmers are coming to realize this, to their profit.

The man who says that the common chickens are good enough for him, would, if he were raising cattle, say that the scrub is good enough for him. The experience of the good poultryman and stockman say, that pure breeds do much better. There is greater profit and pleasure for both in raising pure breeds.

Corn, wheat, oats, barley and millet seed are good poultry feeds; some do not believe in corn, but their reasons are mostly like the small boys' "because." The Agricultural Experiment Stations tell us that corn is one of the very best feeds for poultry, but they do not tell us to feed it exclusively; still more, cool reasoning would not suggest that we feed it exclusively.

I would not advise anyone that has a good, healthy flock to undertake doctoring them with antidotes with a view of forcing egg production, either summer or winter.



**BUILD YOUR OWN INCUBATOR.**  
We sell complete illustrated plans by which a 200 EGG HOT WATER INCUBATOR can be built for about \$8. We furnish Lamps, Tanks, Regulators, etc., at cost. Big money building and selling them. Write today for particulars and FREE prospectus "How to Make and Save Money with an Incubator." Chascon, Snow & Co., Dept. 125 Quincy, Ill.



**200 EGG INCUBATOR \$8**  
By our new plan you can secure our NEW IDEA INCUBATOR at nominal cost. Double Walls, Removable Trays, Mercury Copper Heater, Improved Tank, Safety Lamp, Regulator. Write for FREE Circular. Address: NEW IDEA INCUBATOR, Box 125 QUINCY, ILL.



## THE WHOLE FAMILY

### COMMERCIAL POULTRY

**"The Poultry Paper That Is Different"**

teaches how to make poultry pay, makes experts of beginners, and turns loss to profit. We will send it to you for a whole year, twice a month, 24 times, for 40 cents. We want agents too. Good pay, big premiums or cash. Send for a free sample copy.

**DRAPER PUBLISHING CO.**  
Dept. C-67 324 Dearborn St.  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

There was a man in our town  
Who thought himself quite wise,  
He said the poultry papers  
Were filled up full of lies.  
He said his wife kept chickens,  
And that they didn't pay,  
They had enough to eat—he said—  
And yet they wouldn't lay.

One time **COMMERCIAL POULTRY**  
Was sent him by a friend,  
He read and practiced what it taught—  
His troubles had an end,  
Now he and his whole family  
Are happy as can be.

When asked what made the change he says:  
"COMMERCIAL POULTRY—see?"

# \$500 GIVEN AWAY

## For ALL WHO CAN COUNT THE DOTS CORRECTLY

American Poultry Journal, Chicago, Ill., oldest Poultry Journal in the World,  
Circulation 40,000, makes the above offer in order to introduce it into every home.

The dots can be accurately counted. You can do it if others can. There is no trick about this puzzle—the dots are all there and can be easily counted. Simply count the dots, fill out the coupon and mail it to us. Any boy or girl can count the dots. REMEMBER, the counting is perfectly fair. The more counts you register the more you are of winning a prize. No other employment will pay you so well. We give some pointers how to count the dots: Perforate each dot with a pin as you count, or mark off sections and count each section separately, or run lead pencil line from dot to dot.

### COUNT THE DOTS

A positive guarantee is given that no person, directly or indirectly, connected with the American Poultry Journal, not even the dot editor, knows the number of dots, nor will they know until after the official count is made. When the contest is closed the dots will be counted by F. E. Murphy, of Minneapolis, the owner of the copyright. He will furnish the American Poultry Journal an affidavit of the correct count. This affidavit, which will not be made until after the close of the contest, shall be conclusive on all parties to the contest as to the count. Contest closes May 15, 1903. The correct count will be announced in the following issue of the American Poultry Journal.

### DIRECTIONS:

1. Write your name, address and count plainly. 2. Your count and money must come in the same letter. 3. Counts will not be changed after having been received at this office. 4. Do not write letters asking questions. Read the directions, count the dots and be sure you fill out the coupon correctly. 5. If you don't want the paper, you can register count by sending 25 cents with your count. 6. On account of the great number of subscriptions we receive daily it is impossible to send a postal receipt. The fact that you get the Journal with its subscription date of expiration printed on the wrapper is a receipt in itself. 7. The contest closes May 15, 1903, at midnight. Letters post marked May 15 will be accepted. Money received after that date will be credited on subscription, but counts will not be registered. 8. No one connected with this Journal can be a contestant.

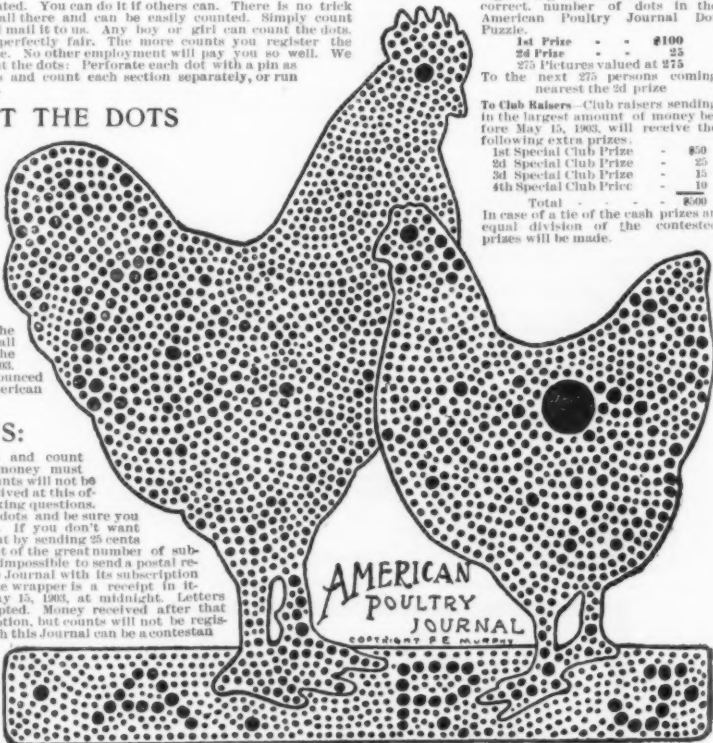
A club raiser is entitled to a count for every new subscriber he sends. Be sure and place counts after your own name, not subscriber's name.

This is the only time this ad will appear in this magazine

The following prizes will be awarded in the order named below to those registering the correct, or nearest correct, number of dots in the American Poultry Journal Dot Puzzle.

1st Prize	-	-	\$100
2d Prize	-	-	25
275 Pictures valued at 275			
To the next 275 persons coming nearest the 2d prize			
To Club Raisers—Club raisers sending in the largest amount of money before May 15, 1903, will receive the following extra prizes.			
1st Special Club Prize	-	-	\$50
2d Special Club Prize	-	-	25
3d Special Club Prize	-	-	15
4th Special Club Prize	-	-	10
Total	-	-	\$500

In case of a tie of the cash prizes an equal division of the cash prizes will be made.



Send 50 cents for 1 year's subscription at one time and get one count. Send one dollar for 2 year's subscription at one time and get three counts. Send two dollars for 4 year's subscription at one time and get eight counts. Send 25 cents without subscription at one time and get one count. Every time you send two dollars, or three dollars or four dollars or more at the rate of 50 cents a year on subscription at one time for one person you can register one count for every 25 cents paid. Club raisers will please notice that the above rules apply to single or individual orders, not several orders added together. A club raiser must figure his counts according to what each single or individual subscription order is entitled to receive, according to the above table; thus, 50 cents on subscription entitles you to one count, a dollar on subscription entitles you to three counts, and so on.

### American Poultry Journal 3

Enclosed find \$.....to apply on my subscription  
for..... years and register counts of the number  
of dots at the right.

Name .....

Post Office .....

Rural Route.....or P. O. Box.....

State.....

Are you now taking the American Poultry Journal  
Fill out this coupon and send it to the DOT EDITOR, (Yes or No)

American Poultry Journal,  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Club Raiser's Name.....

# Malta-Vita

"The Perfect Food"  
FOR BRAIN AND MUSCLE.

Sold by grocers.

On most farms there is plenty of feeds that would go towards making a perfect balanced ration, if we take advantage of it. The secret in making hens lay is simply providing them with suitable feed, and it's a safe way.

The flesh of chickens, ducks and geese was found to contain the same nourishment as that of beef and pork, and in some instances the test shows greater nutritive value than the flesh of mammals. Chicken eggs were made special mention of as to their nutritive value. Twenty eggs, according to their mention, representing in food

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value, two pounds of beef. A hen soon furnishes her weight in desirable food. Is it a wonder that one would encourage the raising of good breeds of laying hens?

In selecting the breeding fowls the cock should have good size, strong constitution, broad back, full and round breast, medium, short, strong legs well set apart, to secure compactness and solidity. In addition he should have a nice smooth neck and head, bright eye, well developed comb and wattles for the breed he represents, handsome carriage, quick movement, bold and vigorous. The hens should be as uniform in size and color, as possible, with fine heads, long and deep bodies, carried well out behind the legs, breasts finely rounded, legs short and stout. When weight of flesh is desired, length of body is an important requisite, when desired to combine weight with flesh, with prolificness, select hens that are known to be good layers and from good laying stock. To these should be added strong constitutions able to stand the drain of egg production.

The nest should be rather hidden, it may be rather dark, and entirely out of sight of the flock; a separate room with but little light in it, as the fowls will not remain in the darkness, and will not bother a dark room very much. The hen likes to steal in a dark room to hunt a nest, and lay her eggs there, and you may think this rather queer, but such a place will increase the number of eggs largely. The best kind of nests are common small boxes, such as soap boxes, not nailed down fast, but left movable. Do not make a stationary nest, for you cannot keep them clean. Always use nest-eggs at first, but after beginning to lay, they are of no benefit. A little soft hay makes the best material for a nest, as it holds its form and place better than straw. Artificial nest-eggs, or at least those made from chinaware, are objectionable in cold weather, as they become extremely cold and the hen will not sit upon them. Door knobs are frequently used, but they are just as objectionable. Something in the line of cotton balls or woolen balls is the best winter nest-egg. Gather eggs promptly every day, or better still, twice a day in winter, for some will become frozen, and many may have accumulated in the nest, some may get broken. Use plenty of nest boxes, and do not crowd the hens into a limited number of nests.

For most farmers' use one of the American breeds will be found best. In this class will be found almost an all-purpose breed. We have in mind a farmer who has been keeping one of the American breeds and has paid no attention to fancy points, neither has he made a business of selling fowls for any purpose. He has been contented with the eggs he has obtained and the few used in the family. He liked to see nice hens and bought good males each spring for his flock. Recently he closed out his poultry to leave the farm. He hauled off a wagon load and sold them at ten cents per pound. They weighed an average of six pounds which brought sixty cents each. He had quite a number of them and he was surprised at the money they brought. It was an eye-opener to him and he just now sees what he has been losing all these years by not selling off the surplus each year and turning them into cash. Poultry that will bring this price in the general market is paying poultry and it is strange that more have not found out the secret.

Chickens of the American class have many advantages. They mature early, they grow to be of good size, they lay a sufficient number of eggs which are large and of a fashionable color. The laying qualities of any class of fowls can be improved with proper care and attention. Professional breeders will attend to standard points, but the utility breeder will look after profitable points in the utility farm fowl. What he wants is a good looking, profitable flock, and if he selects and breeds for these things he will secure them.

Balanced rations have long since been found to be satisfactory in feeding laying hens. The narrow ration is especially good for egg production and many experiments have been made at various stations to show the beneficial



results of such feeding. The materials most extensively used as an egg ration are various preparations made by meat packers, ground fresh meat and bone and materials containing some or all of the solids of skim milk. The West Virginia Experiment Station has been making some comparative experiments along the line mentioned. The object has been to study the comparative value of three classes of materials. High grade beef scraps were obtained from one of the large packing houses in Chicago, and "milk albumen" was supplied by a company which manufactures milk sugar, and fresh meat and bone ground together was obtained from a local butcher and provided fresh as required.

Three pens were provided, each of which was given ten pullets, ten hens and two cocks of the White Leghorn breed. All were fed the same grain ration and at no time were the hens fed heavily for egg production, but just ordinary quantities were given them. In the experiment as reported by Bulletin No. 83 it was found that the pen which laid the most eggs was the pen which had been fed beef scraps. The health of all of them remained uniformly good throughout the experiment. The low egg yield which was reported was probably due to the fact that the houses provided for them were not as warm as comfort would have dictated. Then, too, the hens were not fed heavily at any time during the experiment.

To the novice there are no mysteries about incubators. He has read a few thing about them, and the way seems plain. A man who had had nothing to do with incubators was telling the writer of this how easy it was to manage them, saying he proposed to try one before long—"it would be so interesting." His remark elicited the inquiry: "Did you ever try one?" to which he replied: "Oh, no, but it is easy enough." The man who has run incubators knows that it is not "easy enough" sometimes. The old hen is adjusted somewhat automatically; she seems not to mind temperature or supplies of moisture, and in due time brings off her hatch. But with the incubator it is different. It must be studied. The cheerful amateur soon finds that there are mysteries about it he has to learn or try to learn. He has been told that certain locations, as in the cellar, are the best places for the incubator. He tries it and fails to get a good hatch. warned against and succeeds. Why? Then the temperature then puts his incubator in some place he had been at. He has been told to keep his incubator at 102 or 103 degrees. He tries to do so. But in a short time he finds that there is a great variety of temperature in the incubator, the temperature of the eggs being one thing and over the eggs another. He begins to wonder where his standard of temperature is to be. He is given full instructions on how to use the regulator, and follows directions beautifully and successfully generally, but now and then it does not seem to give proper results and his eggs get too hot or too cold. Why? The question of moisture claims some of his attention, and he begins to read up on the matter. Then he discovers that poultry-raisers have had all kinds of experiences with that thing they call moisture. After a year or two the amateur discovers that there are mysteries connected with incubation, and he gets ready to investigate in earnest.

Some weird stories are told about hatching eggs. One is that an Illinois farmer hatches eggs by putting them in above the bees in his hives; another relates that in the Philippine Islands they put old and otherwise useless men to bed and pile eggs around them, leaving them to hatch. These stories show that the vivid imagination of the people of this country is enjoying good health.

When the fowls get to picking the feathers off each other's necks, I take a piece of raw, fat salt pork—a piece with a good rind, so it will not come down in the dirt—and, driving a nail through the rind, nail to some part of the building in easy reach of the hens and let them work at it all they please. When this is gone, if they still continue to pick off the feathers, I give them another piece. There is something lacking in their food when they pick off and eat each other's feathers, and the raw, fat salt pork supplies the deficiency and stops feather eating.

## BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



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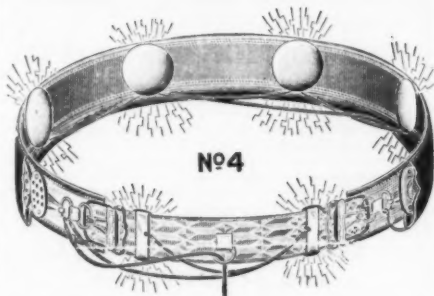
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Remember, the Belt we are offering you for only **\$6.66** is our No. 4, Dr. Horne's New Improved Regular **\$20.00** Combination Belt, for men or women. It is adjustable and can be worn by any member of the family. It is the best Belt we manufacture; in fact, the **Best on Earth**, and we make no exception to this statement. We have sold hundreds, yes, thousands of them, up to **\$10.00**. There is not a family but what should have one of these belts, as it is the best and cheapest doctor, and you do not have to go out of the house to get it. It will last you for years with proper care, and will save itself in doctor bills ten times over. These Electric Belts have cured thousands and will cure you if you will only give it a trial, as the many testimonials we publish in our catalogue will prove.

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## MISSOURI POKER STORY.

When Judge N. M. Shelton ascended the bench four years ago he was confronted with a problem that was never satisfactorily explained until this week, when he sentenced a man to jail for gambling. The judge thought he remembered the defendant, and asked if he hadn't been before him previously.

"Oh, yes," said the prisoner, promptly, "I was the thirteenth man."

"The thirteenth man?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir. Don't you remember you had thirteen men up for playing poker at Glenwood, and dismissed the case when Ed Payton showed you thirteen men couldn't play poker at the same time."

"Oh, certainly," said the court, smiling. "And you were the odd man, eh? Now, tell me honestly what part in the game you had."

"Me? Why, I was the lookout. You remember the police caught us all in a bunch, but couldn't swear as to which ones were at the tables. I told the boys when the raid started and they spread out."

It is a matter of record in the Schuyler County District Court that indictments against thirteen alleged gamblers were quashed in 1898, and the reason was that the State could not demonstrate how thirteen men were playing poker at the same time. Ed F. Payton was the lawyer for the defendants, and he was an expert at the game. He filed his motion to quash, and the Court asked him if he had any law on the subject.

"It's not a question of law, Your Honor," said Payton, "it is one of physical fact."

"Well, you'll have to show me," returned the Court. "I've been guilty of lots of bad habits in my time, but I never learned how to play poker."

"That doesn't make any difference," replied Payton. "I can demonstrate the impossibility of thirteen men playing poker at the same time in half a minute."

The lawyer then asked the bailiff to bring in the captured card tables. There were three of them. Payton placed four chairs around one of them, one at each side. The tables were small affairs. The Court saw what he was driving at.

"That only lets one of them out," he said.

"Yes, but how can Your Honor tell which one? That's the question."

It was evident that one man was innocent, and a moral certainty that twelve were guilty. The indictment gave the full and correct names of all the men arrested, and said they "were then and there engaged in playing a game of chance commonly called poker, for money," etc.

Payton insisted the indictment was bound to be defective because it stated a fact that was physically impossible. The Court said he would take the matter under advisement until next day. Then he granted the motion to quash, and discharged all the defendants. He didn't go into details in explaining his action.

The thirteenth man was one of an even number in the case this week, and there were no lookouts. Consequently he reposes in jail.

The proper ripening and maturing of whiskey depends on the care and method of storage. The warehouses of The Hayner Distilling Company are of the most modern and improved style, constructed entirely of brick and steel and equipped with the hot air system of heating and ventilating, which keeps the whiskey at a uniform temperature the year round. As a result their 7-year-old is as fully developed as 14-year-old aged in the ordinary old-fashioned way, and it's better, too, for an uneven temperature of extreme heat and cold destroys the quality and flavor.

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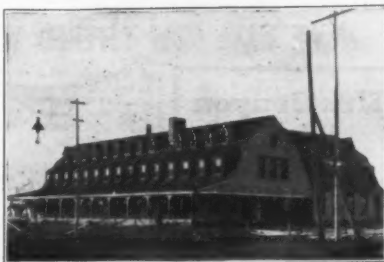
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GROUND FLOOR Manufacturing enterprise that has \$14 per  
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Coast for market. Western Industrials pay better than  
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If you are perfectly willing to live all your life where you are; if you have made ample provision for your sons and are entirely content, then what I have will probably not interest you. But if you are willing to give up stumps and rocks, poor soil and high rents for a country where climate and soil are perfect, and where a man can soon become independent, then investigate NEBRASKA.

Nebraska stands to-day as one of the very first agricultural states in the Union, and for a little while land there can be bought for about half of what it is really worth. Send to me for a copy of our new booklet telling all about it. Good pictures and a fine map. Free.

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When writing to advertisers under this head, address by number, care of *The Northwest Magazine*, Cor. Sixth and Jackson Streets, St. Paul, Minn. Advertisements under this heading three cents a word.

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Safeguards the happiness of future years

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No. 2650—160 acres in Pierce Co., 9 miles from Rugby, the county seat, and 2 miles from Postoffice. Price per acre, \$15.50

Write us for any information you may want relative to the country in general, or with reference to our lands and it shall be promptly furnished. Send for our State Map.

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### Would You like an Income of this Kind?

This is what Calumet and Hecla pays. We cannot guarantee an increase of this kind from 1,000 shares of stock, but we can guarantee that every dollar you invest in the treasury stock of THE GOLD HAMMER MINES AND TUNNEL COMPANY will be used for the development of the properties and purchasing a heavier plant of machinery, which we must have to continue the development and open up the large bodies of ore that are now exposed in the Gold Hammer shaft. We can also guarantee to the best of our judgment that the stock will increase in value more than one hundred per cent in the next twelve months.

The property consists of 12 claims, located at Idaho Springs, Clear Creek County, Colorado, is completely surrounded by big producing mines which have records of producing over twenty million. The property adjoining the Gold Hammer is now producing rich ore, and the same ore shoot passes directly through the Gold Hammer ground, and is now exposed in the shaft where the vein is from five to eight feet wide at 220 feet from the surface.

If you care to make money you cannot afford to miss this opportunity of purchasing the Gold Hammer Mines and Tunnel Company stock at ten cents per share, (par value one dollar, full paid and non-assessable). This is not a gamble, but a bona fide business proposition.

The Gold Hammer Mines and Tunnel Company is managed by some of the best known business and mining men of the state, who will make money for you if you join in the enterprise. Write for particulars TO-DAY.

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Live agents wanted in every town in the United States.

## Buy no Mining Stocks until You get Our Prices

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If you want to make your fortune take our tip and buy some East Crow's Nest Coal & Coke Co.'s stock (par value 5.00) at 75c a share. We are headquarters for this.

We have unexcelled facilities for the prompt handling of all stocks and solicit your orders, either buying or selling. Write for our Mining Journal "Opportunities" sent free.

**THURSTON & HERRIN,**

109 Cherry St., SEATTLE, WASH.

References: Any Bank in Seattle.

Codes used: Clough, Moreing & Neal's.

If you are interested in any particular stock write or wire us for quotations before you buy.

# CANADIAN LANDS

## 10,000 Acres of Assiniboia Lands

I can sell eight sections in one block south of Regina. They are all picked sections in township 15, range 20, west of the second meridian, and, without exception, the best agricultural soil in this country—a rich, dark top soil with clay bottom, no sand, no gravel, no stones—just where you can grow No. 1 hard wheat. I can sell one quarter or one half or whole section to suit purchasers. Also some improved and unimproved lands north and south of the city of Regina, all to be sold on reasonable terms. It will be to your advantage to examine these lands before purchasing elsewhere.

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**Cracker Oregon, Golconda Consolidated  
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Stockholders will learn something to their advantage if they will address at once

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Send for Booklet "C" for full particulars of how to bank by mail.

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Seattle Washington

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$200,000

Founded 1870 Incorporated 1887  
The Oldest Banking Institution in the State  
A General Banking business transacted

DEPOSITS, May 31, 1897	- - - - -	\$637,750.00
DEPOSITS, May 31, 1898	- - - - -	1,345,348.41
DEPOSITS, May 31, 1899	- - - - -	1,983,045.97
DEPOSITS, May 31, 1900	- - - - -	2,730,083.34
DEPOSITS, May 31, 1901	- - - - -	3,929,769.17
DEPOSITS, May 31, 1902	- - - - -	4,662,646.86

JAMES D. HOGE, Pres.  
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A general banking business transacted. Letters of credit sold on all principal cities of the world. Special facilities for collecting on British Columbia, Alaska and Pacific Northwest points.

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Wenatchee, Washington

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## The Scandinavian American Bank of Seattle, Washington

Capital, paid up - - - - - \$100,000.00  
Deposits, - - - - - \$2,300,000.00

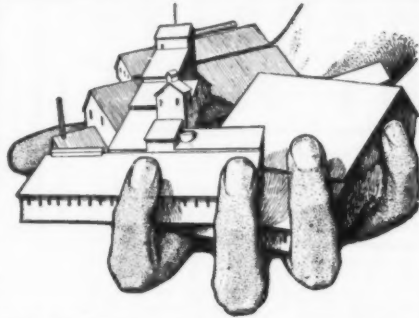
Pays interest on time and savings deposits. Transacts a General Banking Business. Drafts and Money Orders issued on all parts of the world.

## We Can Sell Your Business

or Real Estate for spot cash, no matter where located. Send description and lowest cash price. PHILLIPS, Pioneer Press Bldg., ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

# ... NET ... RESULTS

By LEES. OVITT



**R**



RESULTS are what count.

What a man is *going* to do, is one thing, but what he *has* done, *the net result* of his labors along his chosen line, proves his fitness for his work.

My work is financing gold mines and putting them on a footing where they will produce, and *pay dividends*.

The *results* of my three years' work along those lines are briefly summed up as follows:

- 1st—California Mines—mill on property—  
aerial tramway built—tunnels run on  
different levels—immense body of ore  
ready for shipment.
- 2nd—Cracker Oregon Mine—tunnels run—  
splendid mill about completed—ore un-  
covered ranging up to \$50,000.00 to the  
ton.
- 3rd—Golconda Consolidated Gold Mines—  
increased mill capacity—new deep  
sinking hoist—reservoir for power and  
light, etc., etc. Stock sold to provide  
these improvements.

Three successful enterprises in less than three years. There is something tangible in this record, and I am proud of it.

I am at work now upon a fourth Gold Mine, which I feel is going to eclipse all of my former offerings, and with your permission I shall briefly outline its present status and future possibilities.

This Gold Mine is the Cracker Jack, a next-door neighbor to the famous Cracker Oregon Gold Mine, in fact a continuation of—the youngest member of that rich family

of gold mines, located in the Cracker district in Eastern Oregon.

The record made by the Cracker Oregon is generally known, and yet in the face of that mine's showing I am going to put myself on record and claim that the Cracker Jack will surpass it, and in my judgment prove to be a greater producer than any of those great producers which surround it on all sides. Why?

Because the surface showings all point to this mine being at the very fountain-head of the great Mother Lode—a well defined deflection of the vein showing the exact point where it crosses over and on to the Cracker Jack group—at the apex of the mountain. (See photographic reproduction of mine in prospectus.)

We don't have to resort to guesswork in these days of the Science of Mineralogy to arrive at accurate conclusions as to veins and values.

"Divining Rod" methods are not in order.

It is no easy matter to keep within the narrow lines of conservatism when such a property as this is under discussion.

It makes one optimistic, when the facts are known as I know them.

When the Cracker Oregon was in the same stage of development, about a year ago, I began the stock sale, and told the investing public that I believed we had a bonanza in this mine—but my predictions were fulfilled on so generous a scale that the Cracker Oregon became the toast of the district.

And here comes a mine that bears all of the marks of a greater Cracker Oregon!

Do you wonder at my enthusiasm?

To sell stock in such a mine will need no

# NET RESULTS

CONCLUDED

urging. The indications, from present sales, point to a "clean up" by May 1st.

Work will begin with the opening of spring and as it progresses the prices will be advanced.

It is a "prospect" that I offer you in a certain sense, but what a magnificent prospect!

A short time since a block of Cracker Oregon stock was transferred through one of my offices at \$1.50 a share, which gives a line on what it will be worth when the mill begins to grind out the precious yellow metal.

And when I am willing to go on record and prophesy that the Cracker Jack will prove a richer mine than the Cracker Oregon—with all the facilities I possess for making an intelligent estimate at my disposal—then I think that the man or woman who doesn't listen to me, provided they have any money lying idle, is letting a golden opportunity pass.

I have had printed a prospectus, which goes into the Cracker Jack proposition from all sides, and I want to send this book to you.

Following my usual plan I am offering this stock, good as I know it to be, on the "look before you leap" plan.

Investigate the mine and management first, and if satisfied—buy. That is the advice I give to all who write in for particulars.

Investigate—get the facts first.

I shall be pleased to put you in possession of all the information necessary to form an intelligent opinion as to the merits of this mine.

I believe it will again draw the attention of the investors of the world to Eastern Oregon, as being the greatest of the gold producing districts in the world, without any exception.

In this advertisement I have reversed the usual order of things, and have put my peroration first—"Results are what count."

The reason for the change is that I want to impress on my readers first and foremost this fact: That when I talk gold mine I talk from the standpoint of one who has made good, if you will pardon the use of a current saying. The mines I exploit and stand sponsor for, must first of all pass my critical censorship and show unmistakable merit, else I'll have none of them.

I have too much at stake personally to take any chances of a possible failure.

I point you to the California, the Cracker Oregon, the Golconda—a trinity of producers.

They are the fulfillment of my promises, the net results of my labors as a gold mine promoter up to date. All three will be bringing results in the shape of dividends for years and years to come, to those who had faith in my promises and invested in these stocks.

Results are what count!

## LEE S. OVITT, FISCAL AGENT

MAIN OFFICE, 3d Floor MERRILL BLDG., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK, A 321 Stewart Bldg.  
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# The People's Union Oil Co.

*(Incorporated to Refine and Produce Oil)*

**Are Offering you the Chance of a Life Time**

**Don't Neglect this Opportunity**

The Officers and Directors of THE PEOPLE'S UNION OIL CO. are prominent and successful business men of Chicago. The honesty and ability of such men cannot be questioned. If in doubt look them up:

FREDERICK SCHULTZ, (the Schultz and Hirsh Co.)	- - - -	President
WILKIE P. GARRISON, (Pres. of the Ill.-Colo. Oil, Gas and Coal Co.)		Vice President
MARK R. SHERMAN, (Former Dir. and V. Pres. The Western State Bank)		Secretary
GEO. CALHOUN, (Western Mgr. Geo. Munro's Sons, Publishers, N. Y.)		Treasurer
HENRY C. HEINEMAN, (Furniture Dealer)	- - - -	Director
JOSEPH HIRSCH, (President of Schultz & Hirsch Co.)	- - - -	Director

**ALL OF CHICAGO, ILL.**

**POINTS AND FACTS  
REGARDING THE  
PEOPLE'S UNION  
OIL COMPANY**

The management will bear the most searching investigation. The stock is fully paid and forever non-assessable. The business of our Company is to produce and refine Oil. A 1,500-barrel refinery will be constructed by the Company. This refinery will pay the Company \$105,000 per month. The Company owns 1,040 acres of high-grade illuminating oil land in the State of Colorado. They also control for 20 years 500 acres in Kern County, California. Thousands of dollars have been expended for buildings, machinery, etc., to develop our rich territory. We own enough ground for 400 wells. Dividends will be paid our stockholders within six months from date. An investment in the PEOPLE'S UNION OIL COMPANY'S treasury stock is as safe as Government bonds. The price of illuminating oil has advanced 4 cents a gallon since September 20th—this means an addition of \$65,000,000 in profits per year for the oil companies of the United States. More fortunes have been made out of oil than any other product mother earth has yet given up. It is the cleanest money in the world.

All that we ask is that you in investigate. A postal card will bring to you our prospectus with absolute convincing proofs that our proposition is the best on the market today. Our prospectus tells the story. Any further information desired will be cheerfully given. Address,

**WILKIE P. GARRISON, Vice President The People's Union Oil Co.  
1128 Unity Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

## EMPIRE MARBLE & ONYX COMPANY

Incorporated under the laws of the State of Washington. **CAPITAL STOCK, \$150,000.00.** Divided into 1,500,000 shares of the par value of Ten Cents each, fully paid and non-assessable; 500,000 shares for Development and Equipment of Property. ♦ ♦ ♦

**QUARRIES NEAR ADDY  
AND CHEWELAH, WASH.**

**114 Washington Street  
SPOKANE, WASH.  
Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Red 4251**

## The Crystal Marble Co.

The shares of this company are attracting more attention than any other "Industrial" in the Northwest.

**Because** With 1,340 acres of marble quarries and only \$500,000 capital, it represents largest assets and profitable producing capacity with very low capitalization.

**NOTE**—In staple grades of white, blue and grey, this company can surpass the best quarries heretofore known, both as to quality and immensity of the deposits.

**Write for Prospectus and Samples**

A limited amount of treasury stock now offered at \$10.00 per share, its par value; proceeds to be applied toward further equipment. Estimates furnished on contracts.

**F. A. CHASE, Manager  
Symons Block, Spokane, Wash.**

## TWO GILT-EDGED PROPOSITIONS!

We handle over a thousand western stocks and securities. We are in a position to **know** some investments that are away ahead of the general run of mining and industrial stocks. One of these is the Alaska Central Ry. The company has no stock for sale at \$50.00. The only kind ever sold is 5 percent preferred. We can pick up from 25 to 50 shares which we can sell at \$10.00 per share. The road is now under construction and should pay for itself this year.

Another is Golconda, the best known property in the famous dividend-paying district of Eastern Oregon. Now paying monthly dividends—and **earned** dividends, too. Company price is 75c. We have a client who is compelled to sell 2,000 shares. We offer this, with April dividend included, at 30c a share. Wire if wanted. These are snaps.

We also handle Red Boy, Oregon Monarch, Oregon Securities, Olympia, Washington Match, Tacoma Steel, Big Index, Ethel, etc. We can surprise you on prices of any western stocks. Send your address and we will send you, without charge, our "Monthly Mining Bulletin," containing all latest news and quotations.

## ELLIS & HANAUER

**Mining and Investment Brokers  
114 James Street ♦ ♦ Seattle, Wash.**

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## YOU MUST BE INTERESTED IN GOLCONDA STOCK

**A**FTER all that has appeared in this magazine regarding it. Now, I am taking it for granted that you are, if so, you will profit by getting my quotations on same. I also have special prices on all Washington Marble stocks

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*Has One Well which will pay 5 per cent dividends on all of our outstanding stock. If we strike a gusher every 15 cents you invest should reasonably net you \$25*

6,000 acres of the choicest oil land

The Idaho-Wyoming Oil Co. owns in the Fossil Uinta County, Wyoming oil fields.

We have two rigs drilling for oil now.

We have one 25 barrel per day well which is worth \$73,000 per year to our stockholders.

This well will pay 5 per cent dividends on all our outstanding stock.

Any stock that pays 5 per cent dividends is reasonably worth 85 cents on the dollar is it not?

If you can buy the stock therefore for less than 85 cents on the dollar you will buy it at once, provided you believe what we tell you, will you not?

THE PRICE OF OUR STOCK  
FOR A SHORT TIME LONGER  
IS 15 CENTS FLAT, NO DIS-  
COUNTS.

References: Any bank, Bradstreet or Dun, W. S. Post, merchant, Kemmerer and Fossil, Wyoming; Joseph Perrault, U. S. surveyor general for Idaho who is one of our directors, or any bank in Boise or Pocatello, Idaho. H. E. Neael, cashier of Capital State Bank, Boise, Idaho; B. F. Olden, Pres. Bank of Commerce, Boise, Idaho; P. J. Quealy, Pres. First National Bank of Kemmerer, Wyoming; Judge J. S. Richards, Pres. American Mining Congress, Boise, Idaho; F. W. Hunt, governor of Idaho.

Now if all these people, banks, state officials, etc., tell you our officers and directors are first-class, able, conscientious and well known business men and that we have one flow of oil already that will pay 5 per cent dividends on our outstanding stock, you will buy some of it, will you not?



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There has been three good oil strikes in our oil fields



# The Idaho-Wyoming Oil Co.

this spring. One of which was 100 barrel per day flow. The stock of that company went from 15 cents to \$6 per share within 2 days. You will see ours jump the same way very shortly.

We are getting telegrams from all over the country asking us to hold stock for someone and we can announce to you now that our company is out of danger financially. We expect an order any day raising the price of the stock to 20 cents. If we get a large flow or a gusher the stock will be instantly withdrawn from the market.

We have sold over 100,000 shares in three months and have some stockholders who are buying more nearly every week.

The more you investigate us the more you will buy. We have the oil and the quality. All we lack is the quantity and we will get that within 60 days.

Our stock is worth par or \$1.00 per share and we are actually sacrificing it at 15 cents.

Our president, C. R. Shaw, is worth \$100,000 or more and there is scarcely a man connected with the company but what is worth from \$10,000 up.

We have as strong an organization as it is possible to get.

Don't think you can wait till the price advances and then buy this stock at 15 cents for you can't do it.

Four governors, several United States senators, many millionaires and thousands of other well known men are heavily interested financially in our fields.

The Minneapolis Tribune, morning edition, Associated Press despatches say our fields will ultimately prove the best in the United States. Associated Press despatches, March 26th, Minneapolis Times, say Fossil Station is buried under oil machinery.

Price will advance to 20 cents as soon as we get \$1,200 more which may be any minute. Don't delay if you want this stock at 15 cents.

If you will telegraph any of the references given above and your answers are not favorable this office will pay

for your telegrams. If they are favorable you can afford to pay for them yourself and buy a large block of our stock besides.

United States Senator W. A. Clark of Montana; United States Senator C. D. Clark of Wyoming and O. E. Chancellor of California, and many others are putting in money in \$10,000 and \$20,000 lots.

It won't hurt you to invest a few hundred dollars in an enterprise in which they are spending so much, will it?

Before the middle of this summer our fields will be better known than Beaumont and men will be tumbling over themselves to get this stock. Do you not think that you should buy now while it is cheap?

We have a prospectus. It is complete and up-to-date. It tells you all about us and the oil fields. We send it to you free. It won't cost you anything to get it. We want you to write for it at once.

We are here for business. We have a good proposition. We want you to know it. It is in safe hands. We can make you big money. We have been all over the oil fields and have \$7,000 of our own money in this stock. We want some of your money. Investigate us and you will send it. We are sure of it. Write us to-day.

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If you will correspond with us we will either convince you that we can make money for you or we will not ask you to buy a share of our stock.

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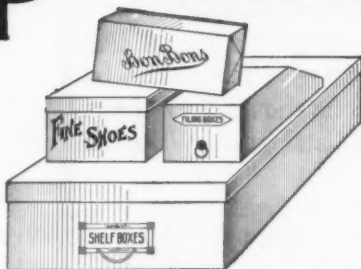
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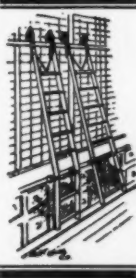
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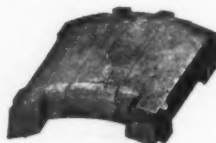
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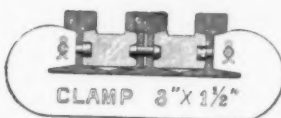
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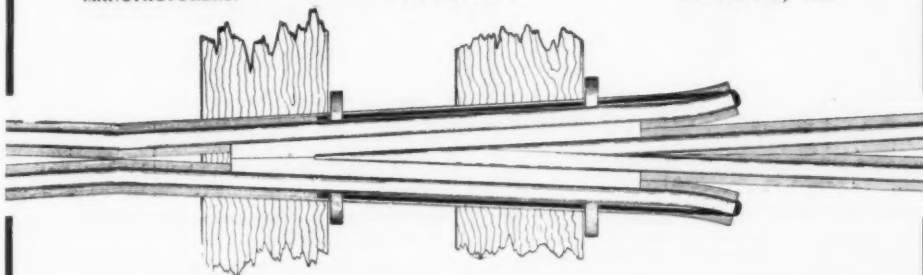
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